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Poetry.

For the Blade.

ENDEAVOR NOT FORGOTTEN.

GRACE S. BURGESS.

Autumn leaves fall thick and still;
Autumn winds are dying;
Autumn frosts lie white and chill;
Autumn days are flying.

Soon the Winter King will come,
He, the rude despoiler;
Soon will cease the busy hum
Of the harvest toiler.

And I ask again, again,
"Is the labor meted
For the summer's lengthen'd wane,
And my share completed?"

Ah! not half the work I plann'd
When spring's fitful fever
Thrill'd these pulses with a grand
And tumultous quiver.

Oh! the duties yet undone;
Oh! the fabrics wanted
Woven fast unused, unrun;
Still, I strive undaunted!

And my heart does not despair
While viewing fond hopes scatter'd,
Purpose good and castle fair,
Each an idol shatter'd;

With cheerfulness, "'Tis not in vain,"
I cry in bleak November;
"Our Father will, tho' small the gain,
Endeavor right, remember."

Woodhull, Ill.

For the Blade.

AUTUMN.

MARY ERICKSON.

See, the forest leaves are dying,
O'er the hills the breezes come;
They are sighing, sadly sighing
For the friends that have gone home.

Sighing for their gentle sisters,
Flowers were they that shed their bloom
O'er the smiling land in summer,
Now shed radiance o'er the tomb.

Why does autumn fill our hearts
With the thought of death to come?
Fill us with his poison darts;
Oh! how soon we'll be called home!

Yes, called to our Father's house,
Where the many mansions be,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

New Cambria, Mo.

Our Story Teller.

MRS. HITT'S HUSBANDS.

The young schoolmaster who presided during the spring term over the seventeen barefooted children of district No. 10, East Centerville, Johnson county, did not find the social element of the neighborhood congenial. There was no lack of society and social gayeties. The schoolmaster had attended a surprise party, a warm-sugar party, and a "sociable" during the first week of his residence in district No. 10; he had been stared at by red handed, hair-oiled, tongue-tied youths; danced several Virginia reels to the tune of "Pop Goes the Weasel," rendered on a shrieking fiddle or a hoarse melodeon; been kissed by scores of buxom girls in innumerable osculatory games; and had since refrained from East Centerville festivities with a sternness which had been looked upon as "stuck-up," and which may indeed have been due in some degree to that complacent self-estimate in which young schoolmasters are not usually deficient.

He was fond of entertainment, however, and being thus thrown back upon himself, its chances seemed small. The comfortable old couple who boarded him were meek, industrious, deserving and commonplace, and he was not hopeful of discovering anything more exciting in district No. 10. He was roused to a mild interest, therefore, when he found the "sittin' room," one morning, in the possession of an odd and somewhat startling old woman. She was whitewashing the ceiling. She stood on top of a step-ladder and covered its cracked and yellowish surface with long strokes of her stubby brush. She wore a bright, new calico dress with a short skirt, which exposed her heavy masculine boots. Her hair, which was gray and scanty, was drawn back over frequent patches of baldness and fastened in a candid knot of the size of a hickory nut Her face was brown and wrinkled, with bright eyes, and she held a pipe between her lips.

The schoolmaster inquired concerning her as he sugared his lettuce at the breakfast table; sugar and vinegar were the approved salad dressing at East Centerville.

"That's Mis' Hitt," his hostess rejoined. "She kind of jobs round—lays carpet and whitewashes and papers and helps house-cleanin' times. She's a master hand, Mis' Hitt, is."

"Miss Hitt, she is unmarried, then," said the schoolmaster.

"Law!" the old lady responded, while a faint blush stole into her faded cheek; "she's be'n married four times. Hitt," she added scrupulously, "wa'n't her last husband, but we didn' never git into the way o' callin' her Mis' Doty. It don't make no odds as I know of—Doty, he's dead."

A week later the schoolmaster, who had conceived a liking for the outdoor aspects of district No. 10, wandering in the dusk of the evening through an empty patture lot which copious spring rains had developed into a swamp, came suddenly upon a small red wooden building, set into a corner of the pasture and backed by a piece of woods. Its unstable appearance, produced by the piles of stones upon which its four corners rested and its several props, made it obvious that it had been moved hither from its native spot, where it might have been a corn or hen house. In a chair in the open door-way, leaning forward on her elbows and smoking, was Mis' Hitt.

The schoolmaster went nearer and raised his hat The old woman took her pipe from her mouth and eyed him with a fleeting suspicion; then she got up and shoved her hair back hospitably. The schoolmaster stepped inside and sat down on an anonymous object near the door, while his entertainer lighted her lamp.

Its light showed a cramped interior of one room. The walls were covered with newspapers, tacked up; an unseasonable stove retained its place, for lack of other refuge. There were a few attempts at adornment which the hardened fingers and belated tastes of the inventor had not served to render successful. The schoolmaster's seat proved to be a nail keg, whose hardness was not helped by its frill of brown cambric.

Mis' Hitt, from the one chair of the room, looked at her caller over her pipe with no visible curiosity.

"Saw ye t'other day," she observed. "Teachin' here, ain't ye?" And, when the schoolmaster assented, relapsed into silence with a nod.

"You are pleasantly situated," the schoolmaster ventured, looking out somewhat doubtfully over the pasture lot.

"I don't know as I be," said Mis' Hitt, apathetically. "I git along."

The schoolmaster made a second and a bolder attempt. "I have lately received the news of the death of—of an aunt," he remarked. "It is exceedingly sad to lose one's friends, is it not? But perhaps—very possibly—you have had no experience of this sort?"

Mis' Hitt removed her pipe, with a face wholly unsuspicious. Her eyes shone in its darkened and withered surface with a suddenly increased brightness.

"I've buried four husbands," she said. Her expression was a mixture of solemnity and excusable pride.

"Ah!" the schoolmaster murmured. "The great consolation for death," he continued, "is the remembrance of the felicitous hours passed with the deceased. Your married life—lives—were happy, were they not?"

"Well, I doan' know," said Mis' Hitt. She crossed her knees and clasped her knotty hands around them. "I didn't have such powerful good luck gittin' husbands."

"Indeed?" said the schoolmaster. "One might judge from a casual view that you had been highly successful."

Mis' Hitt's seriousness did not alter. Apparently a joke was not in the line of her comprehension.

"Thar wa'n't none o' my men what ye might call likely" she said, without disturbance from the recollection of her time-softened troubles. "They was a dretty or'nary set, I call 'em."

She puffed away in silent rumination.

"Your first husband, for example?" the schoolmaster suggested.

"Wal, he wan't much—Ike Heyward wan't," the old woman responded Her eyes were fixed unseeingly on the blank stretch of sodden land; her face was intent with the absorption of reminiscence. "I was nigh onto 16 when I married Ike, and Ike, he was somewhar around 20. I hadn't been calculatin' to marry Ike Heyward; wan't lookin to a week aforehand. I'd had it fixed up with 'Rastus Carter for a consid'able spell; we'd got the day sot, and 'Rastus, he'd spoke to the preacher. I don't know as I recollect jest what spiled it; 'Rastus, he flared up at somethin er nother; consid'able techy, 'Rastus was—sandy-topped, freckly folks 'most gen'ally be. Wal, I didn't git him," said Miss Hitt, brightening the bowl of her pipe with a puff or two. "And Ike Heyward, he stepped in, and we was jined.

"Lived with his folks, Ike did; I don't know as I should 'a had no trouble with Ike ef it hadn't been fer that. Had the wing, Ike and me, and the rest o' the house was the ole folks's; but ole Miss Heyward was into that wing enough sight more'n she was to hum, fussin' and pesterin' and nosin' around. She'd come in afore breakfast, and set watchin' me gittin' it, and tellin' as how I couldn't cook pork no more'n a cat, and didn't know no more 'bout fryin' pancakes 'n I did 'bout flyin'; and as how I wasn't savin', and my washin's looked yeller, and my soft soap wa'n't half biled; and she'd go round cryin' 'bout Ike gettin' sech a poor, shiftles piece. She was a pesky ole creetur."

Mis' Hitt spoke placidly. Her long ago grievances had developed with years into impersonal facts.

"And Ike, he was jest as chicken-hearted as ever I see; he wa'n't no more 'count 'n a dish-rag. He didn't reely know who to side with; all he figgered on was to git out o' the muss. He'd take his fish-pole and go off and stay all day; oncet, when we'd ben havin' it pretty tough, his ma and me, he staid off a week. Long and spindlin' Ike was, and saller; alwus snortin' round with a cold, and wheezin' up with asthmy and ailin'; twa'nt no more'n I was lookin' fer when he started in to cough stiddy—there'd ben Heywards goin' off with consumption sence the beginnin' o' time. Ike, he went off sudden; but he went dretful hard. I never see no sech awful spells o' coughin' as he did have; seems though he'd git ripped to pieces; and the way that creetur used to sweat nights—wal, the sheets 'd be wringin' wet."

The schoolmaster, listening with gratifying interest, looked in vain for any softening of the old woman's calmly narrative tone. The tragedy of 50 years ago had become a casual memory, interesting only for its harrowing details.

"He was jest skin and bone when he died; his arms wa'n't no bigger round 'in a broomstick, and his cheeks was sunk in so 't it fairly scairt ye; he was a dretful lookin' corpse." Miss Hitt turned her eyes upon her listener in pleasurable anticipation of the effect of these items "He was buried up in the old north buryin' lot—he was took up afterward and put in the new one—and I went hum agin. I was powerful glad to get shet o' ole Mis' Heyward, now I tell ye."

"Our most poignant sorrows have their alleviating features," the schoolmaster observed.

Mis' Hitt puffed at her pipe. The chirping of frogs filled the pause.

"You were induced to repeat the matrimonial experiment," said the schoolmaster. "You married again, I infer?"

"I was a widder fer six months," Mis' Hitt responded; "but I could ben married afore that ef I'd a-min' to. 'Rastus Carter, he come round soon as Ike was put in under. He'd scraped up enough to git a place—pretty forehanded, 'Rastus was—and he was calculatin' to buy 'way up to the Corners, clus to the old tannery. Why, I told him ef he was goin' to live round that ar tannery I wa'n't, and all the powers couldn't make me; the smell was fit to knock ye down, jest about; and as to livin' with it right under my nose—it made me sick as a dog, the idee on't. 'Rastus, he was mad as a hornet; he went off a-rampagin,' and 'twa'n't a week afore I heerd he'd ben married Pauliny Wiswell. She was gettin' along, Pauliny was, and she was terribly glad to git him.

"Wal, I didn't lay out to wait forever to git another man; but I vow I was clean sot back when Elihu Wilder come aidgin' round. Ole bach'ler, Elihu was; must 'a ben nigh onto 40. He'd ben livin' by himself fer a long spell, over in the holler; I hadn't never see him more'n oncet or twicet. I declar I didn't know but I was gettin' loony and seein' sperrits when he come nippin' in. Wa'n't much higher'n a yard stick, Elihu wa'n't—seemed to ben stunted; and he was so kind o'dried up, thar didn't look to be nothin' to him.

"Wal, ef I'd a-knew what 'twas keepin' house for a bach'ler I wouldn't never undertook it. Fussiest, narvousest little creetur I ever come within forty mile of, Elihu Wilder was. He'd lived thar by himself till he'd got as notional as a witch; he wa'n't no ways used to folks, and come to the pint, he didn't reelly know how to stan' it havin' me thar. I guess he'd 'a give considerable to git unhitched agin, and I wouldn't 'a held off, nuther.

"It was a sight to behold, that ar house o' hisn. Thar hadn't been a hammer teched to it sence 'twas put up, and o' all the 'tarnal ole holes. The front steps was all rotted away. Thar wa'n't a hall winder in the house, and the ruf o' the keepin'-room leaked like a sieve. Elihu, he wouldn't hear to fixin' it up—tight as the bark of a tree, Elihu was With all my naggin', he would do nothin' but put an old sawhorse by the front door, place o' steps, and board up some o' the winders. He'd a ben strung up sooner'n git shingles for that ruf. Used to set tubs in thar when it rained and ketch water fer washin'; said 'twas handy. 'Bout as close-fisted as I ever come acrost, Elihu Wilder was. And what with his bein' so notional, I don't know how I stood him long as I did. He was wuss'n any old woman I ever see. Had the fore-room all crammed full of a sight o ole truck he'd been scraping up and savin the goodness knows what fer—dried yerbs and ole tin pans and pieces o' rope and wagon wheels and legs o' bedsteads; and he wouldn't hear to havin' 'em cleared out; wouldn't have 'em teched. He was sot in his ways as ever a bein' was created—jest. Went to bed at 8 o'clock, year in and year out, and got up at 4 to the tick, and half-past 4 of a Sunday; and all the saints couldn't a made a minute's odds Ef thar was anybody thar when the clock pointed to 8 he never made no bones o' startin' 'em fer hum. Ef the heavens had 'a fell 'twouldn't 'a stirred him out o' his tracks. Ef I'd 'a knew what 'twas livin' with a bach'ler, I reckon I'd 'a steered clear 'o Elihu Wilder.

"Wal," Mis' Hitt pursued, with a greater tranquility of tone, "he didn't live but three year, Elihu didn't. He was took off with dropsy, fer all he'd never looked to have a pint o' blood in him. Wouldn't git no doctor ner have nothin' done fer him; he jest steeped up them ole yerbs o' hisn and set round the stove stirrin' and drinkin' o' 'em. Wouldn't give up till the last minute; then he did give in to lettin' the doctor tap him. Thar was most a gallon took out o' him. He wa'n't a natural-lookin' corpse; he was swelled up so you wouldn't 'a knew him."

Mis' Hitt leaned over to drop the ashes of her pipe on the ground outside. Then she got up and filled it from the saucer in the cupboard, lighted it by means of a match and the lamp chimney, and sat down, recrossing her knees.

"Did Mr. Carter reappear?" asked the schoolmaster.

"'Rastus Carter, he'd went west a spell back. Pauliny Wiswell, she'd died o' the fever—'twa'n't no wonder nuther, livin' so clus up to that er tannery—and 'Rastus he'd picked up and went off to Injiany. It come back that he's got married agin out thar."

"And you followed his example?" said the schoolmaster.

"Yes; I took up with Hitt for the next one. Hitt, he hadn't been livin' round here a gret while; but I declar I might 'a knew what he was by his courtin'; he was hangin' round sich an everlastin' time afore he come to the pint. I reckoned I shouldn't never get shet on him.

"Wal," said Mis' Hitt, musingly, "thar wa'n't much to Hitt, one way or 'nother. He was as lazy as all git out; used to set out whar 'twas sunny, sort o' dozin' off fer a hull day to a time, and that was pretty much all he did do."

She smoked silently for a moment. The lapse of time and the feebleness of Hitt's characteristics seemed to have well-nigh effaced him from her memory.

"Hitt," she added, without emotion—"Hitt was run over on the railroad; struck by the injine and hoisted 40 foot in the air; wa'n't a hull bone left in his body. Folks did say he was too pison lazy to get out the way when he saw the injine comin'."

Mis' Hitt's pipe was reinstated. The hooting of an owl in the near wood sounded at slow intervals amid the drowsy clamor of the frogs. The schoolmaster watched the oddly angular figure, whose masculine effect was not much detracted from by the vivid calico dress. Mis' Hitt's bright eyes roved in his direction.

"Rastus Carter'd got back from Injiany," she said. "Hed buried his lost wife out thar, and he was lookin' round fer another, and when Hitt was took off he come spearin' round. Abram Doty, he was steerin' my way, and 'Rastus he flared up; jest as high-tempered as ever, 'Rastus was. He pinted out west agin, and I hain't never heered no more on him.

"Wal, I'd lived with a cur'us set o' men enough, the Land knows; but Abram Doty was jest about the cur'usest. He was gittin' 'long towards 70 when I took him, and he was broke down consid'able. I don' know as he was jest right in his mind. He was so terrible pious, thar wan't no livin' with him."

Mis' Hitt's tone had no trace of apology. Piety, seemingly, had lain without the bounds of her experience, and therefore of her understanding.

"It 'peared to 'a struck in; he was clean possessed. Used to set round the house a readin' in the Bible and meditatin' on his sins—that ar's what he give out to be doin'—'most the hull time. The Methodies, they was havin' meetin's down to the pine grove, and Doty he was thar reg'lar twicet a day. He over-persuaded me to go 'long oncet, and I wouldn't a ben got thar again fer no money. Sech a set o' loons I never see; and Doty, he was 'bout the craziest on 'em. He got up thar and pranced round and screeched out as how he was lost in the ways o' sin and give over to the powers o' darkness and jest a-toterin' on the aidge of eternal jestice: and then he bust out a-singin'—couldn't sing much more'n a crow, Abram Doty couldn't. I declar ef 'twa'n't ridiculous; 70 odd year he was, and bald as a squash."

"Wuss'n ever after that, Doty was. He couldn't abear to see me lookin' no ways decent; he laid down that ribands and fixin's was insterments o' the devil; he chucked two o' my bunnets into the stove and tore up an alpacy gown He'd go without tastin' a mouthful for a day to a time—fastin', he give out he was—dear knows what fer; he was as skinny as a rail to begin with. He got so worked up 'cause I stirred up a mess o' fried cakes of a Sunday oncet, that he went off to the woods and stayed thar for a consid'able spell. Ketched his death thar, too; he come back clean sick. Neuralgy 'twas to the fust," said Mis' Hitt, with an increase of interest in her tone; "but a direful lot o' things set in—pneumony and the janders and blood-poisonin' and the swellin' o' the jints; the doctor give in 'twas the wust case he'd ever come nigh. Laid thar fer six weeks, Doty did; out of his head the hull time, and undergoin' such sufferin's as I never hurd of; ye could hear him hollerin' and groanin' clear out into the street. Made consid'able of a stir, being such a terrible bad case; had as big a funeral as I ever was to, Doty did."

Mis' Hitt's pipe was out; the pasture had grown quite dark, and the noise of the frogs was lessening. She got up and put her chair against the wall and closed the one small window near the ceiling by means of a broomstick. The schoolmaster, conscious that an ignoring of these signs would not avail him, arose from his nail keg.

"I presume you do not consider it probable that you will marry again?" he lingered to remark.

Mis' Hitt put up a bony hand to remove the one hairpin from her diminutive knot, which was apparently to be reconstructed for the night.

"I don't know but what I've had 'bout enough o' gittin' married," she responded with undiminished gravity.

She waited, unimpressed, while her visitor bowed, to shut the door behind him.

The schoolmaster paid another visit to the isolated little domicile toward the close of his sojourn in district No. 10, in consequence of a rumor which had come to his ears. It was to the effect that 'Rastus Carter had come back and that he and Mis' Hitt had gone promptly to the justice and been made man and wife.

The rumor appeared to have a substantial foundation. There were two figures in the doorway—Mis' Hitt's stock of chairs having been added to by one. The old woman sat quietly smoking, her arms folded on her knees and her eyes resting vaguely on the near field; the change in her condition, possibly owing to its lack of novelty, did not appear to have affected her. The little old man at her side, pale in comparison with her withered darkness, struck the schoolmaster with a resemblance to a mushroom beside a blackened toadstool; he had a round, shining crown with a fringe of white hair surmounting a faded pink face. Its placid meekness might have led one to believe that his "techiness" and high temper were things of the past.

The schoolmaster, with a haunting certainty of being relegated to the nail keg if he went in, contented himself with a bright impression of the small red house with the woods for a background, and the swampy pasture for an unlimited front yard, and with Mis' Hitt and her last husband sitting in tranquil silence in the doorway.

WOMEN AS SPANKERS.

A Natural Instinct, Born in the Fairer Sex.

One of the strongest of feminine instincts is to spank. The little girl of 6 spanks her doll, even while the sympathetic tears roll down her cheeks. She keeps up the practice when grown to young ladyhood upon her little brothers and sisters, if she be fortunate enough to have any; and from then on her children and grandchildren—or somebody else's children and grandchildren—receive the benefits, in a matured form, of an art learned in infancy, until she goes hence to a better land, and even then, perhaps, a wide field for the exercise of her powers is before her, among the little angels in Heaven.

One day last week a young man sauntering about the National Museum saw two very pretty girls examining a large terra-cotta vase which stood in one corner of the room devoted to exhibits of that ware. In the bowl of the vase several unclothed urchins were represented as playing, while one little cherub, with a chubby and dimpled form, was leaning over the edge, evidently attempting to reach his companions, and innocently offering an awful temptation to spanking femininity. The young ladies stood before the ornament for some time in apparent admiration of the excellent workmanship, when suddenly a thought seemed to strike one of them. She looked cautiously around to see if she was observed, and, seeing no one, for the writer was hid behind a pillar, and no one else was in sight, she smiled happily, took the glove from off her right hand, raised that member, and administered to the little clay image a most thorough spanking. If it was a fair sample of her skill in that direction her future children are entitled to heartfelt pity.

"PURE, CHEAP WINES."

The Sort of Stuff People Burn Out Their Stomachs With.

A great deal of eloquence is wasted in attempting to show the utility of the "pure cheap wines of France. The fact is a *pure* cheap wine is a *rara avis* which the common people on the further Celtic side of the English channel seldom see in these days. During this last summer a gentleman of American birth, but living in Paris, collected ten specimens of *vin ordinaire*, or the red wine from nearly as many different shops, and had them tested by a competent chemist, with the result of finding out that only one specimen of all the ten had a single drop of grape juice in it. All the other nine had been manufactured of various drugs and sold for wine. To this may be added the testimony of a German physician, who said that out of 440 specimens of Bordeaux wines which had been analyzed, only 22 contained the ingredients belonging to real wine. The reason of this lies primarily in the fact toat the phylloxera has been fearfully destructive of late years in the southern part of France, and secondly in the fact that the demand is ever increasing, while the supply is decreasing. In no trade is the liability to fraud so great as in that of wines. Moral: If you don't relish being cheated let them alone.

Turning Point of the Campaign.

A Nevada paper in a recent county election brought out a local physician for coroner. His canvass progressed favorably until one night in a debate his opponent propounded the question to him, "Would you bury two Chinamen in one grave?" He hesitated in his answer and was lost. The barbaric crowd swept over to his rival, who announced that six Chinamen would go into one grave if he found it necessary.

The Newly Rich.

A lady went a short time ago to visit one of the newly rich families in this vicinity, and was shown through their recently furnished house with a great deal of pomp and parade. She was somewhat worried over their gradiloquent remarks, and when she returned to her own modest home one of its inmates asked her how she liked the grand mansion she had been viewing. "Oh, it is all very fine," she replied, "but they acted as if they were not used to it."

Humor.

THE PASSENGER WITH A GRIEVANCE.

'Twas a passenger with an injured look,
Who came on the C., D. & Y.;
He was most grievous sore in pocket-book,
And his swelling heart was awry.

He had started out West in winsome mood
From a town in the East, effete,
And he'd bought a ticket he thought was good
Of a bad scalper on the street.

The conductor gave to ticket and man
A look that was piercing and keen,
And then with a grin he declared, "I swan—
You're the liveliest corpse I've seen!"

"Me a corpse?" the passenger loffed loud,
With an unconventional laugh,
"I'm alive enough to whip a crowd
In just a minute and a half!"

"Aha"; the ticket puncher pondered long;
"I see you are sprightly enough,
But I'm quite convinced there is something wrong
And you're surely not up to snuff.

This ticket, as you see, is marked quite plain
With the word 'CORPSE' stamped on the face—
You'll have to be a corpse or pay your fare
At your quickest possible pace."

The passenger put on his grievous look,
Paid once again his railroad fare,
And then with his hand on his pocketbook
He made a most terrible swear

That until he traveled from earth to sky,
At the ripe age of fifteen score,
He never again would a ticket buy
That had been used by a corpse before.

—WILL WAYWARD.

A NEW TRICK,

But the Traveling Man Could Not Make It Work.

"Saw a new trick out in Iowa the other day," said a traveling man. "I was stopping at a little station on the Northwestern, and the hotel was close to the railroad track. The through passenger trains don't stop there. In the party sitting outside after dinner was a man who had a fine gold watch, with a case of extraordinary weight. He said it was the heaviest watch case made, and the strongest.

"'There is a funny thing about this watch of mine,' he said; 'it is so strong that I can put it on the railroad track and let a train run over it and it will not be damaged in the least.'

"'Right on the rail?' queried one of the party.

"'Yes, I'll place it right on the top of the rails, where the wheels run, and it won't be hurt a particle.'

"'Bet you the cigars you dassent do it.'

"The proposition was promptly accepted, and the whole crowd present included in the payment of the wager, no matter who lost. In a few minutes a train was seen approaching, when the owner of the watch went out to the track, put his time-piece on the rail, and then walked back to the hotel porch and resumed his chair as cool as a cucumber. The train came thundering on, and the crowd got excited. They stood with open mouths, and thinking what a shame it was that an infernal fool should put such a fine watch on the rails to be smashed into smithereens. When the locomotive struck the spot where the watch had been placed the crowd groaned and fancied they could see bits of gold flying along with the dust. But the owner of the watch sat quietly smoking his cigar, and, as soon as the long train had passed, he walked out, reached down and picked his watch up from the side of the rail, as perfect as if it had been in his pocket all the time.

"'You see,' he said, as we all lighted fresh cigars at the other fellow's expense, 'there is no danger in this trick providing you place your watch near the edge of the rail, where the wheels have worn the face smooth, and so that the slightest disturbance will cause it to slide off inside the rail. The watch-case is oval, and that leaves an opening for the air to get under. If the jar of the rail did not cause the watch to fall off the pressure of the air from the approaching train surely would. I have performed that little trick hundreds of times and never met with an accident. One day a fresh traveling man from St. Louis saw me do it, and he at once declared that that was nothing—anybody could do that. So he went out in front of another train and put his watch on the rail. After the train had passed he found his watch about 40 rods up the track. It was about as big as a saucer and as thin as a piece of light cardboard. He had made the fatal mistake of putting the watch near the end of a rail and so nicely balanced upon the top of the rail that it didn't fall off. This trick is just like any other—you want to know how to do it."—*Chicago Herald.*

Johnny's Composition on Medicine.

"There Is two kinds of medicine besides the kind you Rub On and the first kind is the Soft Kind which you take with a spoon while A man holds your Head and you kick and Riggle some because it Tastes so and the other kind is the Hard kind which is called Pills and it is the Hardest of the whole because it is so Hard to go Down but it does not make any Difference which kind you Take when you get it Took you wish you Had not for it makes quite a Row in your Stomach and Riots Around."

Evidently Johnny's experience in medicine does not include Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are easy to take and do their work quietly and calmly. Neither does it include in the way of "Soft Medicine" Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," which though powerful to cure all chronic derangements of the liver and blood, is pleasant to the taste and agreeable in its effects. Unequaled as a remedy for all scrofulous diseases, pimples, blotches, eruptions, ulcers, swelled glands, goitre or thick neck, fever-sores and hip-joint disease.

Counterfeit Fun.

Scene—Young man and friend in a comfortable room.

Sympathetic visitor—"Good quarters, these, old fellow; you ought to be satisfied with them."

Repentant bachelor—"Yes, I'm satisfied now with my quarters. They are good enough. What I want is a better half."

The ch-stn-t bell.—Miss Clara (who has just rejected young Simpkins)—"I am sorry, Mr. Simpkins. I cannot be your wife, but I will be a sister to you."

Young Simpkins (sadly and unconsciously—"Ting! ting!"

"Do you put an 'e' in whisky here?" asked a new reporter of a Kentucky paper.

"No," replied the editor, who was slightly deaf; "we put nothing in whisky here. We take it straight."

The man who recently patented an umbrella that nobody could steal has just failed. It was found that nobody would buy that kind either.

"I passed some 'queer,' and here I am in prison, all on accounterfeit," he sighed.

Garfield in the Army.

At Pittsburg Landing, in 1862, a line of teams came down from the army for rations. There were so many wagons to be loaded that great dispatch was necessary. A fine-looking soldier, wearing a blue overcoat, presented his requisition. The Commissary saw him take up a barrel of flour and toss it into a wagon as if it required no effort. "I suppose you will require a receipt for these provisions," said the soldier to the Commissary.

"Yes, your commanding officer must receipt for it."

"Can't I sign it?"

"O, no; it must be signed by a commissioned officer."

"Very well; I'm a Brigadier-General. My name is Garfield."

Progressive Courtship.

She—What is progressive euchre, John?

He—I'm sure I don't know. The thing I'm most interested in just now is progressive courtship.

She—Oh, what is that?

He—Well, for a little while after he begins to pay his addresses to her he simply shakes hands with her when they are parting at night, as I have been doing for the past two months. Then he becomes a little bolder, and some night as he is leaving her, he puts his arm around her waist, like this, and kisses her, as I do now. There.

She (blushing)—And next thing, I suppose, he proposes.

Why the Angels Bounced Him.

"Mother, didn't you say all the babies came from heaven?"

"Yes, my son."

"Did our Charley come from there, too?"

"Yes."

"Well, no wonder the angel's bounced him—he's such a yowler."

BOB BURDETTE AGAIN.

He Talks of "The Fates and The Boy."

You know I'm not living where I do now? No, I moved away from my present abiding place and am occupying pleasant apartments on the next block. Yes, indeed. You see there was a boy at my former boarding house. He was a type of a boy I most furiously dislike, and I seem to be the type of a man he hates, for we declared war the first day we met. He deployed his skirmishers as soon as he saw me, and I was waiting for him in the woods just over the top of the hill, thicker than hair on a dog's back. He was an impudent, loud-voiced, slangy cub, with a head of most luxuriant long bushy hair, that my fingers were always aching to get into. My room was on the first floor, and he used to make faces in at my window. One day he thrust his head in, but I was laying for him, and as he opened his mouth to yell something offensive, I chucked it full of sawdust. That night he hung a live cat by the tail to my window shutter, and the vixen nearly scratched my eyes out before I could cut her down. It was Miss Giddigirl's cat, too, and she believed I hung it there myself, and so did everybody else. Next day I maneuvered the boy in front of my window until, thinking I wasn't looking, he fired a buck shot at me, and I dodged and let it break a looking glass. His father thrashed him for it and I was so pleased I paid for the mirror myself. Next day he bent a pin in my chair at the dinner table, and I nearly died rather than jump up and "holler." He found out that it irritated me nearly to madness to hear or see him, so he took to playing under my window. I charged him out of that by emptying half a gallon of shaving water out of the window. He flanked me by moving just around the corner, where I could hear him but couldn't reach him. When I sang he imitated me, but not well. If I read aloud he drummed on the end of the house. Once I dissembled, and won his confidence so far that he accepted an invitation to go to the creek with me. When I got him there, his suspicious were aroused and he refused to go into the boat, He knew very well I was going to drown him. But he didn't say so. I knew it too, though I didn't say so, either. So nothing was said about it, and I came home, bitter and heavy hearted with disappointment. My sole desire now was to catch him in the dark and scalp him. But he was wary, and never went in the dark alone. I was just beginning to despair and to feel that my life was a failure, when, one evening, I heard him passing my window where I lay in ambush I peeped out, and in the dim, misty starlight I just discerned my enemy's figure passing out of reach. I threw my body far out over the window sill and, stretching my arm, caught a handful of that hated hair. I had practiced that clutch on pillows and bolsters night after night with vengeful industry, There was no slip to it. My fingers closed on the locks of my foe like the grip of an octopus, and I gave a yank that would have pulled up a pine tree. The shrieks that split the air of the silent night fairly made my heart stand still, and I shrunk back within the gloom of my room. Scream after scream, slamming doors, crashing windows, told the house was alarmed and wild with excitement. I must go out; it would not do to remain concealed. I brushed the clinging locks from my guilty fingers. Shrill voices were calling my name. Horrors! I was suspected, then? Some one had seen me? The boy had recognized my touch? I went out into the hall. What was the matter? Well might I ask, they said, sitting there in my room, pouring over my book, while murder was being done. A gigantic tramp, they told me, hidden under the trees, had caught my sister by the hair and nearly broken her neck, and then ran away.

I am going to slay that boy with my naked hands if I have to wait till the next war to get a chance at him.

TROUBLE FOR DAVID.

Grover Prepareth to Send to Him a Bottle of Hair Oil.

"Daniel," remarked the President this morning, as he gazed in an abstracted manner at a newspaper spread before him and chewed on the stump of an expiring cigar.

"Yes, sire," responded Daniel, inclining his head gracefully.

"Do you know Dave Hill? Of New York, I mean."

"Well, rather, sire, replied Daniel, somewhat irreverently.

"Now that the season of county fairs is over his address is once more Albany, isn't it, Daniel?"

"I presume so, sire."

"Very good, Daniel. I wish you would go out and get a bottle of hair restorer and send it to him."

"For why, sir?" questioned Daniel, in amazement.

"Because, Daniel," and the President's face hardened and his jaws came together like a steam vise, "because I want to snatch him bald-headed in 1888, and I am reminded by a short item in the paper that he is already that way. If we would have our revenge complete, Daniel, we must omit no precaution, neglect no opportunity. Go get the hair restorer. Away!" And the arm of the Chief Executive pointed toward the door, like the old Third Reader picture of Napoleon crossing the Alps, and Daniel hurried to the surgeon-general's office for a prescription.

A Bright Little Julia.

Little Julia is not given to caresses When she kisses the members of the family good night it is with a business air of determination to get the matter off her mind as soon as possible. Occasionally she descends from her princess manner to bestow an embrace upon some favored person, especially if her admiration is touched as well as her affection. A few evenings ago her aunt was ready to go to a party at the house of a lady whom Julia likes very much, a house which she is very fond of visiting, and where she hates to see any one go after her bed time when she cannot go too.

"Oh, auntie," she said, hanging about her aunt, kissing her and petting her, "how sweet you look? O, I love you so; I wish you were me and I was you."

"You little darling," responded the young lady, quite touched by her beautiful infantile altruism, "what makes you wish that?"

"Because," said Julia, with the unrelenting truthfulness of six years, "because then I could go to Mrs. H.'s, and you'd have to stay at home and go to bed."

French Frivolities.

Lesson in swimming: "See here, my young friend, if you wish to learn how to swim all you have got to do is to observe attentively the motion of a fish in the water—and imitate all his movements."

At the telegragh office:

"That makes eight words, madame."

"Am I not entitled to send two words more?"

"Certainly, madame."

"Very well, then, have the kindness to put the words 'in haste' on the envelope of the telegram!"

Treading in Their Sire's Tracks.

"Here, boys, stop that fighting."

"We ain't fighting, mister, we're playing politics."

"What do you mean by scratching each other and pulling hair and kicking each other's shins?"

"Oh, you see, him and me is on one side an' we're lettin' the other boys see how much harmony there is in the party."

Her Father's Trade.

Teacher to new pupil:

"What does your father do, Jennie?"

"He drinks."

"I mean, what does he work at."

"He doesn't work. He drinks."

"What does he do when he doesn't drink?"

"He turns round and drinks again."

Afraid Not.

Wife (to husband)—It strikes me, dear, that our daughter Mary is not careful enough of the company she keeps. I cannot endure that fellow Pike who comes to see her. Do you, think, dear, she is fool enough to marry him?

Husband (thoughtfully)—I am afraid not.

A Misfit.

Proprietor—So you're the young fellow that robs my orchard?

Innocence—I ain't been a-robin no one.

Proprietor—What makes your pockets bulge so?

Innocence—It's the way the pants is cut.

How to Clean a Chromo.

The best way to clean a chromo, Ethel, is to lay it to soak in turpentine over night, and then hang it before an open fire to dry. Hang it close, Ethel; hang it close. Push one corner under the grate a couple of inches.

Miscellany.

MRS. CLEVELAND.

How a Little English Girl Who Asked to Visit Her Was Received.

An incident occurred at the White House on Tuesday, says the Washington *Republican*, whice shows the manner in which Mrs. Cleveland extends hospitality and the matronly kindness which inspires her actions when little children visit her.

Several days ago Milton Stuart, in company with his brother and little daughter, Ettie, arrived in this city from his home in Liverpool, England, and stopped at the Riggs House. The little girl, though having seen but ten summers, is a very intelligent traveler, and took great interest in seeing the sights of the capital. But she had a great desire to see the wife of the American President, and not knowing how her object could be accomplished, determined to make a personal application for the favor. She kept her peace and composed a letter to Mrs Cleveland, in which she said she was a little English girl, and that, as her mother had been presented to the queen, she wished to meet the first lady of this country, and hoped she might be given the privilege before she crossed the ocean again. This she mailed with some misgivings as to the answer she would receive, but was destined to be greatly surprised and delighted. On Tuesday morning the answer came, and when the envelope, marked "Executive Mansion," was torn open, the missive within told her that Mrs. Cleveland would be very pleased to have her come to see her that afternoon. Little Miss Ettie bustled about very busily, and with remembrances of descriptions of the formal receptions which the queen gave, made quite an elaborate preparation for the great event, and went over to the White House. She told the usher who she was, and a card, bearing her name, was taken in to Mrs. Cleveland. What was her surprise, on being shown in, to be received in about the same manner she would have been welcomed by her mother. Little Ettie was given a warm hug and a kiss, and told she was very welcome indeed. She was quite dazed at this, but it was only a prefere to more graciousness that was to follow. Her hostess entered into conversation with her freely, and took great interest in hearing all about the child's home and home folks. She was then shown over the White House and given the unusual privilege of being introduced into the private apartments of Mrs. Cleveland, where she was entertained with every expedient that could amuse her. She was shown pictures, flowers, and told about everything. In this way two hours were consumed, and when the little English lassie went back to her hotel she carried with her two photographs of Mrs. Cleveland, with her autograph on each, and a picture of the President, together with many wishes for her good fortune.

She recited the incident of her visit rapturously, and her father was so well pleased by the honor bestowed on his daughter that he forthwith cabled the circumstances to his wife in Liverpool, who in turn communicated it to her circle of lady friends, all of whom united in sending a return message expressing their appreciation to Mrs. Cleveland for the favor she had shown the little English girl, and assuring her that she would henceforth occupy a large place in their affections, and that they would always think of her with the same love they bore their sovereign. This cablegram Mr. Stuart embodied in a letter which he mailed to Mrs. Cleveland last evening, and which also expressed his own gratification at the hospitality tendered his little girl.

ARTIFICIAL GAS.

An Agent that Will Be the Fuel of the Future.

Since the days of Watt the progress made in utilizing the energy stored in fuels accessible or within the reach of man, has been very slow. Every effort has been made to accomplish that universal wish: to get something for nothing. Failing that, investigation and inventive genius have been taxed to make the cost of heat energy as small as possible

The recent discovery and use of natural gas has turned the attention of many proprietors of industrial plants to the advantages, both economical and practical, of fuels that are brought to the furnace in pipes. That the gaseous fuels are clean and rich in heat atoms is conceded, hence the only problem for solution is that of cost.

Pittsburg, with its recent "find" of natural gas, has been pluming itself upon the great advantages it possesses over rivals in her nearness to the gas fields, and the economic advantages it gave her, and with reason, for it released them from many troubles that hinged upon the use of coal from the miner to the stoker. So great was this advantage, in the opinion of many operating in regions not furnished with natural gas, that those competing with the fortunate manufacturers of Pittsburg had grave apprehensions for the future. They could not see how they could compete with these favored sons of fortune, and were seriously contemplating the possibility of being compelled to relinquish the business and plants that represented large investments of capital.

But new hopes have come to these dependent manufacturers; the chemist has been busy, and they are now cheered with the promise of a fuel that is even cheaper than natural gas, with the additional advantage that the regularity and sufficiency of the supply is not dependent on the unsee vagaries of a hole in the ground.

By combining carbonic oxide with hydrogen gas, it is estimated that the best fuel heretofore known can be furnished at a cost that will not exceed ten or fifteen cents a 1,000 feet. The process is simple, and cost of plants for making the gas not excessive. Ten or fifteen thousand dollars will erect a plant that will supply a large population with heat. It is claimed for this gas that one ton of anthracite coal will produce as much heat as ten tons burned on grates. This would reduce the cost for a family using $100 worth of coal per annum to $10, with the amount added that the company might require as profit.

There are several processes in use for making this gas and there are no serious difficulties in the way of its general introduction. We congratulate the slaves of the coal scuttle or hod, on their release from the thraldon that sent them to the cellar after dark to "bring up some coal." It is so much easier to turn a valve than to lug a hod of coal up stairs. Gas fuel is replete with comfort, cleanliness, economy and cheerful living.—*Master Steam Fitter.*

Another Sherman.

Persons who drop in at the Fifth Avenue Hotel are struck with the resemblance to Gen. W. T. Sherman of a gentleman who is often in the corridor. He looks as that grizzled veteran might have appeared 25 years ago. He is of the same height, the same form, but younger and more erect, with the same close-cropped beard streaked with gray. When he removes his hat there is on the back of the head a like small round bald spot to that which adorns the head of the "Old Tecumseh." It is Hoyt Sherman, of Des Moines, Iowa, a younger brother of the general. He is a prosperous banker and influential citizen in his city. He is here for the winter for medical treatment of his wife, who is an invalid, and for a surgical operation for his daughter.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Great Boom in Iron.

Investigation into the state of the iron trade of this country, shows that there has been an increased production of 821,565 tons during the first nine months of 1886; that the demand has been and is so great, that orders cannot now be filled for some grades of iron; that in the last 60 days an advance in pig iron has taken place, of 50 cents to $1 per ton in the East, $1 in the West, and from $1 to $1.50 in the South. Bar iron has advanced at the rate of $2.24 per ton, plate iron at the rate of $5.40 per ton, and muck bars are $5 higher than the lowest price this year. The heaviest business of the year is being done at the present time.

The Inventor of the Thimble.

I have heard with interest that the thimble of plain sewing was invented in the year 1684 by a gallant young Dutch goldsmith of Amsterdam, who devised the "thumb bell"—for this was its original name—in order to protect his sweetheart's thumb tops when she was engaged with a needle and cotton. There are thumb thimbles still, and sailors, I believe, always wear them. The "thumb bell" has, as a rule, however, become a "finger bell;" but in shape only little change has taken place in it since the loving Hans placed the first thimble on the thumb of his lady love.

AESTHETIC ANIMALS.

Something Unbrutish About Brutes—Birds, Dogs, Cats, Mice and Horses—How They Show a Love of the Beautiful.

It is related that a defeated king once watched a spider weave its web, and that the persistence of the nimble little creature gave to the king renewed courage so that he too, became persistent, and conquered where he had before signally failed. This king must have noticed at the same time the mathematical regularity of the weaving.

While in a barn recently, I examined the the home of a spider, and was led to believe that to a certain extent, they are aesthetic. There can be found a great love of the beautiful among the lower forms of life. The idea is a pretty one and is well worth the carrying out. It is a fact that many brutes are quite human, and if the mass of people be taken as the standard, many brutes are superhuman.

The birds appreciate the sweetness of sound. This is too well known to need mention, but perhaps it is not so generally known that birds have taste. The little humming-bird, beautifully colored itself, shows a love of rich coloring and picturesque surrounding. You will find his nest in the centre of some splendid, leafy orchard tree, and if you will watch him when in search of food, you will see taste shown in quite another direction, for he invariably goes to the flowers having the richest tints. Does he go to the geranium bed, the brilliant red and crimson varieties are visited first. A preference is shown for the prettiest flowers by the bird the same as by the lady who chooses the richest tinted flowers to deck her dress.

Going to the four-legged brutes, we cannot pass by the melodious and mellifluous cat without some brief mention. The cat is a cleanly animal, and for tidiness excels nearly all other animals. In preference to a corner in the woodshed your cat will invariably choose a soft, warm place on your packed away linen to give birth to a lot of feline promulgations. 'Tis true the cat cannot compare with the mocking bird for musical versatility. Nor with the nightingale for sweetness of tone. The cat is perhaps unfortunate in its choice of time for emitting 'oft in the stilly night its weird and penetrating love-passages. Doubtless those sweet, melodious tones would be more enjoyable when the air is fraught with the noise and turmoil of a busy city. But alas the cat singeth at night.

The mind naturally turns from the cat to the rat or the lesser members of the rodent family, the mice. We have all heard sometime or other of musical mice. They have been known to utter from their hiding place tones which much resemble the warbling of birds. When captured and examined, however, it was found that these mice were in a state of disease. But there have been well authenticated instances where mice have been seduced from their hiding by the playing of a violin, the soft notes of a flute, or even the singing of some particular song.

Then there are dogs—nice, pleasant, gentleman dogs—who would savagely detach a morsel from the seat of a tramp's trousers were he to enter their baliwick; but let a well-dressed gentleman or lady enter and they will be permitted to pass by unmolested. Often times it will be found that a savage dog will permit the fondling of a child or woman while it will roughly snap at a man. This gallantry to ladies is certainly in the line of the aesthetic. It is evident that some dogs recognize gentility and make the great mistake made by many humans who think that dress makes the man.

The horse is one of the most intelligent of animals, and at times its sagacity and smartness extends beyond that of some of the lower classes of humans. The horse, too, is aesthetic. Mr. Jones had an old sorrel mare which was just as proud as anybody, and she knew what was pretty and what was not. When driven to Mr. Jones's old style and ugly buggy old "Jenny" hung her head low and seemed one of the most humiliated creatures that ever champed a bit. But on Sunday when Jenny was hitched up to the new buggy she held her head high in the air and moved off as proudly as could be. There is no doubt that Jenny knew full well that the Sunday buggy was much better looking than the every-day rig. These few remarks barely touch this interesting subject. Ask the student of animals and their ways and you will get many interesting chapters. He will tell you that he has wandered through the woods and has learned many things which tend to show that the brute creation is not brutish as to the love for the beautiful. He can tell you of the rare and beautiful birds' nests and the quaint and picturesque spots in which they are located. He will tell you that he has sat for hours watching the musical, poetical movements of flies, gnats, bees, ants, and such lesser forms of life. Their rapid flittings in the sunlight, when they resemble moving and mingling threads of light as the sun plays on their many-colored wings and bodies, moving with a grace which humans cannot equal in dance. But the matter is inexhaustible.

NED SAYE.

THE OLD TICKET.

Washington Officials Believe that Blaine and Cleveland will be the Standard Bearers in 1888.

"Who are the most popular men in Washington?"

The question was asked last night of Charles E. Sumner, recently in the adjutant-general's office at Washington, now with the firm of Swayne, Swayne & Hayes.

"Blaine and Cleveland," was the reply. "Cleveland being at the head of the Democratic administration is naturally the man most sought after by the Democrats. But the hold that Blaine has upon the people of Washington, and the country at large, is remarkable."

"How do you account for this?"

"I don't account for it. I only know it to be a fact. If the Republican convention should be held to-day, Blaine would be nominated almost without opposition. And what is surprising is the fact that among hundreds of the clerks at Washington who were opposed to Mr. Blaine or were indifferent as to the result, there is a feeling that a great mistake has been made in the defeat of Blaine—a mistake that they will try and see is righted in the coming election. Among all classes Blaine is far more popular than he was two years ago."

"You have seen the inside workings of the civil service rule. Is it carried out?"

"In some departments it is; in others it is not. It all depends on how the chief of the department feels about the matter. Apparently, Cleveland has not yet invented a way of making the heads of the departments enforce the rules, even if he cares to do so. In the adjutant general's office, the chief, Gen. Drum, is a Republican, but not an offensive partisan. Not a change has been made for political reasons in the whole office during Cleveland's administration, and when changes are made the offices are filled fairly with men who are capable, regardless of politics. But Commissioner of Pensions Black runs his office on a different principle. He says that he is a Democrat, that this is a Democratic administretion, and that he will have Democrats in his office. When he sends for a list of names of those who have passed the competitive examination he finds out the politics of the applicants before he makes an appointment. Sometimes he does a little private detective work to find out the political antecedents of the applicants. But the Republicans understand that they are not wanted just as much as if he had a notice, 'No Republican need apply,' tacked on his coat."

"So there is nothing uniform in civil service in Washington?"

"No. Sec. Endicott's coachman told me one day that when Endicott became secretary of War he expected to lose his place. The coachman had served for years under Secretary of War Lincoln. One of the first acts of the new secretary of War was to tell the coachman, 'If you are good enough for Lincoln you are good enough for me.' And the coachman is there yet. Sec. Endicott kept Lincoln's stenographers, private secretary and clerks. But in some other departments everybody has to go, from the trusted chieftain down to the bell boy, and from the oldest clerk down to porter. It all depends on which department you are in whether you keep your situation under a Democratic administration or not."

Mr. Sumner spent more than a four years in the departments at Washington and resigned his position to accept a situation with Swayne, Swayne & Hayes. He is a son of Hon. J. J. Sumner, of Lambertville, Mich., and is one of the best known young Republicans of Southern Michigan. He graduated from the Michigan Agricultural College, a number of years ago and was the very first student that enrolled in the new Political Science course of study introduced some years ago at Ann Arbor University. He is also a graduate of the Columbian Law University at Washington and having decided to locate in this city, he has been heartily welcomed by all the leading attorneys in the city.

AN ESSAY ON BARBERS.

What the Fat Reporter Has Learned in a Life Full of Experience.

There are many varieties of barbers. When I permit myself to think about the subject, and my mind dwells upon this fact, my face aches. If you never had any use for a barber you will not freely comprehend the rock bottom philosophy of this phenomenon, but if you have had the experience your face will ache in sympathy. To enumerate the many kinds of tonsorial artists would be making this a statistical article instead of the expression of an overflowing heart, welling with a mixture of gall and bay rum. In chair number one is one species of the genus that once known is always remembered. He is the fellow who served a nineteen-years apprenticeship as a farmer and then, taking a notion that plowing and building stake-and-rider fences was too easy work, and such a sedentary occupation was making him dyspeptic, he commenced to handle the razor for exercise. The victim who submits to this man's caresses ever afterward retains a lively remembrance of how his head was yanked from one side to the other, while the great calloused hands of the operator bruised and lacerated and flayed his cheeks and chin, cutting off the pimples and scooping out the dimples that have been the pride of a life and the prize beauty spots of a betrayed man's physiognomy. When the athletic barber and the horny-handed son of toil has done his deadly work, and made his victim's face a mass of bleeding flesh, he caps the climax of his diabolical efforts by rubbing pepper-sauce into the wounds. He calls it bay rum, but it feels like a decoction of cayenne pepper and vinegar, of the vintage of 1860, and the way he rubs it in with his paws makes the suffering patient entreat him to use a curry comb instead. And then, when all this torture is over, to be compelled to pay the 10 cents, is adding insult to injury. If you have ever been there you will recognize this picture.

What this man does with his awkward hands the talkative barber at chair number two does with his mouth. This man has inculcated into his mushy mind the erroneous idea that the patron of a tonsorial parlor expects to be entertained and amused, and he industriously wags his tongue with this mistaken notion. If he would talk only a little and then say something while he is talking, one would not so fervently pray for the early arrival of the fool killer; but there's the rub, my countrymen. He is not a brilliant conversationalist, teeming with bright ideas, and would be more in his element were he teaming with a yoke of mules, a wicked gad and a vocabulary of cuss words. He talks, talks, talks—and says nothing; and the ears of the man in the chair become as lame under his evil influence as his face was under the manipulation of number one.

In what contrast is the barber at chair number three! His hands are clean and soft, his breath is pure, his razors are sharp, his ways are gentle, his lather is just right, his bay rum water none too strong, his towels are clean, and—his mouth is shut, most of the time. Under his shaving one can go to sleep and he never worries the life out of a customer by soliciting him to have his hair cut or take a shampoo or lustral or anything else, complimenting his customer's intelligence by assuming that if the latter desires any of these things he has sense enough to ask for it.

Is it any wonder that the experienced customers learn to wait for number three, even if they must lose their turn and waste an hour and half? Who wouldn't wait till doomsday rather than undergo a second time the torture of face or ears that barbers number one and two know so well how to perform?

This is not an advertisement but is the voluntary outpouring of—an outraged mortal.

THE CLEVELAND PUZZLE.

Hon. Frank Lawler, of Chicago, Has a New Joke.

The Hon. Frank Lawler seems to amuse the President very much when he calls at the White House, and Cleveland is always glad to see the Chicago Congressman. On Saturday, after introducing the base ball nine, he asked the President if it was so that he had originated a puzzle. The President looked at him as it greatly astonished at the question, and then the Hon. Frank explained that he had been shown a puzzle which every one was calling "The Cleveland Puzzle."

"It is a little more emphatic in language than you usually use," explained Mr. Lawler; "but, then, office-seekers are mighty peculiar people, and I would not wonder at you using any kind of languarge to some of them."

"What is the puzzle?" asked the President, who had grown interested.

"Give me a piece of paper and a pencil and I will show you," replied the Hon. Frank.

The two sat down at the desk, and Mr. Lawler put down eleven ciphers on the paper, as follows:

0000 000 00 00

The president looked at them and said: "Well, I don't see anything strange about that."

"No, not as they stand now," said the Chicago Congressman. "But wait and see." Then he took up the pencil again and said:

'Make a straight line down from the low right-hand corner of the first cipher; that changes it to g. Then mark a straight line from the upper right hand corner of the fourth cipher, and that makes it d. Then put another similar straight line down on the fifth cipher and make it g also; a straight line upon the seventh cipher to it makes it d. Then another straight line up on the eighth cipher to it will be d also, and a straight line down on the tenth and that will make it g, and there you have a sentence, and one, it is said, you use on the office-seekers."

The President looked at the puzzle as altered, and read:

"Good God, do go!"

He looked at the Hon. Frank a minute, and finally said, "Well, I say it to you." The Chicago congressman has been very busy showing the Cleveland puzzle all around to-day.

Perhaps He Had a Bicycle.

Wallace P. Reed, of the Atlanta *Constitution*, says that if you will sit down and stay down you will live forever. He practices what he preaches. The *Constitution* says that for 12 hours every day he sits at his desk; four hours he sits at home. It takes 12 minutes to walk 300 yards four times each day. He sleeps seven and a half hours. His health is perfect. His appetite is keen, his brain clear, and his capacity for work remarkable. He is never sick a day or an hour or a minute. He is genial, fresh, bright, and does not age a shade. His knowledge of men and things is unusual. The only character in books that perplexes him is "The Wandering Jew." "I cannot understand," he says, "how he lived so long when he was continually moving about."

Tale of the Aged Towel.

Hotel clerk—Why do you wipe yourself on a pocket handkerchief?

Traveling man (who has just finished his ablution)—Where would you have me wipe myself; on that towel?

Hotel clerk—Why, certainly; it costs no more.

Traveling man—That's true, but, pardon me, sir, I have too much veneration for old age.—*Chicago Herald.*

Bringing Up Pups.

There would appear to be a great deal of primitive human simplicity in Boston. To those who believe that nothing but heavy literature is permitted there, to prove that they have relaxations and amusements and sympathetic occupation, let me quote from a letter from a lady in that city to a friend here: "You will have to excuse a short letter because I am very busy. I am bringing up nine Newfoundland pups on the bottle and it's an engrossing duty."

Athenian Politeness.

In ancient Athens the doors of each house opened outward into the street, and such was the inherent politeness of the Athenian that whenever any one of them wished to come out of his house he always knocked vigorously at first on his own door, lest passers-by would be knocked down when the door was opened.

Recent Literature.

A kind of fascination always lingers around the descriptions of ancient cities which were once centers of wealth and luxury, but which the passage of time has swept into desolation. Lingering amid the scenes of the long ago, even if they are only seen through the eyes of another, and the mind becomes filled with awe and wonder at the great sum of the human energy and action which have vanished and of which these are the only remains. It is because it is all so strange to the thought, that so much could have existed and disappeared so completely, that every detail concerning them which has been discovered possesses such an absorbing interest; and for this reason a little book published by Haughton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, will be read with pleasure. It is entitled "Ancient Cities: From the Dawn to the Daylight," by William Burnet Wright. It describes fifteen cities, ending with the New Jerusalem.

At this season of the year the beautiful things in the way of books are so many and various, that one stands fairly aghast at the wealth thus poured out for the public. A most exquisite little thing is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. It is called the "Pearl Series," and is made up of six tiny book in dainty covers of blue and gold, and entitled respectively, "Reflection," "Fancy," "Wit and Humor," "Love," "The Poet's Garden," and "Faith, Hope and Charity." Each volume is made up of poetical selections upon its especial subject from the best authors. The whole are put up in a neat box of gilt with crimson edges altogether making a lovely little gift for a friend.

Another set of books consisting of three volumes, issued by the same house, which will attract many readers, is entitled "Humorous Masterpieces from American Literature," edited by Edward Y. Mason. It is one of the most difficult things which any one can undertake to do, to select from the great mass of humorous writings from the world of authors, materials for such volumes as these. Much that is equally good, perhaps better than what is chosen, is left out necessarily, and then again, people look at the same things with such marvelously different eyes. Mr. Mason has made three very readable books which will afford great entertainment. A large number of the authors whose names are most familiar to the public are represented by some article which illustrates the bent of their own humor, and the result is a delightful variety of mirth-provoking articles, which will bear several readings.

"The Lay of the Last Minstrel" is a poem of the age of chivalry, and has been one of Sir Walter Scott's most popular works ever since its publication, in 1865, consequently an edition like that just brought out by Ticknor & Co., Boston, cannot fail to find favor. The cover is emblazoned with the arms of the Duke of Buccleuh, the Lord of Branksome, and with the towers and battlements of a feudal fortress. The paper on which it is printed is a fine, one, very heavy and thick, with a dead finish, like old English hand-made paper. The illustrations, of which there are nearly 100, are extremely fine, consisting of several vigorous figure pieces, landscape pictures, and reproductions of the famous localities of the poem. Taken altogether, the volume is one of the finest gift books which have so far appeared this season. Cloth bound, with full gilt edges, put up in a box, $6.

Frank L. Stockton has been gradually growing in public favor for some time past, so that the announcement of a story from his pen is sufficient to attract many readers. "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," which has been running as a serial in the *Century Magazine*, and is now brought out in book form by the Century Co., New York, is a quaint story, full of the wildest improbabilities, though not impossibilities, but told with such an air of realism as to make the reader forget everything but Mrs. Leecks and Mrs. Aleshine and their casting away. Through the whole there is a vein of humor which cannot fail to arouse to laughter even the dullest of appreciation of that sort of thing. The book will afford great entertainment for a leisure hour.

From G. W. Dillingham, New York, comes in paper covers, "The Crazy History of the United States," by Cupid Jones, a humorous statement of the leading facts in the history of this country from the landing of Columbus until the death of Grant. The book is what its title denotes, but will amuse readers who enjoy the burlesque in everything. Price 50 cents.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, publish "Grammar for Common Schools," by B. F. Tweed, A. M. The object of the author is to give to the pupils simple aids in writing and speaking correctly without loading him down with rules that mean nothing to him. Teachers will find it an aid to them in their work of instruction even though it is not used in the class as a text book.

"Educational Psychology" from the same house is a treatise for parents and educators by Louisa Parsons Hopkins. It is a digest of a course of lectures given to the normal class of the Swain Free School at New Bedford, Mass., and will be of special interest and value to teachers.

Lee & Shepard also issue "Simplicity and Fascination," which is a pleasant English story by Anne Beale. The scene is mainly in London, but the story deals with country as well as with city life. The interest is well sustained throughout the entire volume, which comprises 500 pages.

Literary Notes.

A history of the Draft Riot of 1863 is coming from the press of Fords, Howard & Hulbert. It is to be entitled "The Volcano under the City."

A life of Ivan Tourguenief, extending to three large volumes, has been written in German by Dr. R. Lewenfeldt, of the University of Breslau, editor of the periodical *Nord und Sud*.

The boycott is to appear in Mr. Stockton's new *Century* novel "The Hundreth Man." It is aimed at a restaurant and will no doubt be the source of many quaint and funny incidents.

Emile Zola's new book is to be a study of the life of railway employes in France. Like his recent works it will appear in the *Gil Blas* in feuilleton form before being published as a volume.

Hobart Pasha's posthumous volume of "Sketches from My Life" is now in the presses of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., who will issue the work in a week or two, simultaneous with its appearance in London.

Cassell & Co., have in press a collection of stories by Mrs. Mary D. Brine, entitled "The Stories Grandma Told." They are said to be in Mrs. Brine's happiest vein, which has proved so attractive to young people.

The copyright of the heirs of the Russian poet, Pushkin, expires with the present year, and in view of this no fewer than ten new editions of the works of the poet are already being prepared by Russian publishers.

Paul du Chaillu, who for several years has been living in the north, chiefly Copenhagen, has just finished a work on the wanderings, religon, culture, and conquests of the earliest Scandinavians, entitled "The Viking Age."

The edition of the Nevember *Century*, containing the first chapters of the authorized Life of Lincoln and the opening of Frank R. Stockton's new novel, "The Hundredth Man," will be a quarter of a million copies.

The admirers of Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson will be glad to know that she has begun a new book, upon which she is diligently at work in her romantic quarters in an old Roman villa just outside the Roman gate, Florence, Italy.

Mr. Howells has prepared for a future number of *The Youth's Companion* an autobiographic fragment which promises to be very interesting. It records his boyish experiences in a Western log-cabin and in the printing office in which he began his working life.

Mr. Edward Fuller, dramatic editor and editorial writer of the *Boston Post*, is said to be engaged on his third novel, which will probably appear early next year. It will bear the title, "Theodore Trent," and will be issued simultaneously in England and this country.

Miss Davenport's example as a magazine writer is to be emulated by Miss Lotta Crabtree, who has written to the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine* acceding to his request to write a paper on "Experiences of an Actress." The article will appear in a few months.

George Alfred Townsend's new novel has been named "Katty of Catoctin; or, The Chain Breakers," and will be published by the Appletons. The work is, as "Gath" calls it, "a national romance," opening with the raid of John Brown at Harper's Ferry and closing with the death of Lincoln.

George J. Coombes will publish shortly Alfred Stevens's "Impressions of Painting," translated by Miss Charlotte Adams with the author's permission. Miss Adams will provide a sketch of the painter's life and work, and Mr. Stevens has written a special introduction for this American edition.

Miss Marie A Brown has nearly finished a book which is to be called "Honor to Whom Honor is Due: the Norse discoverers of America." The idea has occurred to her that it would be desirable to commemorate the Norse discovery at the American exhibition to be held in London next year.

HUNDREDS OF EAGLES.

Eagle Point—Why So Called—A Man Who Has Talked With the Great Indian Chiefs Tecumseh, Little Turtle and Logan.

Toledo Daily Blade, Oct. 28.

"Do you know why that point up the river was called Eagle Point?" inquired a man of an old gentleman on one of the wharves this morning, who has lived in this vicinity for many years.

"O, yes," was the answer. "Nearly fifty years ago, when I was a boy, I often went up to Eagle Point to see the eagles. Hundreds of them could be seen perched on the dead trees. An eagle always selects a bare tree, on a place where it can have an unobstructed view for a long distance. All of the eagles in Ohio seemed to congregate there at certain seasons of the year. Small game was plentiful, and they could get all the food they needed with but little effort. Deer, wild turkeys, and other large game was so abundant that hunters in those days hardly ever shot squirrels or rabbits. There were but few white men living along the river, and most of the hunting was done by Indians.

One time I was up at the point, and a large doe came out on the point. After looking all around and feeling safe, she plunged into the river and made for the west side. An Indian had been watching her movements, and as soon as she had fairly entered the water he shot his canoe into the stream from a thicket on the bank, and with every muscle worked up to its highest tension, paddled after her. The doe seemed to know that an enemy was after her, as soon as the canoe splashed into the water. She put forth her best efforts to reach the opposite shore, and I could plainly hear her hard breathing. It was a life or death race. The Indian's canoe flew over the water like a feather, and he rapidly gained on the doe. When the doe had reached within a hundred yards or so of the bank, the Indian had hauled up close to her. The poor deer was terror stricken, and losing all control of herself, gave up the effort to get away. She looked pityingly upon her pursuer, and turning her big brown eyes in an appealing manner toward the Indian seemed to be pleading for her life. But the savage paddled his canoe alongside of her and plunged his hunting knife into her neck. The doe gave a long breath, rolled over on her side, and after a few struggles died. The Indian took the doe to the bank of the river, skinned her, and taking the meat and skin placed them in the canoe and paddled up the river.

"It was interesting to see the eagles catching their prey. I saw a squirrel running along a log one day. A large eagle was watching it from a tree near by. All of a sudden the eagle shot from the tree, and in an instant had the squirrel in its claws. It crushed the squirrel to death almost instantly. I have often seen them pick up rabbits and fly away with them.

"The Indians never disturbed the eagles, which is no doubt the reason they made Eagle Point their headquarters."

"You have seen a good many of the leaders of the Indian tribes, have you not?" asked the man referred to.

"Yes, I have talked with Tecumseh, Little Turtle, Logan, and others of the leaders of the Indian tribes. I think Logan was the finest looking Indian I ever saw. Yes, I remember them, but that was long ago. I am now 82. Things don't look now as they used to when all the country around here was a vast wilderness. What white men there were then here lived along the banks of the river."

WILL CARLETON.

An Interview with the Poet—"Betsy and I Are Out" First Published in the Blade.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* recently interviewed Will Carleton, the poet, and the following interesting extracts are herewith given:

Many of the honest old farmers who still reside in the little town of Hudson, Mich., remember the ruddy-faced son of Farmer Carleton, whose youthful poetic fancies were from time to time served up to them in the columns of the local newspaper. Yet how few, indeed, if any of them ever dreamed that before a score of years had cycled into eternity the name of this self-same boy would be a household word in thousands of the homes of America.

The boy poet, who jingled everything into rhyme at as early an age as 8 years, received but little encouragement from his parents or the denizens of his native town. His father, a plain, practical farmer, though noted among all his associates as a man of intellect and sagacity, was not slow to opine to his son (what was the truth) that his poetic fancies were an obstacle to his agricultural usefulness. He was a lover of good literature, and even praised two or three of his son's productions upon which his eyes chanced to fall, but the thought that the instincts of successful authorship were implanted in the minds of any of his children never occurred to him. He, however, did all in his power to give the boy a good education, believing that this would be an advantage to him in any event. The mother was of a more romantic and fanciful turn of mind, and from her the young rhymster would occasionally receive a special word or two of commendation of his efforts.

"Were you a lover of poetry in boyhood?" asked the interviewer.

"No, not of the everyday kind," answered Mr. Carleton. "Shakespeare was my favorite author and my idol, and I recollect how every spare penny I could get was laid away to buy a copy of his works. I did read Byron somewhat, but never to any great extent. Living in the wilderness, as one might say, I had little access to books, and so I knew nothing really of authors and their works until I went to college. My earliest poems which gained any circulation at all were 'Bitts in the Cloud,' 'Cover Them Over,' (which is still largely used, I am told, at Decoration Day ceremonies), 'City of Boston,' 'Death Doomed,' and a number of others now included in my published works."

"When was 'Betsy and I' written, and how was it conceived?"

"During the early part of 1871, I was much impressed by the great prevalence of divorces, and would often stray into our court-room and hear the testimony in the various cases. It was here that I heard and saw the domestic troubles of others, and they gave me the idea for the poem. The characters in the poem of 'Betsy and I,' represent no one in particular, and are only intended to be typical of a class. I wrote the poem, and it was published in the Toledo BLADE. From this paper it was copied into hundreds of papers, among them *Harper's Weekly*, and I was surprised at one day receiving from the Harpers a request for a poem. The compliment was of course a high one, and I sat down and composed 'Over the Hills to the Poorhouse,' 'Out of the Old House,' 'Gone with a Han'somer Man,' 'Uncle Sammy,' and a number of others, which they published in the *Weekly* in the spring of 1871."

"Was 'Over the Hill to the Poorhouse' based on real incidents which you saw in any institution?" asked the writer.

"Well, yes, partly. Near the town of Hillsdale, Mich., was the county poorhouse. (Between the town proper and this place was a small hill.) I often went to the poorhouse to see and talk with the unfortuate people there. On one of my visits I became acquainted with an old couple, husband and wife, who had been sent there by their children. They never chided their offspring for sending them to the poorhouse, but it was not difficult to discover that they had not come there of their own free will. This case suggested the poem to me, I suppose, although, of course, the story is different from the incident. But I had become impressed with the aged couple, and they had fixed themselves on my mind."

"Have you any objection to saying what you received for the poem?"

"No-o, I think there is no harm in saying that Mr. S. S. Conant, for many years editor of *Harper's Weekly*, sent me a check for $30 for it. For 'Betsy and I' I never received anything, as the BLADE was not a distinctive literary paper, and paid its contributors only in kind treatment and editorial encouragement."

"Are these poems favorites with you, as they are with the public?"

"Well, I confess to a paternal weakness for them, but believe there is really more in 'The First Settler's Story' than in any other of my verses, and indeed I hear it oftenest commended. If I have a favorite, I think that is the choice."

—Captain Mitchell, of the bark Antoine Sala, New York and Havana trade, came home in May, entirely helpless with rheumatism. He went to the mountains, but receiving no benefit, at his wife's request began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. He immediately began to improve; in two months his rheumatism was all gone, and he sailed in command of his vessel a well man. Hood's Sarsaparilla will help you. Sold by all druggists.

A BAD WHOOPING COUGH,

And the Divorce Trial to Which It Led.

BY WM. H. MAHER

Some of the best things in the court room never get into the daily papers.

I mean by "best" the things that the people are most interested in. There is nothing more entrancing to the average man or woman than a divorce suit. In a case of this kind humanity is laid bare with all its sins of omission, and all its faults and foibles. There is no glamour of courtesy; no velvety complimentary phrases. The kettle is called black, and devilish black, and all the weaknesses of crimes of the offending person painted in the most hideous phrase known to legal lore.

The case of Apfel vs. Apfel, tried before Judge Pyke a few weeks ago, was one of this kind. The attorney for the plaintiff, a bachelor of many years standing, stated the case in a manner so direct and convincing that it cannot be improved, and it is given here as copied from the short-hand notes of Mr. Hill.

The plaintiff in the case was Julia Apfel, a tall, slim and sour-visaged woman of at least 40 and possibly 45. The defendant was Herman Apfel, the cigar manufacturer, 75 Summit street. Herman probably weighs 280 pounds with his winter flannels on, and is a good deal broader than he is long. But let Attorney Grane tell the story.

"The plaintiff in this case is Julia Apfel; the defendant, Herman Apfel; it is alleged that the defendant has treated the plaintiff with great cruelty, and made her life so much a burden to her that she prays for a divorce. The facts, your honor, are briefly these:

"Ten years ago Herman Apfel wooed and won the hand of Julia Ganse, taking her from the home of her childhood, where she had been a petted member, and placing her the mistress of the one room that he paid for in a boarding house. She gave him her heart with her hand; her devotion; her every thought—"

The Plaintiff (in scornful tones,)—"He wasn't so fat then."

Mr. Grane—"No, your honor, he was not at that time the monster of flesh that he is now. There must have been something manly about him to win the heart of this fastidious woman—"

The Plaintiff—"He played on the harmonica beautifully."

Mr. Grane—"He wooed her with music, your honor; and could man come to maiden with more bewitching gift? Music, as your honor remembers, is justly called by the divine Shakspere,

"The food of love."

"And so this man came wooing with his harmonica, and won the heart of his fair Julia. If I were gifted, as my brother Eaton is, with power to put into melodious phrase the thoughts that come into my mind when I contemplate the bliss of two human beings who are happily mated, I would recite to your honor a song of love that the reporters would frame in their chambers and whisper as they played the daily lyre. But your honor is aware of my ill success in the fields of rhyme, and I shall skip over the early years of their wedded bliss by simply saying they were as happy as two married could be——"

The court—"You are not yet married, brother Grane?"

"Not quite, your honor."

"But these two were. And perhaps the serpent would never have entered their Eden but for the persistency of this man to take on fat. This is not the cause of complaint, your honor, but it leads up to it. This man persisted in growing fat. It is the best of evidence as to the happy home-life made for him. A man or pig who is not happy cannot fatten. It may be that the plaintiff when she devised dainty dishes, or put extra shortening in her pie-crust, and ordered porterhouse steaks and spare ribs, was in reality but warming the viper that should some day sting her, but he must not be the one to blame her for this, nor to cast it in her teeth."

The Court—"Did she request him not to grow fat?"

"A thousand times, your honor; she plead on her bended knees before him that he would not grow fat, but he treated her prayers with derision and contempt, and continued to grow larger and rounder. It is safe to say that he knew he was going to be fat long before he was married. Men seem to know by intuition that they are going to be fat, and he knew it ten years ago, or else he would never have married a woman tall and thin as Mrs. Apfel now is. But she is patient and long suffering. She let out his shirt-bands and collars, and made no complaint. She inserted V shaped pieces here and there in his clothes to accommodate his increased proportions; she watched the growth of his double chin and did not shrink from him, but, your honor, he accepted this devotion as being but callousness on her part, and last fall he picked up the whooping cough."

The Court—"What do you mean by 'picked up?'"

"I mean that he didn't catch it unawares; that he didn't suddenly discover he had it, but knowing where it was he went there and took it. Look at the defendant, Your Honor. He is 48 if he is a day; he weighs 286 pounds on West's drug store scales, and he measures 88 inches around the waist. Think of such a man being down with the whooping cough! It is a disease of infancy. My learned friend, Dr. Rowsey, calls it pertussis, and all medical works speak of it as a disease common to childhood. Would your Honor, after reaching the age of—of—of (Here the attorney cast a sharp glance at his fair client and bravely held back the truth ten years,) of 35 enjoy the idea of being married to a man who was having the diseases of infancy? Suppose he should next follow this by teething, then continue with measles, mumps and roseola. Fancy this 280 pounds of mumps! Your honor, you have probably sat up night after night with a tender child that whoops. You know the agonizing thoughts that fill the parent's mind as he watches and helps his darling one, but I ask you candidly, what would you do if you had on your hands, whooping like a roaring hippopotamus, a cigarmaker of 48, and weighing 280 pounds? This wife was in a quandary. Would she treat him as an infant, and pound his back or toss him in the air, or was she to lie still and let him fight it out alone? In the maliciousness of his heart he discovered that he could annoy her more to get on his hands and knees and whoop than in any other attitude; so, no matter where he is was, whether in the street, or in the dining-room, or in bed, the moment he wanted to whoop he promptly fell on his hands and knees and whooped until he could do it no more. The plaintiff has in all respects proven herself a model wife, a tender nurse, a patient victim. But human nature has its limit, and her expostulations and entreaties have been met only with whoops and scorn. She married what she supposed was a man, not a baby; and she is here to ask the court to give her liberty from a union which is no union either of heart or of interests."

Mrs. Apfel was put on the witness stand and closely questioned by the court.

She testified that Apfel, the moment he began to cough, got onto his hands and knees and sometimes coughed for 30 minutes in succession. He had broken the slats in every bed in the house, and several times stopped the clock. The last day they were walking together on Summit street, just in front of the Lion store, he began to cough and promptly dropped on his hands and knees on the sidewalk, where he coughed and whooped till the patrol wagon was called out to bring him home. She knew he could have avoided this just as well as not, but he had done it solely and only to humiliate her.

Herman then took the bench, no chair being large enough for him. He said, "Shudge, you know how dat vas when a man must have dot whooping gough? He must shust gough und whoop-her-up all the dime. Shuly vas mat mit me, but dot is all right; I don't got no more gough und dis fool law'er ton't know Shuly like I. You dell her go home, Shudge, und pime-by it will be all right."

This was the way the court looked at it. He told the fair Julia that she had a good home and a pretty good husband, and she had better hold onto them. That Herman was now better of the whooping cough and probably would begin to grow thin, and if she was divorced she would cease to have any interest in his life insurance. Herman was told to go and buy a new harmonica and learn the new tune: "Darling, I am growing old," and behave himself. And then the case was dismissed.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
Well Pleased.

Dr. C. ROBERTS, Winchester, Ill., says: "I have used it with entire satisfaction in cases of debility from age or overwork, and in inebriates and dyspeptics, and am well pleased with its effect."

Why He Thought So.

"Say, old man, have you heard from Short lately? I wonder how he is getting on."

"I haven't heard from him for over a year; so I suppose he must be making money."

"How so? What do you mean?"

"Why, if he wasn't, he would have tried to borrow of me before this."

A fairy lost a precious charm
To keep the rosy gums from harm,
To keep from teeth decay and death,
To sweeten and purify the breath.
This charm the fairy lost a mortal found,
And SOZODONT 'tis called on earthly ground.

THE CITY OF TOLEDO.

An Historical Sketch of Value to Present and Future Inhabitants—The Early History of the Valley and Present Condition—Something to Save for Future Reference.

The Census Bureau at Washington has just received from the Government Printing office the advance sheets of the special report made of the city of Toledo, which is fully up to the high standard of the reports of other cities, which have already been issued, and contains much that is valuable in the way of information of the history and statistics of the place. The historical sketch was prepared for the Census Bureau by Mr. H. A. Chamberlin, of this city, and is as follows:

The Maumee valley, eight miles up the Maumee river at Fort Meigs (Perrysburg), and directly on the opposite bank at Maumee City, now South Toledo, was settled from the close of the war of 1812; but what is now Toledo was settled by not more than four white families prior to January, 1832, and these a mile or more apart. The settlement of Port Lawrence, laid out on the northwest corner of the twelve miles square reservation at the foot of the rapids of the Miami of Lake Erie, and on the westerly bank of the Maumee, and the settlement of Vistula, adjoining and below Port Lawrence, became the nucleus around which the present city was formed. During the winter of 1831-32 arrangements had been perfected to erect warehouses and a few buildings, upon the breaking up of the ice, on the westerly bank of the river, by the proprietors of the land—one at the mouth of Swan creek (Port Lawrence), the other a mile below (Vistula). Quite a number of buildings, perhaps half-a-dozen rude structures at each point, were erected during the year 1832.

During the summer of 1833 it became apparent to the proprietors of the two settlements, as well as to the new settlers and tradesmen, that common cause should be made of the interests of the two points, and upon meeting to discuss their joint interests, as neither party was willing to yield the name of one settlement to the other party, a compromise was effected by giving the two places the name of "Toledo," which, it was argued at the time, was a name not given to any town in the new world, and a name made historic in Spain. From that time to the present, Port Lawrence and Vistula have had no existence, save as describing two important divisions of land planted under these names and in the very heart of Toledo of to-day.

The area of the present city of Toledo, exclusive of the area of the navigable waters of the corporation, is a trifle over twenty square miles. Toledo was a mere settlement, a part of a township in its government, until 1837, in the spring of which year, after being incorporated, the first mayor was elected. Until 1835 all mail matter for the new settlement on the river was received at Tremainsville, on the Monroe and Maumee pike, which "ville," since the enlargement of the corporate limits of Toledo in 1874, is a part of the city. From the spring of 1835 until June, 1836, every thing, so far as governmental regulations were concerned, was unsettled. The questions growing out of the disputed boundary line between Ohio and the then territory of Michigan, known as "the Toledo war," were indeed unfortunate for a growing community. The cause of the trouble was the disagreement as to the Northern boundary of Ohio. Michigan claimed to the "Fulton line" on the south, being a line due east from the southern extremity of Lake Michigan intersecting Lake Erie; and Ohio claimed to the "Harris line" on the north, which was a line from the southern extremity of Lake Michigan to the most northerly cape of the Maumee bay. These two respective lines left in dispute all the territory now in the city of Toledo, being a strip of land at the eastern end (Toledo), eight miles in width, and at the Indiana line five miles in width, including all the Maumee bay and Toledo harbors, and the outlet of the contemplated Miami & Erie canal.

In 1835, by direction of the General Assembly of Ohio, a commission was appointed to mark the northern boundry (Harris line) of the State. Gov. Mason, of Michigan, directed Gen. Brown, in charge of the Michigan troops, to intercept the commission and prevent the marking of this line. Gov. Lucas, of Ohio, upon learning of the decision of the Michigan authorities, at once directed a portion of the Ohio militia, some 600 strong, to protect the commission in the discharge of the duty imposed upon it. Finally, with varying changes of fortune, and through the aid of peace commissioners on the part of Gov. Lucas, of Ohio, and Pres. Jackson on the part of the United States, in behalf of the territory of Michigan a *statu quo* was effected until the close of the session of Congress in 1836. In June 1836, Michigan was admitted as a state to the Union, with her southern boundary the northern, or "Harris" line. After this time all jurisdictional questions, which had been unsettled for some eighteen months, were readily adjusted, the functions of local government assumed a regular order, and taxes, which had not been collected on account of the conflict of authority, were regularly assessed and collected. Aside from a few wounded, when making or resisting arrests under Michigan authority, and the animosities engendered by confining some of the settlers in the jails of Lenawee and Monroe counties, Michigan, for non-compliance with the Michigan laws in the disputed territory, no material loss arose through the unsettled state of society and government and the consequent cloud upon business in this new settlement.

Maumee City (now South Toledo), eight miles up the river, was the county seat of Lucas county until the year 1852, when Toledo was made the couty seat. In 1872 the city purchased the property and franchise of the Cherry Street bridge company, which controlled the toll-bridge; since the purchase, the bridge over 2,000 feet in length, and connecting the easterly and westerly parts of the city divided by the Maumee, has been rebuilt and maintained as a free bridge. The travel over this is very large, it being an uncommon occurrence for 2,000 teams to pass in a single day, with a constant flow of pedestrians in addition. In 1874 the limits of the city were materially enlarged. The chief suburb thus brought within Toledo was Manhattan, a settlement near the mouth of the Maumee, and at the northern terminus of the Miami & Erie canal. In 1835 and 1836, Manhattan had a very rapid growth; warehouses, shops and docks were built, or in process of construction, on a large scale; but after the panic of 1837, the business of the place was transferred to Toledo. Quite a number of dwellings erected before 1837 are still occupied, interspersed among the more modern buildings; the warehouses and docks are known only by their foundations.

The settlement of Toledo, where speculation had been rife for some four years, and paper money, under the old State-bank system, and been abundant, was left almost lifeless after the crisis of 1837, and did not full recuperate from this blight until the completion of the Miami & Erie canal, extending from Toledo to the Ohio river at Cincinnati, in 1843. The depression after the crises of 1873-4, did not really take effect until the latter half of 1875, from which time until the summer of 1880, the hitheto rapid development and increase in population and wealth of the city were practically at a standstill. Now the former enterprise and improvement of the city has asserted itself, and vast undertakings, by railroads and other corporations and by individuals, are going forward on all sides. Toledo has never been visited by any devastating conflagations. The original settlers, mainly from New York and the New England States, were largely supplemented by Irish in 1840 drawn hither by the construction of the Miami & Erie canal. Since that time many Germans have come in, and to-day this element ranks next to the native-born.

The country immediately surrounding Toledo is an agricultural one. There are also several outlying towns and many market gardens near the city. By the aid of the Maumee river, the canal and the many railroads, Toledo has close commercial relations, not only with the thickly settled country that surrounds her on three sides, but with the country west to the banks of the Mississippi.

Financial condition: Total valuation, $18,687,955; per capita, $363; total indebtedness, $3,224,660; per capita, $64.32; tax per $100, $1.45.

In addition to the above is given a very full statement of various matters pertaining to the city from the pen of Hon. Jacob Romeis, such as the harbor and water courses, railroad communications, climate, streets, waterworks, gas, public buildings, parks, drainage, cemeteries, markets, sanitary authority, health, police, etc., all of which is interesting, but too lengthy for publication in this connection.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

DANGEROUS DRUGS.

How to Control Effectually All Such Horrible Habits.

Rochester, N. Y. Post-Express.

A gentleman who has spent the summer abroad said to our reporter, that the thing that impressed him most of all was the number of holidays one encounters abroad and the little anxiety the people display in the conduct of business affairs. "Men boast here," he said, "that they work for years without a day off; in Europe that would be considered a crime."

Mr. H. H. Warner, who was present at the time, said: "This is the first summer in years that I have not spent on the water. Been too busy."

"Then, I suppose, you have been advertising extensively?"

"Not at all. We have always heretofore closed our laboratory during July, August and September, but this summer we have kept it running day and night to supply the demand, which has been three times greater than ever before in our history at this season."

"How do you account for this?"

"The increase has come from the *universal recognition of the excellence of our preparations*. We have been nearly ten years before the public and the sales are *constantly increasing* while our newspaper advertising is *constantly diminishing*. Why, high scientific and medical authorities, now publicly concede that our Warner's safe cure is the only scientific specific for kidney and liver diseases and for all the many diseases caused by them."

"Have you evidence of this?"

"Abundance! Only a few weeks ago Dr. J. L. Stephens, of Lebanon, Ohio, a specialist for the cure of narcotic, etc. habits told me that a number of eminent scientific medical men had been experimenting for years, testing and analyzing all known remedies for the kidneys and liver, for, as you may be aware, the excessive use of all narcotics and stimulants destroys those organs, and until they can be restored to health the habits cannot be broken up! Among the investigators were such men as J. M. Hall, M. D., President of the State Board of Health of Iowa, and Alexander Neil, M. D., Professor of Surgery in the college of Physicians and Surgery and president of the Academy of Medicine at Columbus, who, after exhaustive inquiry, reported that there was no remedy known to schools or to scientific inquiry equal to Warner's safe cure!"

"Are many persons addicted to the use of deadly drugs?"

"There are forty millions of people in the world who use opium alone, and there are many hundreds of thousands in this country who are victims of morphine, opium, quinine and cocaine. They think they have no such habit about them—so many people are unconscious victims of these habits. They have pains and what they call malaria and other diseases, when in reality it is the demand in the system for these terrible drugs, a demand that is caused largely by physicians' prescriptions, which contain so many dangerous drugs and strong spirits, and one that must be answered or silenced in the kidneys and liver by what Dr. Stephens says is the only kidney and liver specific. He also says that moderate opium and other drug eaters, if they sustain the kidney and liver vigor by that great remedy, can keep up these habits in moderation."

"Well does not this discovery give you a new revelation of the power of safe cure?"

"No, sir; for years I have tried to convince the public that *nearly all the diseases of the human system* originate in some disorder of the kidneys and liver, and hence I have logically declared that if our specific were used, over ninety per cent. of these ailments would disappear. The liver and kidneys seem to absorb these poisons from the blood and become depraved and diseased."

"When these eminent authorities thus publicly admit that there is no remedy like ours to enable the kidneys and liver to throw off the frightful effects of all deadly drugs and excessive use of stimulants it is an admission of its power as great as any one could desire; for if through its influence alone the opium, morphine, quinine, cocaine and liquor habits can be overcome, what higher testimonial of its specific power could be asked for?"

"You really believe then, Mr. Warner, that the majority of diseases come from kidney and liver complants?"

"I do! When you see a person moping and groveling about, half dead and half alive, year after year, you may surely put him down as having some kidney and liver trouble."

"The other day I was talking with Dr. Fowler, the eminent oculist of this city, who said that half the patients who came to him for eye treatment were affected by advanced kidney disease. Now many people wonder why in middle life their eye sight becomes so poor. A thorough course of treatment with Warner's safe cure is what they need more than a pair of eye glasses. The kidney poison in the blood always attacks the weakest part of the body; with some it affects the *eyes;* with others the *head;* with others the *stomach* or the *lungs*, or *rheumatic* disorder follows and *neuralgia* tears them to pieces, or they lose the *powers of taste, smell* or become *impotent in other functions* of the body. What man would not give his all to have the vigor of youth at command?"

"The intelligent physician knows that these complaints are but *symptoms;* they are not the disorder, and they are symptoms not of disease of the head, the eye or stomach, or of virility, necessarily, but of the kidney poison in the blood, and they may prevail and no pain occur in the kidneys."

It is not strange that the enthusiasm which Mr. Warner displays in his appreciation of his own remedy, which restored him to health when the doctors said he could not live six months, should become infectious, and that the entire world should pay tribute to its power. Mr. Warner says, the sales are constantly increasing, while the newspaper advertising is constantly diminishing. This speaks volumes in praise of the extraordinary merits of his preparations.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

BOOK publishers declare that the tendency of the times is towards shorter stories, that a novel in more than one volume is now scarcely known, and longer ones are more and more unpopular. There is also a feeling of repulsion growing towards serials in magazines, because, as a recent writer says, people "are too hurried, too busy, they read too much and forget too easily," to care to take their stories by piece-meal. This is literally true. Few people read such stories without being obliged to look back to the closing of the chapters in the preceding month in order to recall the course of the narrative, otherwise they find they have lost the thread completely. Then again, it is a harrowing of the feelings not at all pleasant, to be brought suddenly to the end of month's or week's instalment, and the hero and heroine be left in a most thrilling and critical position, without the readers knowing anything of the *modus operandi* of getting them out.

THE following from a contemporary contains a good deal of truth, and applies equally to both sexes: "It is a curious fact that most men take far more interest in what does not concern themselves than in what does concern them. Set up a theodolite in a country road, and the half dozen workers in the neighboring field will stop their harvesting and come over to see what the strange instrument means. The net result is that the field workers fall 15 minutes behind in their work, and the other worker turns to his with feelings muffled by an unnecessary delay due to the idle curiosity of others. How the world's work would gain if everybody minded his own business and suffered others to mind theirs." That is a fact, but the difficulty many people find is to draw the line between meddling, and exhibiting a friendly interest which gives no offence. If the latter cannot be done, better show a calm indifference to what others are doing.

THE social world over the sea has been captivated by a new idea which will, doubtless, find its way to this side of the big water the coming winter. It is to have cards of invitation made works of art by having upon them some pretty picture representing in a fanciful way the entertainment to be given. If the work is done at home, the artist will have her hands full to overflowing, and one festivity during the season will be all that she will be likely to undertake. People with pockets well lined can have the artistic work done by professionals, and as it will be somewhat expensive, they can rejoice in the thought that everybody cannot follow the fashion.

FORMS of etiquette differ very widely in different countries. Some of those in Cuba, for instance, seem very curious to us. One of them in letter writing where it is wished to be extremely polite, is the use of certain capitals at the close of the epistle. Thus if two persons of the same sex are writing to each other, they add B. L. M. representing *Beso las manos* which being interpreted is "I kiss the hands." If a gentleman is writing to a lady he employs B. L. B. *Beso las pies*, meaning "I kiss your feet." Great offence is given if these are not used properly, and the person making the mistake would be set down as ignorant of the usages of polite society. Cubans are exceedingly strenuous about all of these forms, being among the most polite of people.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

WHEN BILL WAS MUSTERED IN.

Throughout our country's vast domain
Were scenes of wild alarm,
In city, town, and country, too—
It even reached the farm—
And Bill, a farmer's lad, had heard
The tale of Sumter told,
And 'mongst that host of volunteers
Was first to be enrolled.
For in his honest eye was that
Which spoke the soul within,
And to the front a hero came,
When Bill was mustered in.

Lean, lank, and long, with heart of gold,
Faithful, and brave, and true;
We had to laugh to see the lad
Dressed in his suit of blue.
His coat was ever so much too short,
His pants a mile too wide,
And when he marched could not keep step,
However much he tried.
I see him now as I saw him then—
Awkward, and tall, and slim;
For a score or more of years had fled
Since Bill was mustered in.

Knapsack and gun, canteen and straps,
An awkward, raw recruit,
And we joked the boy when he ordered arms,
The colonel to salute.
But time passed on, the raw recruit
Was a veteran in the fight;
There was none more brave, in camp or field,
For country, God, and right;
For valor and old chivalry
Had counterpart in him;
And the old flag gained a grand recruit
When Bill was mustered in.

But there came a time in that deadly fray
In July, sixty-three,
At Gettysburg, when the charge was made,
And the Rebs were forced to flee;
Why, boys, the very earth and air
With shot and shell did burn.
In the foremost rank, on a double-quick,
There Bill was, brave and stern;
And Bill went down as the Johnnies broke,
And for victory gave one shout,
And brave men wept when they knew that night
That Bill was mustered out.

Long years have passed, and can it be
That history is true?
It hardly seems I ever wore
That threadbare coat of blue.
Though sight may dim and memory fade,
I never shall forget
Brave, honest Bill for the fame he made
So green and living yet.
And when I, too, am mustered out,
My prayer shall be to win
A resting-place with men like Bill,
Whom God has mustered in.

—*Ivy Green in Troy Telegram.*

Gossip on the Field.

We would be glad to have comrade Brash contribute some of his incidents to the CAMP FIRE.

W. A. Wayland, late private Co. A, 37th Ind. Vet. Vol., says that he served four years under Sherman and Thomas.

Arnold Brandley, 23d Kentucky, Frisco, Kan., thinks that the Republican standard-bearer for 1888 should be Gen. W. T. Sherman.

John Bumb, Co. A, 116th N. Y. S. V., Claflin Bridge, Ill., wants to hear from some members of his regiment through the columns of the CAMP FIRE.

"J. C. B." contributes a paper on Shiloh, which we will reserve for the present, at least, as we think, as he does, that the subject is growing monotonous.

C. A. Hendrickson says:—I was on picket once, when an officer who had blowed that he could do as he pleased, attempted to pass. It was a dark night and very muddy, but all the same, he dismounted, hung his accouterments on his saddle and advanced and gave the countersign.

C. H. Mayhew, late private Co. F, 9th Ky. Vol. Inf., of Alonzo, Ky., writes: "I enlisted in the fall of 1861, for thee years. During the winter of '61-62 we were camped at Columbia, Ky., but in the early spring, we marched to Bowling Green, and from there to Nashville and Shiloh, taking part in the battle at Pittsburg Landing. Then we took part in the siege of Corinth, and soon after went back into Kentucky. And now, after upwards of 20 years of peace, we are still proud to meet with each other at our reunions though our tears are mingled with joy and grief, for the 9th Ky. is but a fragment of what it was.

A Sweetwater Prisoner.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I see in the CAMP FIRE of your issue Sept. 2, a communication from a comrade at Farmington, Ark., of the 2d O. H. A. and he speaks of the Rebel yells in the old prison pens. I want to say that I was one of four of Co. E. of 2d O. V. H. A. taken prisoner at Sweetwater, Tenn., in Feb. 1865. I have never met any of that four since the war closed. If he is one of that number, I should like him to write to me, if this should meet his eye. The names of the other three were James Cole, Elijah Biddle and Joshua Geist.—W. S. BROWN, Liberty Center, O.

Politics and War.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—If Comrade Hinchee, 27th Indiana, had given his address, I would have labored with him in private, rather than intrude again upon your columns. Does Comrade Hinchee for one moment believe that Gens. Hancock, Slocum, Rosecrans, or Siegel have not been just as loyal since the war, as during it? or that they have not been just as honest in their belief as Grant, or Sherman, or Logan? If he does so believe then it is no use to talk. He, I am sorry to say, uses the words Democrats and Rebels, as synonomous, to which I object. Does he forget the last words of Stephen A. Douglass about the preservation of the Union, or that even John A Logan was a Democrat before he was a soldier, and while he was a soldier also? There are many similar cases that will occur to every comrade.

Comrade Hinchee seems to question my Republicanism, and says that "soft money" is "one of the primary principles of the Republican party." The platform upon which Gen. Garfield was elected, says: "It"—the Republican party—has restored, upon a solid basis, paymen in coin for all the national obligations." If that is "soft money" doctrine then I am for soft money, otherwise not. "Vote as you shot!" How about those who shot at us? No! vote as your honest judgment tells you to vote. I cannot see *how* that *can be* Democratic, yet know it is in some cases. Will Comrade Hinchee send me his address?—H. A. TRIPP, Co. F, 10th Maine, Bluehill, Me.

The Battle of Atlanta.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I will bring an old Georgia pine knot to replenish the fire and keep it burning. I have never seen anything from any of the old boys who were in that hard fought battle in front of Atlanta, Ga., on the 22d of July. I will try to tell what I know about it. In the first place, on the 21st we could see the rebs making a move on our left, and it made the boys feel in good spirits. They said to one another: "We will move into Atlanta in the morning." We were stationed on the State road that leads from Atlanta to Savannah, and we thought they were moving around to get on the State road to leave, but they fooled us, for early on the 22d we drew rations by company, and had just begun to distribute them to the boys, when the Rebs opened out on us with their battery that they had pulled up on the hill at the left of the 17th corps, to which our brigade belonged. There was where the gap was left in our lines between the 15th and 17th corps, and Gen. McPherson was riding around the lines when the Rebs opened up on us with grape and canister. They charged in at the gap, and McPherson rode right into them and was killed. Then the hot time for us began. We climbed over our breast works that day five times and we were in that pen for five hours. If ever men did execution we did. Our brigade was composed of the 17th Wisconsin, 68th, 78th and 20th Ohio regiments.—H. BATES, Co. G, 78th O. V. I., Redmore, Ill.

Slipping the Guards.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I was in the expedition that was sold out at Guntown, Miss., June 10, 1864, by Gen. Sturges. I was captured on the retreat, and landed in that hell-hole, Andersonville, June 21, and stayed until September 21—three months; but it seemed an age to me. About 1,100 prisoners were taken out and sent up to Rough and Ready station, to be exchanged under a special exchange, made between Sherman and Hood. When we got there we found the exchange was for men captured on and after July 22. About 400 were taken out and sent on to our lines, and the rest of us were started back to prison, closely guarded by infantry, with orders to shoot the first man that got his length outside of the line. As we were marching in the timber near Jonesboro, I and one of my company, S. G. Irwin, slipped through the guards and started back in the direction of Atlanta. We were inside of the rebel lines and had to take to the woods. We had not gone far before I ran over a bush and ripped my pants from the waistband down front and rear, and down inside of both legs. I unloosed my supenders and dropped my pants there, and as I had taken off about ten inches of the lower part of my shirt to tie up my feet, it left me in a light as well as a short summer garb. The first day we lay in the timber. Twice during the day a squad of rebs passed within 75 yars af us, with dogs following them. The last time they passed one of the dogs came within 30 feet of us. He stood and looked at us a moment and then passed on. I don't think he was a well-trained dog, and I was thankful that he was not. While he was standing looking at us, I think my heart was just as near my mouth as it could get.

The second day out, we fell in with a rebel deserter, and that night a 92d Ills. man, an escaped prisoner, and a darkey, come to us near Rough and Ready station. On the day following we all went into our lines at East Point together. I would like to hear from the 92d man if he is still in the land of the living. We lived on meal, acorns and corn, while we were out. Soon after I was captured, we stopped at a house, and several women came out to see the Yank. One of my guards asked one of the young ladies if she would like a Yank for a pet. After looking at me for a moment, she said she didn't think I would make a good pet. We got back to our command in time for the Nashville fight, and we then captured one of the men that was guarding us the night we made our escape.—W. E. SPEARS, Co. F, 114th Ills., Richmond, Kan.

In Southern Climes.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I am a constant reader of the BLADE, and I think it the best paper in the United States. I am an old soldier of the Mexican war, and served in two regiments in the late war, the 25th and 120th Indiana. I have seen nothing in the CAMP FIRE from either of those regiments, and I would like to hear from some of them. I have been in the South nearly 11 years, four years in Texas and nearly five years in Arkansas. I find some good men among the old Confederate soldiers, and I find a good many who are as strong rebels now as they were at the close of the war, and how it is that an old soldier can vote the Democratic ticket, I cannot see. They carry the elections by fraud, in many places. I have talked with men from Mississippi who said that they had belonged to a mob, went to the polls, and drove the negroes away. How it is that any true American citizen can vote with a party that will ride into power by fraud, I can not see. At the election on the 6th of this month, a posse of men went from our township over into Pulaska county and, by fraud and intimidation carried the election in a precinct where there are over 300 Republican majority. The Democrats got over 100 majority. Now, this I know to be a fact. It is not hearsay. Why it is that the government don't send soldiers to protect her citizens in their right of suffrage I cannot see. I think the true American citizens will have such a surfeit of rebel rule by 1888 that the old rebel brigadiers will crawl in their holes and pull the holes in after them, and stay there.—M. D. HARPER, late Col. 120th Ind. Vol. Inf., Groveland, Ark.

The Hospital Soldier.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I have noticed that it has become quite prevalent, among the comrades, as soon as they find some one, who has served in the army, that differs from themselves in "opinion," they crack the well known "chestnut," "you must have served in the hospital."

Let me say to all such comrades, that a man could do his duty in the hospital, just as well as in the field. That it took as much courage to do duty in the hospital, as it did in the field. We enlisted to do our duty, wherever and whenever called on, in field or camp, in bivouac or hospital, no more, no less. He that did more than his duty, must have stole or something else that was wrong, for it was his duty to put down the rebellion at any and by all means lawfully, within his power. Now comrades who served in the field, did you do more than your duty, or did he who was in the hospital do less than his duty? Men lying in the hospital sick from exposure and hard marching, or wounded, were doing their duty. If a soldier became convalescent or well, and was detailed to do duty in the hospital, did he not do his duty? I think he did, and can prove it. It required a man of nerve to stand day by day, at the side of men, with gangrene in their wounds; men were wounded in every conceivable manner, and were sick with all kinds of diseases, and let me tell you a man must have some bravery to run the risk in hospitals from diseases that are contagious. Comrades let us try to respect ourselves enough, so that we will not be calling each other such names as "hospital bummers," "cowards" and other names, because we differ in opinion.

To all the comrades in general, I have a kindly feeling, and hope as we grow less in numbers, that the ties of comradeship will be closer and closer. Let us vote as we fought. If I had voted for Pres. Cleveland, I certainly should not brag much about it, nor feel very much elated. To F. H. Robbins, of Iowa, let me say that a part of the 4th cavalry is still living. How I should like to see Tuttle's Division, 16th Army Corps, in a reunion. It was composed of the 72d O. V. I., 95th O. V. I., 93d Indiana V. I., 114th Illinois V. I., and Waterhouse's Battery of Chicago, 1st Brigade, R. V. Buckland, commanding; 2d Brigade, 11th Missouri V. I., 8th Wisconsin V. I., 5th Minnesota, and 41st Illinois V. I., which composed the old Eagle Brigade, "Fighting Joe" Mowry, commanding; 3d Brigade, 8th, 12th and 35th Iowa V. I. Boys, if we could have one general reunion of the old 16th corps, I think I should be compelled to exclaim with Miles O'Rielly, "Bad luck to the man who is sober to-night; he's a cold-hearted bodwadh, or sacret secesser." Let the old 16th assert itself in the CAMP FIRE, and let us hear from them once in a while.—E. R. BEACH, Co. K, 72d O. V. I., Bradner, O.

Russell Sage

is a well-known operator in Wall street, who is generally considered as "up to snuff." Hence, it may have been quite natural that a countryman who reads the papers recently called at his office and asked for a package of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. He discovered his mistake, but he made no mistake in the article called for. This Remedy, when applied with Dr. Pierce's "Nasal Douche," will surely and rapidly eradicate the most aggravated case of catarrh, with all its unpleasant and dangerous accompaniments.

LUTHER AT WITTENBERG.

The Anniversary of His Nailing the Theses to the Church Door.

Three hundred and sixty-nine years ago to-day, Martin Luther, then a young man, nailed to the door of the Wittenburg church his 95 theses on the doctrine of indulgences. The act itself was simple enough, but it required greater courage than one could tell to thus publicly denounce the acts of the Papal authority. Luther started out in life to become a member of the legal profession, but the heresies of the day early turned him from his purpose, and he then resolved to devote his life to religious forms. At that time, the Pope and his following were leading extravagant lives at home and large sums of money were needed to defray expenses. They obtained this money by the sale of indulgences a custom which developed an iniquitous state of morals. To transgress was a matter of little consequence to the man of wealth, so long as he could obtain his pardon by turning over a small sum to the papal court. John Tetzel, a Dominican friar, was the pope's emissary in Germany, where he carried on a shameless traffic in the sale of these indulgences. It was this man's boldness that excited the indignaton of Luther and brought out the theses. The news of this step spread far and wide. It seemed as if angels had carried it to the ears of all men. It created widespread excitement, and was the talk of the hour. Tetzel was forced to retreat from the Saxon borders to Frankfort-on-the-Ober, where he published a set of counter theses, and consigned Luther's theses to the flames. The Wittenberg students retaliated by burning the counter-theses. This was the first movement towards a great reform which has ever since occupied a prominent part in the history of the world.

Young Girls

are at a critical period when they are about maturing and developing into women. The lack of watchful care at this time may result in fixing irregularities upon delicate organs and entailing a long list of "female weaknesses." All this may be avoided, and the young woman come through this period clothed in all the beauty and strength of a perfectly healthy organization by the aid of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," prepared especially for female troubles by one of the most successful physicians of the day.

A Virginian.

"I can always tell a Virginian," said a hotel porter.

"How do you do it, Sandy?" inquired the philosopher.

"Well, you see, a Yankee will strike the wash room, spatter water all over the wall, up-end the basin and dive for the towel. A Kentuckian will take it slow and leave the water in the basin; while the Virginian, who is too d—d lazy to empty it, will wash in the same water."

A New Wonder

is not often recorded, but those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will learn of a genuine one. You can earn from $5 to $25 and upwards a day. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are located. Full particulars will be sent you free. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Capital not needed. You are started in business free. Both sexes. All ages. Immense profits sure for those who start at once. Your first act should be to write for particulars.

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PEARLINE
THE
BEST COMPOUND
EVER INVENTED FOR
WASHING AND CLEANING
IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER
Without Harm to FABRIC or HANDS.
SAVES TIME, LABOR and SOAP amazingly, and is of great value to housekeepers. Sold by all Grocers, but see that VILE COUNTERFEITS are not urged upon you. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE ARTICLE, and ALWAYS bears the name of
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DOES IT PAY
Free catalogue tells what customers say: This is the Great "Ohio" Well Drilling and Prospecting Machine. Drills all kinds earth and rock and pump cuttings to surface at each stroke!—Tests the water without taking out tools. Drives tubing or enlarges hole below it. Runs with wonderful ease, and drops tools 70 or 80 times a minute! Horse or steam power used. We also make machines and tools for boring large wells.
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RUNS EASY.
NO BACK-ACHE!

7¼ Cords of Beech have been Sawed by one man in 9 hours. Hundreds have sawed 5 & 6 cords daily. "*Exactly*" what every Farmer and Wood Chopper wants. *First order* from your vicinity secures the *Agency*. Illustrated Catalog *FREE*. Address Folding Sawing Machine Co., 303 S. Canal St., Chicago, Ill.

FARMER WANTED in every township where we have no agents to order a mill for his own use, and act as our AGENT. Send for Catalogue, Prices & Terms.

BEER BY THE GALLON.

Opinion of Atty. Gen. Kohler On the Bowling Green Case—He Holds That the Brewers Can Appoint Agents—And Sell Beer By the Gallon.

In cities, towns and villages, where the people took advantage of the prohibitory clause of the Dow law, by voting to abolish the sale of intoxicating liquors, the brewers were obliged temporarily to abandon selling their product, but on or about the 10th inst. they took counsel on the subject, touching their rights to sell, and the proper mode of gratifying themselves and their agents in the cities, towns and villages where they had been denied the right to sell.

Collector Kumler, with whom they consulted, stated to the brewers that, in his opinion, a fair interpretation of section 8 of the Dow law did not prevent a manufacturer, who made his product from the raw material, and who sold the same as such manufacturer, or by a duly authorized agent, to sell in quantities of one gallon or more at any one time—notwithstanding the fact that cities, towns and villages had voted to abolish the sale of liquors. The brewers then took out stamps in their own names to sell in such towns and appointed agents to sell under the limitations aforesaid. As soon as this was done Pouchea, the agent for the Finlay Brewing company, was arrested for selling contrary to law in Bowling Green. The trial was had, the defendant Pouchea was convicted before the mayor's court and a jury, and on hearing, a motion for a new trial was denied by the mayor, but on application the sentence was suspended, and an application will be made to the court of Common Pleas for leave to file a petition in error. On Friday last, Mr. Kumler wrote to Attorney General Kohler, of Ohio, asking him to interpret section 8 of the Dow law, and to-day that gentleman received the following opinion from him:

"In reply to yours of the 24th inst., I have to state, that section 8 of the act passed May 18, 1886, (Ohio laws, 83, page 157,) commonly called the Dow liquor law, defines the phase 'trafficing in intoxicating liquors' as used in the act. It does not include the manufacture of intoxicating liquors from the raw material and the sale thereof by the manufacturer, in quantities of one gallon or more at any one time. The manufacturer, therefore, has the right to sell beer in quantities of not less than one gallon, without being liable for the special tax and it is obvious that he may do this by his agent or employe. It does not matter at what place it is sold, or at how many different places in the state, so long as it is sold by an agent acting exclusively for his employer and in good faith; but where an agency is established as a regular business for the sale of beer and liquors, and such agent is selling on commission for a number of different persons or employers; in such cases, in my opinion, the special taxes would have to be paid."

Mr. Kumler said that the result of the whole matter is, if the opinion herein expressed is good law, and he had no doubt but that it is, the county in which the city, town or village is located, in which a vote is taken to abolish the sale of liquors, will not only lose the Dow law tax, but beer will be sold by the gallon instead of by the glass as done heretofore.

Acts Like a Charm.

From the record of cures of Asthma sufferers may rest assured in Compound Oxygen they will find at least relief, and in reasonable probability, perfect cure. Not all have been cured who have tried Compound Oxygen, but all have found relief.

Mrs. E. A. Porter writes from Hydesville, Cal., November 4, 1885: "It is now seven months since I received the first treatment for my son's use, and he has not had symptoms of a return of the *asthma* since taking the first dose. I take pleasure in recommending it to all my friends who are afflicted with any chronic disease. It seems to act like a charm on the diseases peculiar in this climate."

A monograph on Asthma, with many other reports, and a brochure on Compound Oxygen of nearly 200 pages, will be sent, post-paid and free, on application by Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia.

Love Me, Love My Dog.

"Will your dog bite, Johnnie?" asked Johnnie's sister's beau of that youngster, as he met him with an ugly cur tied to a string.

"Nary bite," replied Johnnie, confidently.

The young man put out his hand to pat the brute, and the result was a snapped finger. He jerked away his hand in a rage and exclaimed:

"Why, you miserable little rascal, you said that nasty cur wouldn't bite."

"Oh, no," said Johnnie, coolly.

"Yes, you did, confound you."

"No I didn't. You said, 'Wil your dog bite Johnnie?' and I said he wouldn't, and he won't. He never bit Johnnie in all his born days, and it wouldn't be good for 'im if he did. Bet your life that dog knows what to bite," and Johnnie went off whistling, with the dog trotting along at his heels, looking back over his stump-tail at Johnnie's sister's beau.

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

The Sun's Distance.

The results of the latest work by the mathematician on the solar parallax fixes its value as 8.794 seconds. This corresponds to a distacne of 23,455 times the earth's equatorial radius. Taking Clark's value of the latter the distance of the earth from the sun comes out as 14,960,000 kilometers, or 92,959,000 miles. Calling the distance 92,960,000 miles, we have a result which may be regarded as certainty within 50,000 miles of the truth. The margin of probable error was not less than 300,000 miles up to a very recent period.

Valuable and Convenient—BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are a safe and sure remedy for Brohchitis, Coughs, and other troubles of the Throat and Lungs. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cents.

Can't Be Too Cautious.

"Sire," quoth Daniel, "I learn there is a man holding office out in Illinois—a Republican—who is taking a very active interest in politics. "What, Daniel? Has he not heard of civil service reform? Have him discharged at once." "I will, sire. Um, ah; excuse me, sire, but I find on referring to my communication that he is a Democrat." "A Democrat! Well, ah, we'd better not move too hastily in the matter. Have it investigated, Daniel."

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathem problems, questions of grammatical constru or inquiries regarding the reliability of ind als, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department mu written on a separate sheet, directed to the " tion Bureau," and contain not more than questions. Do not ask a question and then pr to argue it. If we can answer it and it is c ered of general interest, it will be answered. useless to request an answer in the "next The Question Bureau is always full, and w usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle disputes or decide bets. Replies to questio intended to be of general interest, and no on the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not seque answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST tion unless the first and third rules abov STRICTLY complied with.

Dark Ages—Reformers.

J. N. A., Wayne City, Ill.:

1. Please give the date of the beginning dark ages. 2. Give the dates and names reformers in their order, and say what yo of each.

1. Dark ages is a term applied to the per time called the "middle ages;" according lam, comprising about 1,000 years—fro invasion of France by Clovis, 486, to Naples by Charles VIII., 1495. Durin time learning was at a low ebb. 2. The le reformers were Wickliffe, 1360; Huss, Luther, 1517; Zuinglius, 1519; Calvin, Petri, 1530; Henry VIII., 1534; Browne, Cranmer, Bucer, Fagius, etc., 1547; 1560. There were many "reformers befo reformation." The movement in Germany menced in the university of Wittenberg the protest against the traffic in indulge At first Luther shrank in horror from th of a separation from the Catholic church the irresistible logic of events brought him conflict with the central authority, and in 1520, Pope Leo X. pronounced the sente excommunication against Luther, who bu the bull, together with the canon law and s books of his opponents. The diet of Worm 1521, added to the excommunication of the the ban of the Emperor; but the reform spread in spite of these decrees. The di Spire, in 1526, left each state to its own di tion concerning the question of reform un general council should settle it for all, and sanctioned "the principle of territorial indep ence in matters of religion which prevail Germany to this day. The reformation Switzerland was led by Zwingli, who accompanying his flock as chaplain, met his d on the field of battle. John Calvin, an e Frenchman, found a new home in Gen where he developed his extraordinary tal and energy as the greatest divine and disci arian of the reformation. Calvin died in 1 but left in Theodore Beza an able and wo successor, and these two may be called fathers of the French Reformed church. reformation in England was from the sta political as well as a religious movem Henry VIII. quarreled with the Pope on p personal and selfish grounds, because the properly refused consent to his divorce Catharine of Aragon and his marr to Anne Boleyn. Henry simply substitute domestic for the foreign, and a political fo ecclesiastical papacy, and punished with e severity Protestant as well as Roman Cath dissenters who dared to doubt his supr headship of the Church of England. But w he thus destroyed the power of the Pope a monasticism in England, a far deeper and m important movement went on among the p ple under the influence of the revived traditi of Wycliffe and others. The first preacher martyr of Protestantism in Scotland was rick Hamilton, a youth of royal blood, who condemned to death by Archbishop Beaton burned at the stake. The movement gradu increased; and was carried to a successful clusion under the guidance of John Knox.

The Glacial Period.

A. G., Weehawken, N. J.:

Please give as full an explanation as poss of the glacial period.

The wide distribution of bowlders or l rocks which appear to have been transpo either by glaciers or icebergs has given ris the supposition that the lands with their p ent irregularities of surface already de were slowly submerged, while islands of floa ice passed along in the polar currents, grou ing on the coast and on the shoals, and pus forward the loose sand and gravel spread the bottom. Of late years, however, the th of Agassiz, that the phenomena of the drift due not to the submarine action of the floa ice, but to terrestrial glaciers, has found m favor. But the unstratified drift is found to tend over vast regions where it is difficul conceive that mountain glaciers co ever have found their way; Agassiz, to account for this unive glaciation of circumpolar regions, been led to maintain the existence of a g continental glacier, or ice cap, extending the arctic and a great part of the tempe zone, moving downward from the polar gions and of such immense thickness as to round and overflow the summit of our hig hills, which he supposes may have requir eastern North America a vertical thicknes two or three miles of solid ice. A similar tinental glacier, according to this theory, have existed in the southern hemisphere.

Prof. Dana, while adopting this notion of origin of the glacial drift, regards the hypo sis of a central and common glacier source each hemisphere as untenable, but supp the existence of distinct glaciers of great nitude. Such a one, according to him, ha origin along the watershed between the Lawrence and Hudson bay; but recognizing necessity of an elevated source to give mo to the glacier, he supposes that this re which is now not more than 1,500 feet a the sea, was then raised many thousand above its present level.

In these theories of land glaciation a g depression of the surface is supposed to h succeeded the glacial period, affecting in one case the great mountain plateau to northward, and submerging the glaciated gion so as to permit the deposition above surface of the stratified clays and sands w overlie the bowlder clay. A careful study of whole phenomenon of the drift period in e ern North America has led Darwin to restri the operation of land glaciers in this regio of very limited extent and importance, an maintain that the widespread glacial dri essentially submarine in its origin. He m tains that at the beginning of the glacial eastern North America was already u water, and was slowly rising, though with m oscillations of level, from the ocean, the n western portion first. Along the eastern ders of the rising land, over its still subme plains, and through its valleys, then flowed arctic current, as it now does along coast of Labrador and the shores Newfoundland, bearing great quant of floating ice, by the action of which, comb with the current, the rocky strata were ero and the valleys and lake basins excavated. an early period of this order of things, the g arctic stream, pursuing, in obedience to force impressed upon it by the earth's rotat a southwestern course, passed over the re of the great lakes and excavated their ba while at a later time, diverted further east by the emergence of the Laurentides, it w pass along the present St. Lawrence vall and thence southwestward to the Mississ The glacial action, in the opinion of the glacialists, was limited to a definite period, operated simultaneously over a vast a which, according to one hypothesis, was less than an entire hemisphere. Those, o other hand, who restrict the action of land to local glaciers, and call in the aid of floa ice and the arctic current, maintain that process of glaciation is limited rather by p than by time.

Language—Gunboats—Lightning.

A. J. M., Barnard, Mo.:

1. Is a spoken or written language natur artificial? In other words, is it natural for p ple to talk any certain language? 2. Who vented the gunboat? 3. What is the rea that at certain seasons of the year ther more lightning during the night than during day?

1. Volumes have been written on this subj and several columns might be filled in sim giving the conclusions arrived at by the dis ants. Observation seems to favor the opi that man in solitude—if he could exist in tude—would be as mute as the lower anim The social nature of man helped to give birt the germs of speech, no less than his ratio nature; an instinctive desire to give a sens sign of his impressions to his fellows, was p haps the primary impulse; the aid thus gi to his own thinking powers, a secondary re Steinthal assumed that "at the origin of hum ity, the soul and the body were in such mut dependence, that all the emotions of the s had their echo in the body, principally in organs of the respiration and the voice. T sympathy of the soul and body, still found the infant and the savage, was intimate fruitful in the primitive man; each intuit awoke in him an accent or a sound." In case of ideas unconnected with any natu sound, names would readily be suggested many cases by analogies, real or fancied, w things that were attended by sounds.

What we call dialect in one connection, may call a language in another connectio Thus, Greek and Latin may be called siste dialects of that primitive language from wh it is held that they, as well as the other mem bers of the Indo-European family, branched Speaking of Greek by itself, however, it is language, and Ionic, Doric, Attic, etc., are dia lects of it. In practice, however, however nea ly related the speech of two peoples may b we do not apply the term dialects, unless peoples are mutually intelligible and have a common literary standard. Thus, Scotch is sometimes spoken of as a distinct language from English; and yet in no part of Scotland is the common speech so unintelligible to an Englishman as is that of Somerset, which is always a "dialect." This arises from Scotland being thought of as a separate country, which it once was, and its speech as the vehicle of a peculiar literature. Leibnitz says "there is as much reason for supposing Hebrew to have been the primitive language of mankind, as there is for adopting the view of Goropius, who published a work at Antwerp in 1580, to prove that Dutch was the language spoken in Paradise." Prof. Max Muller says: "Of the language of Adam we know nothing; but if Hebrew, as we know it, was one of the languages that sprung from the confusion of tongues at Babel, it could not well have been the language of Adam or of the whole earth, when the whole earth was still of one speech."

2. The first gunboat was constructed by the English for the contemplated attack on Cronstadt. The French were the first to construct the iron-sided, shot-proof floating batteries. Mr. Eads constructed the first gunboat for the United States. 3. The atmosphere is almost always positively electrified in relation to the surface of the earth, and the higher the stratum of air the more decidedly positive is its electrical condition.

Ohio's Governors.

S. D. R., Lima, O.:

Please name the governors of Ohio, and the year of their election.

J. B. Foraker ranks 35th in the numerical order of governors of Ohio, since its admission as a state, and 37th, if we include Govs. St. Clair and Charles Willing Byrd, who were territorial governors prior to 1802. Of the

themselves aw double, or stolkjaere, as the nati them. These carrioles are peculiar way and are most comfortable lit veyances. A carriole proper is two-wheeled vehicle, the body of shaped very like the stern of an canoe, or dug-out. There is a low placed that you rest comfortably up the back. Behind is a little plat which the luggage is strapped. Th jaere is similar to the carriole, but two people instead of one. Each is by a single horse, which is driven occupant, if he wishes, or if he indolent, by the little attendan perches himself up on the luggage rear platform. Most tourists prefer their own driving for the roads ar and the little horses are most ex roadsters.

As it was rainy we were well up with oilcloth aprons that fitted around the body of the carrioles, an our indespensible Mackintoshe were fully protected from down pour. But it was not brilliant spectacle as we off in a solemn procession of two ca up the mountain road that led to o changing spot, a little station called

Adams and Gordon led off in th k aere, the former driving, as Gord clared that he was a member of the ety for the Prevention of Cruelty t mals and he could not, in view o fact, undertake to compel so small mal to draw so large a load. Adam sured him on that point, and tol that these little animals are excee hardy, and that they trot up and those hard mountain roads as easily English hunter gallops over a dais ered meadow. They are small, limbed little horses, good travelers, easily driven, so there is no occasion into service the boy or girl who ac panies each carriole from one cha station to another.

"These little skydsguts, as the boy called—the girls are designated as trot alongside the carriole, mile afte getting an occasional lift while going hill on the little platform behind. are usually the children of the owner horses, and in case there is no one w at the changing stations it is their du take the team back to the starting They are always exceedingly polite, strangely enough, never importune traveler for a gratuity. Where one fered it is accepted with a profusi thanks, the delighted recipient inva kissing the hand that gives it. This cu of kissing the hand is not confined to dren, but in the interior grown peo take the same manner of testifying appreciation of any favor bestowed them.

The road out of Faleidet, over whic traveled that rainy morning, w through a dense pine forest, through c ings in which, as we mounted higher higher up the side of the mountain, could catch glimpses of the Nord F stretching away to the east and the while ahead of us were great hills cov with pines, tall and straight, loomin through the rain and mist, like grim s nels guarding the treasures of old m Earth.

Although the way was steep the was in such good condition that the ponies jogged along at a good pace, stopping only long enough to let skydsgut run ahead to open the gate marked the boundary of a new sectio road. The roadways in Norway are as as any on the continent of Europe, the exception perhaps of those in south Switzerland. They are under the di supervision of the government, which large salaries to numerous inspec whose duty it is to travel over them regular intervals to see that they are up to the required standard.

In the first place the government un takes to make the road, and it does the most perfect manner. Competent gineers, usually army officials, are pu charge of the preliminary surveys, and der their personal superintendence grading, filling and macadamizing done, and there is no slipshod work lowed either. There is no possibility f big steal, and the work is honestly faithfully done, resulting in a road as smooth as a parlor floor and as hard granite.

When the engineer pronounces it finis the road is turned over to the trict through which it runs, and each i vidual property holder is compelled, heavy penalties, to keep in perfect re that portion of the road adjoining his perty. The Norwegians evidently ap ciate the value of good roads, for spare no trouble to keep them in per condition. However, the trouble is very great, after all, for the roads ar well made in the beginning that it t but little attention in the spring and to repair any damage done during the s mer and winter. It is an unqualified p ure to roll along these smooth hard ways, lolling back in a comfortably pa carriole, drawn by a well groomed, little horse which, sure-footed and ste trots up the steep hills and down as with the same ease that an ordinary h would amble across a perfectly flat of country.

Even Gordon was enthusiastic whe alighted at Kjos, at the comfort stolkjaere, and his little pige, a fla haired little maiden of 12, was given that so astonished her by its size that almost forgot to bestow the custom kiss. But she repaid her temporary getfulness by her fervency afterwards.

"I've a good mind to give her some skillinge (small change)," said Gor "just to see her express her grati Never had anything quite so jolly, know."

"She merely wanted to show you she was satisfied with your pourboire," Adams. "They will accept anything may offer. If they are satisfied they your hand, if not they merely pocket money and turn away without even sha ing hands with you. Just you notice we go along and you will invariably be able to tell whether or not your pige skydsgut is satisfied with your treatme

As there was no one at the little inn sirous of going to Faleidet, the little and girl jumped into our carriole and st jaere, whipped up their ponies and star back home, and we went into the inn little refreshment while other carri were being procured to take us on the ond stage of overland journey.

ROBINSON LOCK

Toledo Medical Bureau.

The physician of the BLADE Medical Bu will treat cases by mail, sending medicine Address Toledo Medical Bureau, Box Toledo, Ohio. Advice free; letters confidenti

Why a Marriage Ceremony Was P poned.

AUBURN, N. Y., Oct. 31.—John Beard Miss Frankie Perrigo, of this city, were have been married at 9:30 a. m. at John's Episcopal church. At that hour bridegroom and his friends appeared the church, but the bride did not pear. It was discovered that the bri parents were opposed to the match a it was decided to send the minister a best man to the home of the bride. T girl's father was found doing duty in front yard, and he informed them that would shoot his daughter if she tried to out. He flourished a revolver and declar that he would kill both Beard and the g if they were married. The men fina forced their way into the house and fou the girl tied to a bedstead with a rope. T girl expressed a willingness to leave t house, but the father still threatened shoot her and the minister and his co panion were compelled to leave the hou without her. The matter rests here. Pe rigo has not cooled down this evenin still expressing a desire to shoot some on

She Wouldn't Take Off Any More.

An exclusively modest young lady fro Boston, who was at the seaside, declined take a bath, and after remaining a lo time in the bathing house she emerged a very long and a very ample bathing cos tume. She, however, retained her spect cles upon her nose.

English language claims 16,500; the German, 7,800; the French, 3,850; and the Spanish, 1,000.

A. W. M., Flambeau, Wis.: Henry Clay became a member of the Episcopal church in the last years of his life. He was baptized according to the forms of that church at his home in Kentucky, June 22, 1847, and was confirmed in the chapel of Transylvania University, Lexington, July 15 following. He died at Washington June 29, 1852.

D. R. G. Colesburg, Ky.: A compilation of the bills before Congress made in June, 1886, stated that in the House there had been introduced during the session 9,125 bills and 178 joint resolutions; in the Senate, 1,580 bills and 68 resolutions. Of these 456 passed the House and 480 the Senate, and of both together 580 passed both houses. Over four-fifths of these bills were wholly in the interest of private parties.

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NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA Is one of the commonest diseases of the day. We eat too fast and we are a nervous race. BRAIN FEVER and INSANITY often result, and also the BLUES and MELANCHOLIA. Cure it perfectly by using DR. BUCKLAND'S SCOTCH OATS ESSENCE

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This is in no sense a PATENT MEDICINE. Contains no Opiates. It is a Nerve and Brain Food Tonic, and is the best Natural Tonic and Restorative known. Treatise on Nervous Diseases, Exhaustion, Opium Habit, &c. sent FREE.

P. N., Raymond, Ill.:

1. How much is a one-horse power? 2. Can a horse pull more than his weight in raising a pulley? 3. Does it make any difference how far the horse is hitched from the load more than the weight of the rope?

1. It is reckoned at 33,000 pounds, raised one foot per minute; but this basis is unsatisfactory when applied to a steam engine, as the power of the machine varies with the pressure of the steam employed. 2-3. Yes.

D. W. A., Whitfield, Ga.:

Who was Beau Brummel, and when and where did he live?

The splendid spendthrift known in the latter part of his life as "Beau" Brummel, was at one time a man of wealth, who dressed with exquisite taste, and became a recognized leader in English fashionable life. His real name was George Bryan Brummel, born in 1778. He became the intimate companion of the Prince of Wales, who was himself a noted spendthrift and dandy. He was looked upon, as one expresses it, as "the glass of fashion and the model of form," an arbiter of in all matters of taste and dress. He kept up a splendid establishment in London, until his fortune was gone, and all his friends, who contributed to stay his credit, including the Prince of Wales, deserted him, when he fell into great distress, and finally, fleeing his creditors, died in great wretchedness in France, in a hospital for mendicants, in 1840.

Tom, Oaktown, Ill.: The Cincinnati riot occurred on March 28, 29 and 30, 1884. About 60 persons were killed and 150 wounded. The riot was caused by the verdict of a jury which found Berner guilty of manslaughter and fixed his penalty at twenty years' imprisonment, while a verdict of murder in the first degree was expected. Berner had assisted Joe Palmer in the murder of William H. Kirk on Christmas.

Sub., Creston, Ia.:

Was it ever known that a man had to get naturalized who was born in the United States and his parents born in the old country?

All native born male citizens of the United States are prima facie entitled to vote. Therefore, though they may be sons of a foreigner who never was naturalized under this government, no form is required of them beyond a declaration that they are and intend to remain citizens of the United States.

B., Delaware, O.:

1. Tell the number and location of the signal service school, or schools. 2. Tell how a person must proceed to get admitted to a signal service school.

1-2. The officers and men of the signal service are instructed for the different branches of the service at the signal school of instruction at Fort Whipple, Va., and at the central office in Washington. They are also drilled with arms, and in the usual duties of soldiers. The signal service belongs to the war department, and the chief signal officer, at Washington, controls the appointments, we think.

G. P. S., Edgar, Neb.:

1. Do sweet potatoes produce seed or vines? 2. Where is the largest railroad center in the United States?

1. In the Southern states pieces of the roots are sometimes planted, but even then the yield is better from sets or slips, a method absolutely necessary in northern localities. To procure the sets, the potatoes are laid upon the earth of a hot-bed, splitting the larger roots lengthwise and placing them with the cut side down, and covered with three or four inches of light, rich soil; sprouts soon start, and when these have made roots they are broken off to be planted, and the potatoes returned to the hot-bed to furnish more sprouts. 2. Chicago.

W. G. A., New Richmond, O.:

1. Will there be Prohibition tickets issued and sent to every voting place in the state? 2. How are natural flowers preserved so as to retain their natural color and appearance? 3. Is liquor sold in Atlanta, Ga.?

1. Think so. 2. There are various methods. Try this one: As soon as gathered, dip them carefully in perfectly limpid gum water, and after allowing them to drain for two or three minutes, arrange them in a vase. The gum forms a complete coating on the stems and petals, and preserves their shape and color long after they have become dry. 3. Not openly, except on a physician's prescription.

Sub., Gilmore, Ia.:

Please give brief biographies of Ben. Perley Poore, Gov. Larrabee, of Iowa, and Senators Allison and Wilson.

Poore was born in Newbury, Mass., November 2, 1820; served several years in a printing office; published the Southern Whig, Athens, Ga., in 1838-40, and has been editor of several newspers since; removed to Washington in 1854, where he has since resided, engaged in literary work. Cannot find anything regarding Gov. Larrabee. Allison was born at Perry, O., March 2, 1829; educated at the Western Reserve College; studied law and practiced until he removed to Iowa in 1857; aided in organizing volunteers for the suppression of the rebellion; was elected to Congress as a Republican, serving from 1863 to 1871, when he was elected to the Senate; his present term will expire in 1891. Wilson was born at Newark, O., October 19, 1828; received an academical education; studied law, and commenced its practice in Iowa; was a member of the constitutional convention of Iowa in 1856; member of the state legislature in 1857-59-61; was elected to Congress, serving from 1861 to 1869. His term as Senator will expire in 1889.

S. W., Bangor, Pa.:

I have a monotonous question to ask you concerning the naval school at Annapolis, Md.

The academy is under the direct care and supervision of the navy department. There are to be allowed in the academy one naval cadet for every member or delegate to the House of Representatives, appointed at his nomination, one for the District of Columbia, and ten appointed at large by the President. The number of appointments which can be made is limited by law to 25 each year, named by the secretary of the navy, after competitive examinations, the cadets being from 14 to 18 years of age. The successful candidates become students of the academy, and receive the pay of naval cadets—$500 per annum. Cadets who graduate are appointed in the order of merit to the lower grades of the line and engineer corps of the navy and of the marine corps, as fast as vacancies occur. But such appointments cannot be made in excess of vacancies, and graduates who receive no appointments get an honorable discharge, with one year's sea pay. The course of instruction, like that of the military academy at West Point, is thorough, fitting a man for almost any position in life. Six years is the time cadets serve, the last two years being spent at sea.

L. F. R., Holmesville, O.: Write to Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, for "Haydn's Dictionary of Dates," or Putnam's "World's Progress." The same firm can also furnish any other books you may desire.

H. L. L., Catlettsburg, Ky.:

1. Please give origin of expressions "red tape" and "bloody shirt." 2. Give origin of expression "so many knots per hour," as used by sailors.

1. Red tape is used in public offices for tying up official documents, and hence early became the short way of expressing tedious formality. This is the latest in regard to the origin of "bloody shirt:" After the assault upon Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, in the Senate chamber by Brooks, of South Carolina, indignation meetings were held in many of the Northern states, when, in addition to the expressions of sympathy for the victim and condemnation of the act, many efforts were made to "fire the Northern heart" by the radical anti-slavery element of those days. At a meeting held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, shortly after the occurrence, one of the speakers, after exhausting his powers of oratorial vituperation, unfurled and waved aloft a blood-stained garment which he claimed was worn by Sumner on this occasion and stained with his "life-blood," calling attention thereto in a melodramatic manner in imitation of Marc Antony when he addressed the Roman citizens and displayed to the populace the mantle worn by Cæsar, pointing out where, "In this place ran Cassius's dagger through." 2. The log and line are known to have been used as early as 1570. The log-line is divided by knots into lengths, each of which is a geographical mile as half a minute is to an hour—i. e., as 1 to 120. The log being cast overboard, note is carefully taken of how many of these knots run out in a half minute, and it follows that the vessel is passing through the water at the same number of geographical miles per hour.

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The Last of the Buffalo.

Lost Park, Col., is so hard of access that the few bison still in the state find that locality a place of comparative safety. Outside of the remainder of this herd, 26 in number, Mr. Swem says there are seven bison of this variety still existing in the United States, and twenty of another. The herd of seven, according to Mr. Swem, is located on Rabbit Ear Range, between Middle and South Parks. The other small herd is said to be under government protection in the Yellowstone Park. The range in Lost Park is 24 by 75 miles in length, and has an elevation of nearly 12,500 feet.

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PUBLIC OPINION.

Our Chief Executive.

Buffalo *Commercial-Advertiser*:—It is forcibly suggested that Pres. Cleveland was probably not at all worried about letting his wife meet the daughter of Jeff. Davis. How could he be, seeing that he has the friends of the arch-rebel in his cabinet?

Burlington *Hawkeye*:—Mrs. Cleveland appears to be not only a bright, but a patriotic young woman. Her refusal to go to Richmond and participate in a reception with Jeff Davis's daughter is, if the report is true, most creditable to her good sense and her idea of public propriety. It is an indication, too, that Mrs. Cleveland is a much better politician than her husband.

Chicago *Herald*:—Because Rev. Dr. Sunderland, pastor of the church which Mr. Cleveland attends, refuses to use his influence for the retention of Republicans in office, several members of his flock have withdrawn. Dr. Sunderland looks upon Mr. Cleveland as he would upon any ordinary sinner, and he does not care to place himself under obligations to him. This attitude would seem to be orthodox from the Christian and Democratic standpoint.

Liberty Enlightening the World.

Philadelphia *Inquirer*:—New York could not feel prouder of the Liberty statue if she had taken a prominent part in its erection.

Chicago *Journal*:—Now that the great statue has been settled on its pedestal, New York can begin to turn her attention to the Grant monument.

New York *Tribune*:—The statue is not an acknowledgment of national obligation. It is a token of united action in a momentous crisis when the fate of Democratic institutions on two continents was determined. It is an earnest of sympathetic feeling in future between Republican states.

And It May Be ——.

New York *Herald*:—We are not so sure of that. Mr. Cleveland has not had such an easy time of it in the White House. But even if it were so the Democratic convention in 1888, and not Mr. Cleveland or the *Sun*, will settle the question of who shall then be nominated by the party for the Presidency. It may be Mr. Cleveland and it may be—well, it may be any one of a dozen or twenty or thirty eminent Democratic statesmen.

Political Matters.

Boston *Herald*:—If the Republicans want Mr. Blaine for their candidate in 1888 they had better have him. It looks now as though he would be nominated if alive. No other name is so well received by the Republicans, even in Massachusetts.

Chicago *Mail*:—The New York *Herald* warns the Democrats that if a Republican is elected mayor of the city it will insure a Republican President two years hence. It might have a tendency that way, but a Republican President in 1888 is not conditioned on the politics of New York city.

Philadelphia *Press*:—Secretary Bayard has done nothing to settle the Canadian pirates who hauled down the American flag from American vessels. Mr. Bayard is apparently anxious to compromise the matter on condition that the rascals put the flag back again.

Louisville *Courier Journal*:—It is charged that one of the candidates for governor of Minnesota wears corsets and dyes his mustache. As the ladies of Minnesota can not vote, it is hard to understand why a gubernatorial candidate should try to make himself so pretty. By the time he reaches the executive mansion he will be wanting a parasol.

The New York *Sun*:—The plan of the Cleveland campaign in 1888 seems to be about the same as it was in 1884; that is, the Democrats will attend to the nomination and the Mugwumps are expected to look after the election. As for the indications of the present hour, the first part of the programme would appear to have a clear road.

Foreign Affairs.

Chicago *News*:—Pres. Diaz and several other important persons in Mexico refrained from having themselves assassinated day before yesterday and devoted the day to receiving Mr. Manning, the new American minister. It was very kind of them to break into their regular diurnal programme for the purpose of doing honor to our representative.

New York *Mail and Express*:—Lord Randolph Churchill said at Bradford that the government "would follow Lord Beaconsfield's Eastern policy as closely as the changed condition of European affairs would allow." Beaconsfield's policy was to make a rumpus against Russia for taking Ottoman territory, and then grab a little piece like Cyprus for England, and to call the whole thing "peace with honor." For that sort of thing the conditions are always the same.

Religious Thoughts.

Detroit *Journal*:—The bishops of the Episcopal church oppose the use of unfermented grape juice in the administration of the sacraments as "unwarranted by the example of Our Lord." This is calculated to revive the well-worn discussion about the kind of wine "spoken of in Scriptures." The Prohibitionists hold that it was the unfermented, non-intoxicating juice of the grape.

Philadelphia *Bulletin*:—The churches in Philadelphia do not thrive as they ought to thrive solely because the ministers have not sufficiently studied to acquire the power of attracting congregations and fastening their attention. There are thousands of people who would go to church much oftener than they now do if they could feel a reasonable assurance that their mental and moral faculties would be stimulated instead of being depressed, and the problem for each and every minister to solve is how that class of people can be brought to his ministrations so that attendance upon them will become a pleasure.

Our Indian Policy.

Boston Traveller:—There are, doubtless, Indian agents who are honest and who labor earnestly, having the good of their wards in view, but there is reason to believe that they are the exception and not the rule. The habit of the government has been, and evidently still is, even under the present reform administration, to appoint unworthy men as agents, and with such small compensation that the temptation to fraud and villany on their part is too great to be resisted. It is notorious that Indian agents, in many cases, soon grow rich on the most meagre salaries, while their wronged and defrauded wards, goaded to desperation by what they believe to be the bad faith of the government, go on the war path to take their revenge in pillage and murder.

What Other Editors Say.

Philadelphia *North American*:—Instead of passing laws to punish crime, perhaps our statesmen will some day hit upon measures to prevent it.

New York *Graphic*:—Carter Harrison, of Chicago, said he could not accept his nomination for Congress until he had consulted with his wife, and yet they say women have no grip on politics.

Buffalo *Courier*:—Mrs. Stewart, it is said, has left very little to charities. She probably believed, as do many Buffalo citizens, in giving to the poor and to worthy institutions during life time.

Chicago *Inter-Ocean*:—The United States is built upon the ruins of intolerance, oppression, tyranny, slavery, degradation, penury, of ignorance and the venerable wrongs of miserable centuries.

Pittsburg *Chronicle-Telegraph*:—From existing indications, it will be necessary to Congress to pass a new oleomargarine law to explain what the old one means, as the men entrusted with its enforcement are all at sea as to what is required of them under its provisions.

Boston *Transcript*:—The scope of the press is limited only by the range of human thought and action. It must gather up and carefully glean the product of every field of enterprise or be delinquent in duty to the people, who regard its sins of omission in this respect with more disfavor than those of commission.

New York *Voice*:—The Mormons have made up their minds to try to enter their foreign converts at Philadelphia instead of at New York. But there is evidence that they will be balked in this, for the authorities there will be no more lenient with this "twin relic" than are the New York authorities. This Mormon monster ought to have been throttled long ago.

Washington *National Republican*:—While various earthquake theories are being broached, it may not be deemed impertinent to suggest for the consideration of scientists that the jar occasioned by thousands of small men suddenly "reformed" into big places, stumbling around in the darkness of ignorance, is a severe test of the solidity of the earth in places where the crust is thin.

Chicago *Tribune*:—A human foot-print, nineteen inches long, eight inches wide, and clearly defined in shape, has been found in a rock near West Blue, Neb. If a human skull five or six inches in diameter can be found anywhere in the vicinity it will afford good presumptive evidence that the pioneer who first settled in St. Louis and laid out the town went subsequently to Nebraska and died.

Chicago *Herald*:—Possibly moved by jealousy of the fair girl who has become the first lady of the land, Gail Hamilton has written a long article to prove that the young women of the period are frail, frivolous, foolish and fantastic—in short that they are unlike their grandmothers. Gail looks as though she might be a grandmother, but she isn't.

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IMPROVED

my bowels were regulated, and, by the time I finished two boxes of these Pills my tendency to headaches had disappeared, and I became strong and well.—Darius M. Logan, Wilmington, Del.

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three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and at the same time dieting myself, I was completely cured. My digestive organs are now in good order, and I am in perfect health.—P. Lockwood, Topeka, Kans.

Ayer's Pills have benefited me wonderfully. For months I suffered from Indigestion and Headache, was restless at night, and had a bad taste in my mouth every morning. After taking one box of Ayer's Pills, all these troubles disappeared, my food digested well, and my sleep was refreshing.—Henry C. Hemmenway, Rockport, Mass.

I was cured of the Piles by the use of Ayer's Pills. They not only relieved me of that painful disorder, but give me increased vigor, and restored my health.—John Lazarus, St. John, N. B.

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Tourist—An' now me letter of credit is cawshed, can you direct me to some spot in this blawsted country that will equal Pipe-weed-under-Tay-copse-Herfordshire-heath, North Staffordshire, England, for a flip at a salmon?

Banker—I seldom fish, but I understand that Mud-Creek-over-against-Bill-Simmonses's-mill-pond, Knox county, over-the-left-and-under-suspicion-Maine, United States of America-four-hands-round is a fair sporting ground.—*Tid-Bits.*

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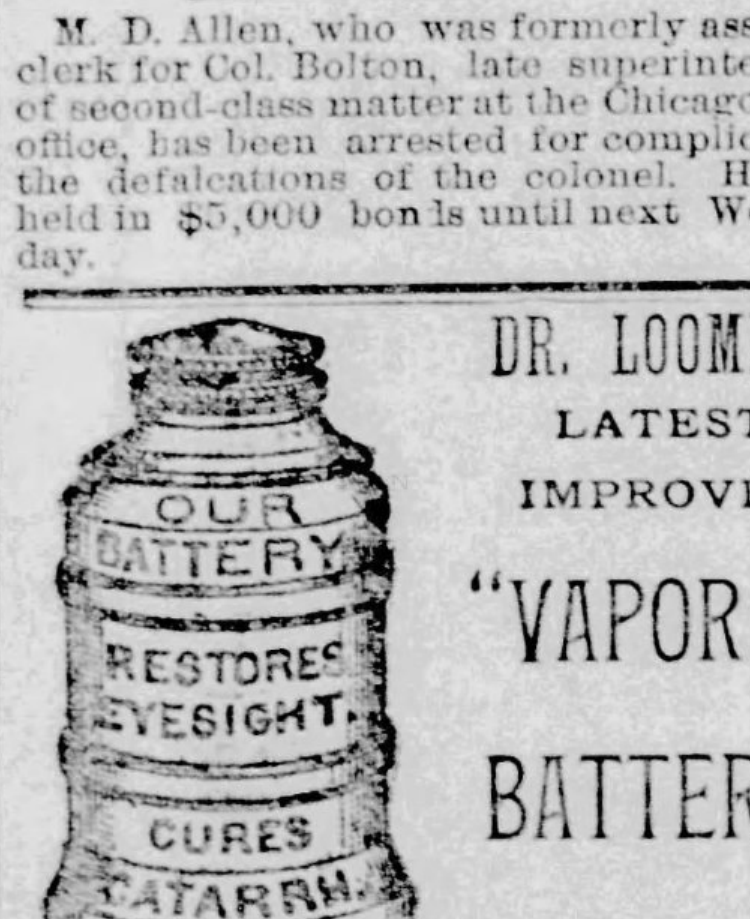
Furious Snow Storm.

FORT KEOGH, Oct. 30.—A report from southwestern Montana says that a heavy snow storm has visited that section. Stage coaches are delayed. Several cowboys who were out on a round-up were lost in the storm Tuesday night and were obliged to camp under sage brush without food, blankets, or fire. The storm is the heaviest of the season, and will cause considerable delay in the fall range work.

M. D. Allen, who was formerly assistant clerk for Col. Bolton, late superintendent of second-class matter at the Chicago post-office, has been arrested for complicity in the defalcations of the colonel. He was held in $5,000 bonds until next Wednesday.



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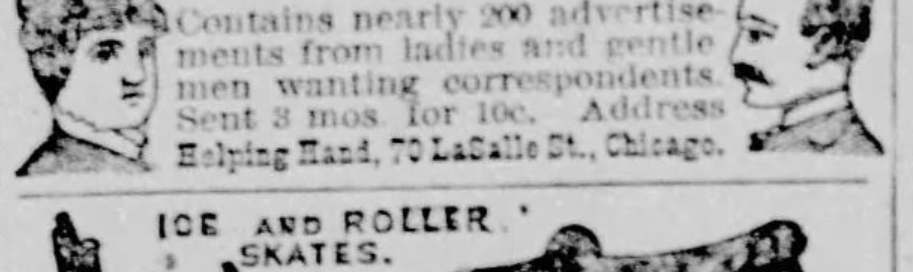

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The trade reports of the past week show an uniform condition of quietness, the warm weather being one cause and the election excitement the other. The feeling of confidence is strong, however, and the outlook for a brisk winter traffic is considered extremely favorable.

There has been so much dry weather, and that, too, over so great an area, that the entire winter wheat is suffering rather seriously. It is apprehended that a considerable amount of resowing will be necessary. The impression is gaining ground at Chicago that the condition of corn in the fields is so disappointing that it will soon prove that the crop in the principal grain states has been sadly overestimated. The ears are small and shrunken, with a very low average of numbers to the stalk.

New England is suffering from drouth. In the southern part of Vermont and western Massachusetts it is assuming threatening proportions, for springs and wells are going dry and farmers experience great difficulty in obtaining water for their stock.

The House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal church have declared against the use of the unfermented juice of the grape in the sacrament of the holy communion. In this matter the Protestant Episcopal church stands virtually alone among Protestant communions.

There is a sudden and unexplained demand all over the country within the past two or three months for small coins, chiefly cents and nickels. For years there was an enormous surplus of this petty change, and tons of it were piled away in the United States depositories. Now all this has gone into circulation, and the demand is greater than the supply. The Philadelphia mint is being run to its full capacity (outside of the coinage of standard dollars) and cannot keep up with the calls for small coins.

Inquiries which have been made into the alleged smuggling of merchandise in vessels of the United States navy, reveal a much worse state of affairs than was at first thought.

The reports of the territorial governors, now in the hands of the Public Printer, almost universally condemn the land policy of Commissioner Sparks.

Secretary of the Treasury Manning re-assumed personal control of the Treasury department on Friday.

The sensational reports concerning Col. Ingersoll's health may be set at rest by a letter from himself to a personal friend in Chicago, which we find in the Chicago *Tribune*:

> At last I think I am through with throat troubles. I have had a tumor on my left vocal cord taken off and am about well. Believe that in a few days my voice will be as good as ever.

Over $12,000,000 in gold have arrived in this country from Europe within the past month or so.

The Baltimore & Ohio "Red Book," state edition, is just out, and abounds with statistical information of the character now most in demand. The little publication has become the standard political textbook, and not only is it of unquestionable value as an authority upon election results, but it is a model of clean and most artistic typography. As of old, it is sent without money and without price, by enclosing stamp to C. K. Lord, Baltimore, Md.

It is proposed to pool the entire soft coal production of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia. This is a matter which should receive the attention of the legislatures of the three states mentioned. There should be power lodged in the hands of the people through their law-making representatives, to prevent a monopolistic combination of the sort.

The United States Supreme court has rendered an important decision to the effect that state legislatures have no right to regulate railway tariffs where the roads pass through several States.

The United States district attorney for Rhode Island has brought suit against the Riverside Oswego Mills for importing foreign labor.

Pres. Cleveland has issued a proclamation reversing his recent action in relation to the discriminating duties of tonnage and impost in Spanish vessels and merchandise imported from Porto Rico.

According to El Paso advices, Cutting is at that place, concerting a scheme to enlist 10,000 men to invade Mexico for the purpose of conquering the three states of Chihuahua, Sonora and Durango.

The President's old friend and chum, "Dan" Lockwood, of Buffalo, has been appointed United States attorney for the northern district of New York. This is a great administration for "Dans."

The name of the sculptor Bartholdi—which it may be a relief to know is called Bartowldy—has received baptism of immortality by being conferred upon a Dakota post-office.

Pres. Cleveland has dismissed two United States attorneys, one a Republican in Pennsylvania, and the other a Democrat in Illinois, for making political speeches. These two unfortunate attorneys doubtless forgot to make their speeches in a private instead of official capacity, and so incurred the displeasure of the reform President.

The estimates for the postal service for the next fiscal year aggregate $55,342,150, an increase of $976,286 over the appropriation for the current fiscal year.

The Cabinet officers have all been providing for their sons with praiseworthy activity. The son of Assistant Secretary Thompson, of the Treasury department, has just been appointed a copyist in the Interior department at $900. Before this he was classed as a skilled laborer at $820. Both of these are below the civil service grade. Sec. Bayard's son has a federal appointment out in Arizona. Attorney General Garland's son is in government employ down at the capitol. Sec. Lamar's son is his father's private secretary. Sec. Whitney's son is too young for any appointment. Sec. Manning's son is well placed in Albany. Sec. Endicott's son has not yet finished his education. But these last probably have not public offices because they can do without them—for awhile.

Minister Cox, before leaving Constantinople, is reported to have consummated two treaties with Turkey under instructions from the State department—an extradition and a naturalization treaty similar to the one now existing between this country and Great Britain and between this country and Austria-Hungary. Some twelve or fifteen years ago these two treaties were drawn up between the two governments and were ratified by the United States Senate, but with amendments which the Sultan declined to accept, and so they fell through. At the present time there is no protection in Turkey for Turks who have become naturalized citizens of the United States. "Once a Turk always a Turk," is the only rule now recognized by the Sublime Porte. Mr. Cox has persuaded the Sultan to accept the amendments of the United States Senate, and it now only requires this government to sanction and promulgate its own treaties with its own amendments. If our government sees its way clear to do this, the treaties will go into effect immediately, without ratification by the Senate.

Faulk county, Dakota, has never had a licensed saloon within its borders, but it has 24 Sunday schools, with a thousand members. Its record reads: No bonded indebtedness; no criminal cases in the District court; no session of the court held there.

The most interesting matter in Europe at present is the condition of affairs existing between Russia and Bulgaria. The Bulgarian government does not seem in the least inclined to yield to Russian interference. The order given that the German language shall henceforward be taught in the schools instead of the Russian, shows the feeling which animates the Bulgarians. At the same time it is not at all likely that they will desire to precipitate a war the consequences of which it is impossible to forecast. The regency, however, understands that Gen. Kaulbar's mission has been, not to bring about peace, as his public harangues would imply, but to make arrangements for overturning the provisional government. The presence of Russian gunboats at Varna gives added color to this view of the matter, and the utmost prudence and sagacity are necessary to prevent immediate trouble.

The question is as to Russia's next movement, whether she will proceed to occupy Bulgaria, or will withdraw some of her demands, and await some future moment to further her schemes. No other nation has the interest in that country that she has, and it is possible, if she uses proper diplomacy, that she will finally succeed. There are two sides to be considered in discussing the probability of war. On the one hand none of the great nations are really in a condition that renders them desirous for war, but they would rather avoid it, if possible. They will therefore be very likely to yield everything which can be allowed to Russia in order to do so. The latter, though she is determined to push things to the last extremity, in order to gain a point, is not herself in the best state for a struggle. Her finances are in a wretched condition, and her people are in a half revolutionary frame of mind that might render a war hazardous.

On the other hand, the gravity of the situation is deepened by the condition of the Czar, who is said to be upon the verge of insanity, if he has not already passed beyond it, and it is impossible to predict what sudden and unforseen step he may take which will start a conflagration in Europe. Even were he possessed of great prudence, the moment is critical, and full of danger for all of the great powers, yet should the Czar refrain from any rash step, it is quite probable that peace may be maintained.

What gives the strongest probability that there will not be war is the attitude of Germany. Bismarck is exceedingly anxious to promote such arrangement in the Balkan peninsula as shall prevent Russia and Austria from coming to blows. There is nothing to gain for Germany by a war, and he fears, much to lose. He is anxious to promote her commercial supremacy, and for this purpose desires to get Austria-Hungary to enter into a customs-union with Germany. So far Austria has refused, not only that, but the proposition to assimilate the German and Austrian armies so that they would act together during a war. Until this is brought about, Bismarck will endeavor to keep friends with Russia. There is also another motive: He knows that France stands ready at the first moment to strike her a blow upon old scores, and would seize the slightest pretext for the purpose. Everything hinges upon the erratic Czar, who may, or may not be reasonable.

A revolt against Russia has broken out on the Caucasus among the Chechens, which promises to be more serious than any thing of the kind with which she has had to deal for many years. These people are hardy mountaineers, and the same who, nearly a half century ago, revolted, and it cost Russia a fearful struggle, and a most lavish expenditure to suppress it. It is possible that this may make a difference with her proceedings in Bulgaria.

The Bulgarian Sobranje opened its session at Tirnova on Sunday, and proceeded immediately to the election of officers.

The Austrian parliament has adjourned until January, but the lower house first passed the commercial treaty with Hungary which continues the arrangement that makes the duties upon American crude petroleum double those upon Russian semi-refined product.

In the French Chamber of Deputies the Primary Education bill passed by a vote of 361 to 79.

Recent reports show that there are not less than 80,000 paupers in London, and that 35,000 of these are without shelter. This shows the effect of a free trade policy upon the poor.

Sir Charles Dilke, it seems, has a committee of his own selection at work making inquiries into the Crawford case, and the evidence obtained will be published as the defense of Sir Charles.

Political matters in Canada seem to be approaching a crisis. Indications point to an appeal to the country by Premier MacDonald at an early date. The latter has been steadily losing ground for some time past, and he recognizes the fact that the sooner he makes the fight the more likely he is to be successful.

THE BLADE'S POSITION ON PROHIBITION AND POLITICS.

A subscriber at Bloomingdale, Indiana, sends us per postal card the following:

> I am wonderfully pleased with your utterances on the liquor question. Your review, in this week's paper, of the "National Protective association" is conclusive, and I could wish every voter might read it. Also, I am wonderfully amazed that the utterer of such sentiments, directly, by holding allegiance to, and working for, the Republican party in Ohio, gives vigorous aid and comfort to an organization whose platforms and platform speakers are cheek by jowl with the liquor men.

We are pleased to know that our correspondent, who is evidently a sincere third-party Prohibitionist, approves of our work in opposition to Rum; and beg to inform him that, in the exercise of that liberty of opinion which is the birthright of every American, we advocate Republican principles and policy because we believe in them—in just the same manner as he adheres to the third party. The above communication is typical. We have, within the past two years, received a large number of letters, expressing practically the same views; and we choose this particular one for a presentation of our views on the question of a third party.

In the first place, we recognize the fact that there are before the people of Ohio and those of the country at large, a number of questions that are relatively as important as the one of Prohibition. We recognize the fact that the political campaigns will be determined by the views of the majority of the voters on these questions, irrespective of their views on the question of Prohibition; and hence we advocate our convictions on those questions and consequently support the Republican party.

The vast majority of the people of the country feel precisely as we do upon this question of Prohibition. In 1883, the citizens of Ohio voted upon a prohibitory amendment to the state constitution. To make our point clear, let us give the figures at that election:

Foraker, Rep., for governor	347,164
Hoadly, Dem., "	359,693
Schumaker, Proh., "	8,362
Jenkins, Gbk., "	2,937
Scattering	12
Total vote of the state	718,168
For Prohibitory amendment	323,129
Against "	226,595
Amendment lacked to carry	36,955

A constitutional amendment in Ohio requires, to adopt it, a majority *of all the votes cast* at that election. It would have taken a total vote of 359,084 to carry the amendment.—Now, we wish to note: That while there were 323,129 voters who wanted Prohibition in Ohio, there were but 8,362 who wanted it by means of a third party, or who felt that issue so paramount that they would abandon their political affiliations in order to vote with a party that makes it its sole platform.

At this present election, the members of the House of Representatives of the Fiftieth Congress are elected. Questions of the gravest import to the welfare of the nation enter into the campaign. There is the tariff question—one which is of immediate and pressing interest to every manufacturer, every laboring man in every industrial line, every wage-worker and salaried man in the country. There is nothing in particular that Congress has in its power to do regarding Prohibition. There is not a Congressional district in the United States in which the third party Prohibition candidate has the remotest chance of election. What good would there be in a man whose salary, or wages, or business profits are at the mercy of Congressional legislation on the tariff, to throw his vote away on a Congressional candidate who had no hope or expectation of election, in place of for a candidate whose views on the tariff coincided with his own? None whatever. The vast majority of mankind look on this matter with a practical eye, and the sentimental side of the question does not appeal to them at all.

The same comparison may be made with regard to state issues in Ohio and in other states. We will not repeat the argument. Suffice it to say, that there is not a state campaign, in which there are not issues which, in the minds of the great majority of the people, that appeal to them more strongly than the one of Prohibition. Remember, we say, the great majority of people, and that these issues seem to them more important than the single one of Prohibition. It may be a question whether they are, in the abstract, really more important; but so long as the great mass of voters believe that they are, the practical result is the same.

Now, on the tariff issue, the plank in the third-party Ohio platform is so vague, if we recall it rightly, that a free trader and a protectionist might both stand upon it. In some states, woman suffrage is in the third-party platform; in some, a greenback plank; and other things which drive men away. But the main fact is, that men have a deep personal interest in other issues, and it, and party pride, keep them in the ranks of the Republican or Democratic parties. The third party has never done anything for Prohibition except to urge it. Prohibition is an actuality in several states, and in a vast number of counties and municipalities in other states which have local option laws. The third party has never accomplished any of these things as a party. The people are ready to take hold of Prohibition as a moral question, outside of party; but they will not leave their party affiliations to take it up. This is the plain fact of the matter. Is it not common sense, then, to aid in the upbuilding of a sentiment in favor of Prohibition in the minds of the people, rather than to labor to build up a political party? We think so, and are doing so.

Our correspondent is mistaken in one thing—in assuming that the Ohio Republican "party platforms and platform speakers are cheek by jowl with the liquor men." The Republican party in Ohio, on the liquor question, stands in accord with the sentiment of the majority of its voters. It advocates, as any practical political party must, the views of the majority of its members. We agree with its position, as far as it goes, but we go further. But the greater always includes the less; and the BLADE, favoring Prohibition, also favors all legislation that restricts or hinders the liquor traffic. If a house is on fire, we do not object to a man throwing on water with a bucket. That is all right, as far as it goes. We do not insist that he shall stop, and let the flames rage until the engines arrive on the ground.

There is, unfortunately, to much antagonism among third-party Prohibitionists to progressive measures. They are in advance of the great body of the people in this question, but are unwise in demanding that the masses shall come into line by covering the distance between them at one tremendous flying leap. The masses move slowly, and by short steps. We hail each step in advance with joy, and look upon it as that much of a gain in the mighty effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

The Solid South has taken alarm at the "color line" episode occurring during the national assembly of Knights of Labor at Richmond. The Bourbon sheets are vaporing over it, and showing their hatred of intelligent, organized labor. The Augusta, Ga., *Chronicle*, one of the leading Democratic papers of that state, says that "if the Knights of Labor come South preaching their doctrine that the colored laborer must be treated fairly in the interests of Northern white labor, the South will treat them just as it treated the carpet-baggers." The aristocracy of the South have the old idea that labor must be dumb, and take what is given it without grumbling. **The Knights of Labor will teach these men a lesson in good time. Labor is no longer a serf.**

MRS. PARSONS AND ANARCHISM.

The utterances of Mrs. Parsons, the wife of the condemned anarchist, are only fierce echoes of the sentiments expressed by her husband and his fellow conspirators who are now awaiting the execution of their sentence, or a new trial when the excitement of the people has passed away. She is evidently trusting to her sex to escape punishment for incendiary speeches, and she does not reckon without her host; for any man who would dare to do what she has done would have come to grief before this. She seems to be a bright, intelligent woman, with some colored blood in her veins, speaks good English and also Spanish. That she is thoroughly in earnest in her belief that she with her husband and their friends are doing right, there is no doubt.

She declares that great monopolies, corporations and syndicates are practically extinguishing the middle classes, that soon there will be but two classes: the wealthy and the wage earners, and then will commence the revolutionary stage, the great struggle for supremacy.

The following was given by Mrs. Parsons to a New York *World* reporter as her idea of anarchism:

> Well, first let us look at the derivation of anarchy. It means without rule. We presuppose that the wage system has been abolished. There wage slavery ends and anarchy begins, but you mustn't confuse this state with the revolutionary period, as people are in the habit of doing. We hold that the trade-unions are the embryonic group of the ideal Anarchistic state. Under Anarchy the different groups, including all the industrial trades, such as the farmer, the shoemaker, the printer, the painter, the hatter, the cigarmaker, etc., will maintain themselves apart and distinct from the whole. We ask for the decentralization of power from the central government into the groups of classes. The farmers will supply so much of the land products, the shoemakers so many shoes, the hatters so many hats and so on, all of them measuring the consumption by statistics which will be accurately compiled and published. Land will be in common, and there will be no rent, no interest and no profit. Therefore there will be no Jay Goulds, no Vanderbilts, no corporation and no moneyed power.
>
> Drudgery, such as exists to-day, will be reduced to a minimum. The children will be taken from factories and sent to museums and schools. The number of hours of labor will be reduced and people will have more time for pleasure and cultivation of the mind. We base all these results on natural reasons, believing that nature has implanted in every man, in common with his fellows, certain instincts and certain capacities. If a man won't work nature makes him starve, so in our state, you must work or starve. But we claim that the sum of human happiness will be increased, while the drudgery and poverty and misery of the world of to-day, all due to the powerful concentration of capital, will be done away with. It will be impossible for a man to accumulate Gould's wealth, because there would be no such thing as profit, and no man could get more for his work than he produces. There would be no over-production, because only enough of any one article would be produced to meet the demand. There would be no political parties, no capitalists, no rings, no kings, no statesmen and no leaders.

This is in reality only another form of communism which the Anarchists are trying to force upon the country by bomb and dynamite. It is not the doctrines themselves which the law is punishing, but the committing of crime to compel their recognition by those who are not in sympathy with them.

There is one course left open to the Anarchists of which no one would complain. Let them go somewhere, say to Central America, or wherever a large tract of land could be purchased, and there found a colony governed by the principles which they are so industriously and villainously trying to disseminate here. It would be an easy matter thus to show to the world their earnestness, and to prove their claim that their way is the best, without bloodshed, and without disturbing the business interests of the country.

Of course they would fail, just as every experiment with communism for a foundation, has done before. The millenium will have to come before prosperity and happiness for a people can be secured in this way, but they can thus demonstrate that they are not simply agitators bent upon destroying all law and order in the community of which they now unluckily form a part.

Mrs. Parsons still hopes for the escape of her husband from death. She counts upon a growing sympathy for the condemned men which will finally operate to prevent their execution. Meantime she will go from place to place mouthing inflammatory speeches, and endeavoring to stir up strife in peaceful communities. Woman as she is, she should not allowed freedom of speech, when that speech is aimed to destroy order and institute a reign of violence.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT—"PARISIAN SKETCHES."

Within a few weeks we shall commence the publication in the BLADE of a series of articles under the above title, from the pen of Mr. D. R. Locke, which will be found not only entertaining but instructive. These sketches were written in Paris in 1883, and who peruses them will get a better idea of the Parisian Frenchman than from any other source. Mr. Locke is now engaged in revising the matter, and the first of the series will appear in a few weeks. It will be an attractive feature in the BLADE this winter.

LAKE ITASCA.

Nothing is more certain than that the source of the Mississippi river is Lake Itasca, in Northern Minnesota, a small sheet of water discovered by Schoolcraft in 1832. Yet there is an obscure individual, whose occupation is the annoyance of the public by a horde of female book-agents, who hound unfortunate citizens to buy three or four trashy books written by the aforesaid obscure personage, who has the temerity to claim that Lake Itasca is not the source of the Mississippi, but that a small pond whose waters flow through a brook the size of a "spring run," is the real source—which pond he claims to have "discovered" in 1881, although it had been known for years, and which he has had the impudence to name after himself.

The BLADE is constrained to allude to this matter because, at irregular intervals, we are in receipt of marked copies of papers containing windy articles making this absurd claim, duly marked for our perusal. These articles he has either inveigled the unsuspecting editors into publishing, or has paid for their insertion outright. The whole thing appears to be a duplex scheme to foist himself into public notice, and at the same time subserve the thrifty end of aiding his organized band of female raiders in their efforts to palm off his worthless publications on a much-bored and long-suffering public.

It is an unique scheme, worthy the brain of a brassy book-agent, to attempt to change the facts of geography and history, and lay claim to the discovery of the true source of the greatest river in North America. The facts in the case, as regards Lake Itasca, are these: That portion of Northern Minnesota is dotted with hundreds, even thousands, of ponds and lakes. Lake Itasca has a great number of little rivulets emptying into it, flowing from these small ponds and lakelets. There is not one of them that is worthy of the name of a brook, much less of a river. No one of the tributary ponds or lakelets has any reason in geography, or because of its size or of the volume of water flowing from it, to be called the source of the Mississippi. The country has been traversed hundreds and thousands of times in the half-century since Schoolcraft traced the Mississippi to Lake Itasca, and determined that it was the origin of that stream. The claim of this would-be author and pseudo-discoverer is utterly unworthy of being entertained for a moment, and the press of the country should expose him to the deserved ridicule of the people.

The books and pictures published by the Blade Co., are not only all good and useful, but they are the cheapest on the market. Look over the advertisements on the 5th page, and make your selections. We guarantee satisfaction.

TO ALL WHO WANT SEWING MACHINES THIS FALL AND WINTER.

Those who are contemplating the purchase of a Sewing Machine this fall or winter should order the Blade Machine at once, to avoid the delays occasioned by the rush that always occurs at about the holiday season. The Blade Machine is by all odds the best on the market, and it is sold at less than one-half the price of those of the monopoly manufacturers. We sell the Blade Machine for $18, and with it send the WEEKLY BLADE one year. It is a high-arm machine, built upon an entirely new principle, and always gives perfect satisfaction. Enclose $18 to BLADE, Toledo, Ohio, and secure this household treasure.

THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS.

Although the Weekly BLADE is dated on Thursday, it goes to press on Tuesday evening at 6 o'clock. Hence it is too early to give the returns of the elections occurring to-day (Tuesday), though we will get the returns in that portion of our edition that is printed to-morrow. Next week we will give a complete summary.

THE SILK INDUSTRY.

It is believed that the silk culture industry, with proper encouragement, may be made a very profitable one in this country. The experiments which have been made were mostly desultory ones, that do not more than hint at the possibilities of steady, well directed, and concentrated effort in their results. It seems almost certain that it might be developed so that our own raw silk markets could be supplied with material without dependence upon the old country, but there is much to be done before this can be accomplished.

The Women's Silk Culture association of Philadelphia has been at work to promote this industry as an employment for women. Their plans have received recent encouragement by the Congress of the United States by an appropriation of $5,000 to help the work forward, and the Association now proposes to give to State Agricultural schools, Institutions and Reformatories, where different industries are carried on, a gratuity in mulberry trees in lots of not less than 25 or more than 100. They are, in the language of the circular, "healthy trees of large leaf, rapid growth, and long life; and, as is well known, the product of the leaves, which is the food of the silk worm, is of great commercial value."

The same offer is also made to individuals, and in all cases a guarantee must be given, signed by two responsible persons, that the trees shall receive proper attention. This offer extends over the Government fiscal year—that is, from July, 1886, to July, 1887. In sending the orders, it is necessary to state the number of trees wanted, the locality in which they are to be planted, and the time at which they are required.

This seems to be an opportunity which many who are interested in the possibilities of silk culture ought to embrace, as it is very important to obtain the right kind of trees for the purpose.

The industry, like all others which promise to supply our own markets and keep large sums of money among our own people, deserves every encouragement, and the Women's association is doing a good work in this direction.

AN OHIO WEATHER PROGNOSTICATOR.

Mr. Geo. H. Twiss, a well-known scientific gentleman of Columbus, has for a number of years made predictions as to the winter weather, based upon the autumnal storms. Whether his theory has a sustained basis of fact or not, it is true that for the past eight years or so his prediction has been verified in general terms. He has just published his forecast for the coming winter, and we herewith reproduce it:

> The winter will be unusually warm in the Middle, Southern and Atlantic states, with average temperature above the normal, especially for January and February. There will be severe cold weather in the Northwest and northern New England in the early part of the winter. For Ohio the coldest month of the year will be December, and the extreme cold of the winter will likely occur from the 20th to the 25th of the month. In Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and Nebraska, intense cold, but in this part of the country the thermometer not indicating below zero. January and February will be exceptional in lack of cold dips. If there should be a break through the prevailing warm current, it will be short and severe from the 7th to the 15th of January. We seem likely, however, to escape it altogether. In that case no ice.
>
> The last of October or first of November a severe storm throughout the Gulf and South Atlantic states, with a counter storm along the lakes, seems probable, attended with heavy rainfalls throughout the eastern part of the country, repeated again from the middle to the 25th of November off the Atlantic coast. Each of these storms will be followed by cold waves approaching from the northwest, but all modified before they reach Ohio. Rains during the season will be extended and frequent, but with lack of heavy snows and ice we shall not be disturbed by apprehension of floods. Expect an early but wet spring.
>
> We ask that these predictions should be accepted with caution. No claim is made for them that should lead any one to disregard all the prudent precautions for weather that may be entirely different from that indicated. Like all weather indications they may fail to be verified.

AN INTERESTING DECISION.

The United States Circuit court in Michigan has just made a decision which is of much interest. A certain Mr. Craig had a dispute with his workingmen, in consequence of which they went out on a strike, and he imported from Quebec upon a contract for certain wages ship carpenters to take the place of the strikers. But a statute of the United States provides that any person encouraging or soliciting the immigration of any alien to perform labor under contract shall be liable to a fine of $1,000. Proceedings were begun against Mr. Craig under this law. His defense was that the law was unconstitutional, because for foreigners to come into the United States and work at their trades was in itself perfectly lawful, and that it could not be unlawful to encourage men to do a lawful act while if making a contract was an offense, it was in this case made in Canada and consequently out of the jurisdiction of the court. The court decides against him on both grounds; first, that while immigration is certainly lawful, Congress has authority to make it unlawful or to make unlawful any particular method of immigration, and that is what it has done in this case. As to the jurisdiction, the court holds that the offense was committed when the laborers contracted for actually landed in the United States, and as the proceeding is a civil action for the recovery of a fine, the court has jurisdiction wherever it can find the offender within the United States. There is no good reason for questioning the soundness of the decision, and employers who would make contracts with workmen must therefore restrict themselves to this country.

The Blade Sewing Machine is the best, handsomest and cheapest. It is a new high-arm machine, perfect in principle and construction, and we sell it for $18, and give with it the WEEKLY BLADE one year. Order it at once, and avoid the delays.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

The agent of a British firm engaged in the worsted manufacture was in Toledo recently. In conversation he said, in reply to a question, that he landed at Halifax, and had a good trade throughout Canada. When he reached Detroit and Chicago, however, he found it impossible to take orders. The American manufacturers could undersell him, when his goods had paid the duty under our protective tariff. "Ah," said he, "if you Yankees would only take off that tariff, we could make our fortunes in a couple of years! We could undersell your manufacturers, and make them shut up shop! Why, the highest wages we pay our most skilled workmen is only between $5 and $8 of your money a week!"

RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE BLADE.

At this season of the year, or a little later, a great many subscriptions expire. Please don't wait till your time has expired before renewing. It occasions delays, loss of numbers and a world of trouble all around. Renew now for the coming year before your time is out.

In this connection we may say that as much as we have improved the BLADE during the past year it will be improved still more in the year to come. We have a score of new and attractive features in preparation, and our readers may depend upon the good old BLADE being not only the largest and cheapest, but the very best paper published in America. As good as it is we shall make it better.

"LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD."

Thursday New York city gave herself up to holiday-making over the unveiling of the grand colossal statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," by the sculptor Bartholdi. The double demonstration, on land and on water, was apparently one of the grandest that has ever occurred in this country.

When the torch which Liberty holds forth shall have been lighted, the work of more than ten years will have been completed. As long ago as 1871 Laboulaye suggested to Bartholdi, then about to set out on a tour of the United States, to make "a monument in common in remembrance of the ancient friendship between France and the United States." The inspiration of the statue and the torch came to Bartholdi as he stood on the deck of a steamer, one beautiful spring morning when the whole panorama of New York harbor was spread out before him. The steps by which the inspiration was put into execution are familiar to the public.

Ten years after the moulding began the statue reached New York. The process of raising money in both France and America was slow, but the donors were far ahead of the recipients. As the sum necessary for the pedestal was finally raised by the New York *World's* great popular subscription, embracing over one hundred thousand subscribers, the people of the United States made good their title to the generous gift of France. The great work is done. The statue measures 151 feet 1 inch from the bottom of the plinth to the tip of the torch flame, and from the foundation of the pedestal to the blaze is 305 feet 6 inches.

"STARVATION AND MISERY."

The iron-workers of America are all busy. From the pig-iron furnaces onward, in every department, all our iron manufacturing establishments are running on full time and with a full complement of hands, while our steel rail mills are refusing orders next year, having orders ahead for a full twelvemonth's work. This is under protection. Let us now turn and take a glance at the poor laborers, half-paid and underfed, in the great iron shipbuilding establishments of England, and see how they prosper under free trade. Read the following, from the last number we have received of *Life*, a weekly London newspaper:

> The out-look in the ship-building trade on the Clyde is of the gloomiest kind, and it is to be feared that we shall witness a recurrence of the wretched scenes of misery and starvation which last winter gave to Sunderland and other northern towns, so painful a notoriety. Shipowners say "we do not want new ships, but cargoes to fill our old ones." But considering that the very fastest mercantile ships which can be turned out in the Clyde are to be armed as cruisers, it seems only fair that the government should do what it can to keep the men in employment. There is a good deal of talk just now among the colonists about independent fleets for their own coast defence. They will never be able to get ships cheaper than at present, and the fact that there are just now so many distinguished colonials in England, offers a favorable opportunity for inquiry and investigation.

A SHADOWY CLAIM.

Reports from Pittsburg are to the effect that the alleged heirs to that portion of New York city that was once called Harlem Commons have at last completed all details necessary to begin their legal fight, and will file in the United States Circuit court in New York a stupendous bill in equity. One heir from Louisiana will appear as plaintiff, and the other 140 known heirs will appear as respondents. The prayer of this bill will be, primarily, for a partition of the property among the claimants, and incidentally, for a citation on each heir to show on what ground he bases his claim. This proceeding will occupy at least six months, and will greatly reduce the number of heirs. It is estimated that of the 1,400 who go into the contest not over 500 will be able to trace their lineage back to the proper source.

After this has been accomplished the next step will be to enter ejectment suits. The claimants do not anticipate that any of these suits will come to trial, as they expect to compromise with the present holders of the property. The valuation of the land is $30,000,000, and they will be willing to compromise on a basis of 20 per cent. Among the 1,400 claimants are residents of every state in the Union, also of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

We call attention to the above action for the purpose of predicting that not one cent will ever be recovered by any of the number of misguided people who are pursuing this hopeless search for riches. No man who holds any portion of this property will give it up without a legal struggle. The statute of limitations presents a formidable obstacle to claims which date back to 150 years ago, and the courts as a rule take the common sense view that the rights of the ancestors from whom the present plaintiffs claim title should have been enforced by law at that time. We are inclined to believe that the Harlem Commons suits are trumped-up cases, which will benefit nobody but the lawyers in charge, who flourish on the fees they extract from gullible heirs.

Here is a point on the tariff, applicable to our Michigan friends, but which tells the story that the tariff is a question of wages. We clip it from the Detroit *Tribune*:

> Salt, as it lies in the bosom of the earth, is worth not one mill per barrel, and it is only made valuable by the labor of men. The moment labor is applied to it the American is compelled to pay for it at least double what the Englishman pays. The rates paid for labor in the salt regions of Cheshire, England, where the Liverpool salt is produced, is according to the latest consular reports:
>
> For common labor per week without board....$3 28
> For salt boilers per week without board. 5 83
>
> At Saginaw, the wages are:
>
> For common labor per week without board....$9 00
> For salt boilers per week without board. 10 50
>
> Give Michigan to-day the English scale of wages and she will cope with England in the markets of the world, but it will be at the sacrifice of the comfort and independent manhood of her citizens.

Royalty is losing its sacredness when it can be so sharply criticised as it is frequently in the London *Truth*. Evidently, Mr. Labouchere is no respecter of persons, for he does not hesitate to express his opinions without reference to the rank of the persons whom he is judging. The following is from a recent issue of the paper:

> It had been arranged that the Duchess of Edinburgh and her children should be conveyed next month from Genoa to Malta in the Surprise, the official yacht of the Duke of Edinburgh. This rational plan has now been altered, and it seems that the royal yacht Osborne is to be dispatched to the Mediterranean the week after next, in order that she may be used by the Duchess and her children for this short passage, and they are to embark at Marseilles. This really seems a piece of outrageous extravagance. The yacht is to go all the way to Marseilles in order that the Duchess of Edinburg may use her for a voyage of three days. Apart from the enormous expense, there is no small risk in sending such a vessel through the Bay of Biscay just at the time of the autumnal equinox. The Surprise is already in the Mediterranean, and as she did very well for the Duke and Duchess of Connaught on this same voyage the other day, surely she might suffice for any other royalties who may happen to be traveling that way.

Don't put off your renewal for the BLADE till after you stop getting the paper. Renew before the expiration of your term.

NASBY.

He stood and looked then passed on. I don't think he wa[illegible] well-trained dog, and I was thankful that he was not. While he was standing looking at us, I think my heart was just as nea[illegible] my mouth as it could get.

The second day out, we fell in with [illegible] rebel deserter, and that night a 92d Ill[illegible] man, an escaped prisoner, and a darkey come to us near Rough and Ready statio[illegible] On the day following we all went into ou[illegible] lines at East Point together. I would lik[illegible] to hear from the 92d man if he is still i[illegible] the land of the living. We lived on mea[illegible] acorns and corn, while we were out. Soon after I was captured, we stopped at a house and several women came out to see the Yank. One of my guards asked one of the young ladies if she would like a Yank for a pet. After looking at me for a moment, she said she didn't think I would make a good pet. We got back to our command in time for the Nashville fight, and we then captured one of the men that was guarding us the night we made our escape.—W. E. Spears, Co. F, 114th Ills., Richmond, Kan.

In Southern Climes.

Editor Camp Fire:—I am a constant reader of the Blade, and I think it the best paper in the United States. I am an old soldier of the Mexican war, and served in two regiments in the late war, the 25th and 120th Indiana. I have seen nothing in the Camp Fire from either of those regiments, and I would like to hear from some of them. I have been in the South nearly 11 years, four years in Texas and nearly five years in Arkansas. I find some good men among the old Confederate soldiers, and I find a good many who are as strong rebels now as they were at the close of the war, and how it is that an old soldier ca[illegible] vote the Democratic ticket, I cannot se[illegible] They carry the elections by fraud, in man[illegible] places. I have talked with men from Mis[illegible]issippi who said that they had belonged [illegible] a mob, went to the polls, and drove th[illegible] negroes away. How it is that any [illegible] American citizen can vote with a pa[illegible] that will ride into power by fraud, I [illegible] not see. At the election on the 6th of th[illegible] month, a posse of men went from [illegible] township over into Pulaska county a[illegible] by fraud and intimidation carried the el[illegible]tion in a precinct where there are ov[illegible] 300 Republican majority. The Democra[illegible] got over 100 majority. Now, this I kn[illegible] to be a fact. It is not hearsay. Why it [illegible] that the government don't send soldiers [illegible] protect her citizens in their right of s[illegible]frage I cannot see. I think the true Am[illegible]ican citizens will have such a surfeit [illegible] rebel rule by 1888 that the old rebel b[illegible]adiers will crawl in their holes and [illegible] the holes in after them, and stay there.—M. D. Harper, late Col. 120th Ind. V[illegible] Inf., Groveland, Ark.

The Hospital Soldier.

Editor Camp Fire:—I have noticed that it has become quite prevalent, among the comrades, as soon as they find some one, who has served in the army, that differs from themselves in "opinion," they crack the well known "chestnut," "you must have served in the hospital."

Let me say to all such comrades, that a man could do his duty in the hospital, just as well as in the field. That it took as much courage to do duty in the hospital, as it did in the field. We enlisted to do our duty, wherever and whenever called on, in field or camp, in bivouac or hospital, no more, no less. He that did more than his duty, must have stole or something else that was wrong, for it was his duty to put down the rebellion at any and by all means lawfully, within his power. Now comrades who served in the field, did you do more than your duty, or did he who was in the hospital do less than his duty? Men lying in the hospital sick from exposure and hard marching, or wounded, were doing their duty. If a soldier became convalescent or well, and was detailed to do duty in the hospital, did he not do his duty? I think he did, and can prove it. It required a man of nerve to stand day by day, at the side of men, with gangrene in their wounds; men were wounded in every conceivable manner, and were sick with all kinds of diseases, and let me tell you a man must have some bravery to run the risk in hospitals from diseases that are contagious. Comrades let us try to respect ourselves enough, so that we will not be calling each other such names as "hospital bummers," "cowards" and other names, because we differ in opinion.

To all the comrades in general, I have a kindly feeling, and hope as we grow less in numbers, that the ties of comradeship will be closer and closer. Let us vote as we fought. If I had voted for Pres. Cleveland, I certainly should not brag much about it, nor feel very much elated. To F. H. Robbins, of Iowa, let me say that a part of the 4th cavalry is still living. How I should like to see Tuttle's Division, 16th Army Corps, in a reunion. It was composed of the 72d O. V. I., 95th O. V. I., 93d Indiana V. I., 114th Illinois V. I., and Waterhouse's Battery of Chicago, 1st Brigade, R. V. Buckland, commanding; 2d Brigade, 11th Missouri V. I., 8th Wisconsin V. I., 5th Minnesota, and 41st Illinois V. I., which composed the old Eagle Brigade, "Fighting Joe" Mowry, commanding; 3d Brigade, 8th, 12th and 35th Iowa V. I. Boys, if we could have one general reunion of the old 16th corps, I think I should be compelled to exclaim with Miles O'Rielly, "Bad luck to the man who is sober to-night; he's a cold-hearted bodwaih, or sacret secesser." Let the old 16th assert itself in the Camp Fire, and let us hear from them once in a while.—E. R. Beach, Co. K, 72d O. V. I., Bradner, O.

Russell Sage

is a well-known operator in Wall street, who is generally considered as "up to snuff." Hence, it may have been quite natural that a countryman who reads the papers recently called at his office and asked for a package of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. He discovered his mistake, but he made no mistake in the article called for. This Remedy, when applied with Dr. Pierce's "Nasal Douche," will surely and rapidly eradicate the most aggravated case of catarrh, with all its unpleasant and dangerous accompaniments.

LUTHER AT WITTENBERG.

The Anniversary of His Nailing the Theses to the Church Door.

Three hundred and sixty-nine years ago to-day, Martin Luther, then a young man, nailed to the door of the Wittenburg church his 95 theses on the doctrine of indulgences. The act itself was simple enough, but it required greater courage than one could tell to thus publicly denounce the acts of the Papal authority. Luther started out in life to become a member of the legal profession, but the heresies of the day early turned him from his purpose, and he then resolved to devote his life to religious forms. At that time, the Pope and his following were leading extravagant lives at home and large sums of money were needed to defray expenses. They obtained this money by the sale of indulgences, a custom which developed an iniquitous state of morals. To transgress was a matter of little consequence to the man of wealth, so long as he could obtain his pardon by turning over a small sum to the papal court. John Tetzel, a Dominican friar, was the pope's emissary in Germany, where he carried on a shameless traffic in the sale of these indulgences. It was this man's boldness that excited the indignation of Luther and brought out the theses. The news of this step spread far and wide. It seemed as if angels had carried it to the ears of all men. It created widespread excitement, and was the talk of the hour. Tetzel was forced to retreat from the Saxon borders to Frankfort-on-the-Ober, where he published a set of counter theses, and consigned Luther's theses to the flames. The Wittenberg students retaliated by burning the counter-theses. This was the first movement towards a great reform which has ever since occupied a prominent part in the history of the world.

Young Girls

are at a critical period when they are about

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Prof. Perry, the noted free trader, has an unbounded faith that the Democracy will soon become a unit for free trade. "It is natural, it is traditional, it is congruous," he says, "for the Democratic party to be the party of free trade." No sensible person can dispute Prof. Perry here. The party which plunged the country into civil war, which indorsed repudiation, which opposed our present financial system, which opposed resumption, and which has originated nothing which has not proved disastrous, should most fitly be the party of free trade.

Canada is excited over the coming elections, which appear to be run upon the plan of bluster and bribery. The Liberals express themselves as hopeful of carrying all the provinces of the Dominion, but Sir John MacDonald is hustling about at such a lively rate that there is no telling what will happen.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Earl of Strafford is dead. He was 80 years of age.

Natural gas has been discovered at Fort Wayne, Ind., at a depth of 1,150 feet.

The Federal government proposes to purchase all the railroads in Switzerland.

The French Senate has passed the bill providing for the sale of the crown jewels.

Jay Gould paid $60,000 for eight acres of ground, for a depot, in Memphis, a few days ago.

Thirty poor persons have been found sleeping in a warm water drain in Pesth. They were entirely naked.

M. Ledrain, a Hebrew scholar, has just published the first volume of a new translation of the Bible in French.

The Illinois association of ex-prisoners of war opened their eighth annual reunion Wednesday at Centralia.

Geronimo and fourteen of his warriors are now confined at Fort Pickens, on Santa Rosa Island, opposite Pensacola, Fla.

It is thought the President will not appoint a successor to Minister Cox, at Constantinople, until after Congress meets.

The business failures throughout the country during the week number for the United States 196, and for Canada 19, a total of 215.

The total number of students in Harvard University this year is 1,077. The freshman class list bears 279 names, the largest on record.

Father Arcadius Moggobosi, a Franciscan Monk, has left his order and married a young lady believed to be Miss Edith E. Clare, of Newark, N. J.

It is estimated that the expenses of the postal service for the next fiscal year will aggregate $55,342,150, an increase of $976,286 over the current year.

The customs committee of the French Chamber of Deputies have decided in favor of the bill raising the duty on foreign wheat from three to five francs.

Later reports from Lincoln, Ill., show that the Dustin bank failure is greater than at first supposed, and that creditors will not receive over 25 cents on the dollar.

Pres. Cleveland has sent a contribution of $10 to the pastor of the Emmanuel African Episcopal church at Charleston, which was damaged by earthquake.

The strike in the Racine, Wis., Wagon and Carriage company's works has been settled, after a consultation of leading Knights of Labor with the officers of the concern.

All the Democratic nominees, twenty in number, were elected at Baltimore Wednesday to the first branch of the city council. The labor candidates polled surprisingly small votes.

T. W. Stewart, representing a New York syndicate, is in Indian territory negotiating for the purchase of the Cherokee strip of 6,000,000 acres, for which he proposes to pay $3 per acre.

A special from Paris says the "English are furious over the international episode of the statue of Liberty. France laughs at their fury, which does not in the least interfere with the general satisfaction."

The London *Standard* announces that M. Waddington, French ambassador at London, made no demand respecting England's withdrawal from Egypt, and that he brought no instructions of such character.

Daniel Stout, of Columbus, Ind., who has been blind ever since the war, and was led about by his little daughter, has drawn $10,482 in back pensions, and will get $72 per month the remainder of his life.

It is charged that the deputy collector of internal revenue of the first Pennsylvania district has levied an assessment of 3 per cent. on the salaries of employes, to assist in campaign work. An investigation has been ordered.

The issue of standard silver dollars from the mints during the week ended October 30, was $880,085; same week last year, $774,450. The shipments of fractional silver coin during the month of October amounted to $921,241.

It has been discovered that ten justices of the peace in Chicago, known as "change justices," have collected nearly $100,000 in fines, and made no returns. The prosecuting attorney has commenced proceedings against them.

The Paris *Temps* explains that although it thinks England's presence in Egypt undesirable, it would be useless for France or Europe to demand the withdrawal of England, unless it was decided what to substitute for the British occupation.

Mrs. Julia Diefenbach, a widow of Harrison, O., died from excitement after reading in the Cincinnati *Enquirer* an article connecting her name with an alleged insurance fraud, which article proved to be nothing but a campaign lie.

Atty. Gen. Garland has given an opinion to the secretary of the treasury that national banks must deposit interest-bearing bonds to secure their circulation, and that called 3 per cent. bonds cannot be used as a basis of circulation.

Col. Dudley, ex-commissioner of pensions, gives it as his opinion that Blaine does not desire the nomination for President, but would be willing to make the race against Cleveland. Dudley believes that Gov. Hill will be the Democratic nominee.

Figures at Democratic headquarters in Washington concede a Democratic loss of 21 in the next House of Representatives. As there is a Democratic majority of 43 in the present House, this would give a Democratic majority of but 1 in the Fiftieth Congress.

The mill owners of Amsterdam, N. Y., sent a note of Bailey and McGuire, of the executive board Knights of Labor, who went there to settle the trouble with the locked out employes, refusing to treat with them or anyone else, not even an employe, on the subject.

The commissioner of internal revenue has modified the regulations in regard to the oleomargarine law, so as to make them conform to the opinion of the attorney general, that the components of oleomargarine are subject to tax only when made in imitation or semblance of butter.

Judge Donohue, of the New York Supreme court, has granted an attachment against the property of the Charter Oak Life Insurance company in favor of Geo. S. Stadwell, in a suit brought by him against the company to recover $159,315, the amount of 91 policies that he owns by assignment.

A dispatch from London, Eng., says the engagement of James Russell Lowell to the Dowager Lady Littleton, widow of the late and aunt by marriage of the present Lord Littleton, is announced. Lady Littleton has, like Mr. Lowell, been already twice married. She has three children, and is about 40 years old.

The steamer Pueblo brings Hong Kong advices to October 22 and Yokohama October 13. Though cholera is decreasing the mortality is enormous. From September 27 to October 7 there were 60,014 cases, and 6,435 deaths. In Tokio there were 483 new cases and 409 deaths. The average mortality is over 68 per cent.

Two patents have been issued this week to L. J. Phelps, of New York, on duplex telegraphy. Under these inventions it is claimed that the same wire used for telegraphing to or from trains may be worked "duplex," thereby enabling it to be used as an ordinary Morse wire between stations, and simultaneously used for telegraphing to and from moving trains.

The steamship British King, which arrived in Philadelphia Wednesday from Liverpool, brought 307 Mormon converts. They will proceed to Salt Lake. It is understood that Mormon immigrants will hereafter be landed in Philadelphia instead of New York, it being claimed that the law is construed harshly in regard to them at the latter place.

Pres. Cleveland has issued a proclamation suspending foreign discriminating duties and import within the United States, so far as Spanish vessels and their cargoes are concerned. This is done in view of the fact that no discriminating duties of tonnage or import are levied in the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico upon vessels wholly belonging to citizens of the United States.

Gen. Fairchild, grand commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, announces the appointment of the following staff: Adjutant general, E. B. Gray, of Madison, Wis.; quartermaster general, John Taylor, Philadelphia; judge advocate general, Henry E. Taintor, Hartford, Conn.; assistant adjutant general, F. W. Oakley, Madison, Wis.; senior aid-de-camp, Phil. Cheek, jr., Baraboo, Wis.

C. F. McDonald, superintendent of the money order system, has made his annual report to the postmaster general. The total number of money orders and postal notes issued was 14,433,153, representing $132,116,317, for which fees aggregating $1,214,506 were received. The government's revenue was $330,551, and expenses paid from appropriations was $341,387, leaving a net profit of $9,164.

The Chicago *Journal* has discovered fresh complications in the Tennesse Taylor brothers' campaign. It is a fact that "Alf" Taylor, the Republican candidate for governor, is also a candidate for the state Senate in a Republican district, and will be elected a member of that body, whether he is elected governor or not. If Bob should be elected governor, and Alf should then be chosen President *pro tem.* of the Senate, the latter would become acting governor in case Bob should be elected United States Senator.

The Cleveland *Leader* gives the following editorial paragraph on the growth of the anti-Rum interest in Illinois:

> The more experience the people of Illinois have with their high tax, local-option liquor law, the better are they satisfied with it. In seven counties absolute prohibition prevails, and in 27 other counties the tax has been placed so high as virtually to amount to prohibition. In a large number of counties aside from these the prohibition towns are in the majority, so that taking the state as a whole, nearly, if not quite, two-thirds of the territory is under prohibition rule.

The new library building at Washington will be so large that at the present annual growth of 25,000 volumes it will take two centuries to fill it with books. The Washington Library will distance all others in size, and will rank sixth among the libraries of the world.

Wages of Pennsylvania iron workers have been increased.

RAMBLER'S NOTE BOOK.

A Summer Vacation in Norway—From Bergen Up the Nord Fjord to Faleidet—Something About the Fjords of Norway—Trials and Tribulations of Weary Sojourners in a Strange Land.

SECOND NOTE.

The rain was coming down in torrents as we three grumbling tourists boarded the little steamer that was to take us from Bergen on our way to the Romsdal Fjord, which, we had been told, was to Norway what the Yosemite is to the United States. As Gordon said, it surely ought to be something unusually fine to recompense us for the discomfort of plodding through wet and muddy streets at the awful hour of midnight.

"Why dont they start their boats at a decent hour," queried he. "What's the use of keeping a fellow up all night—without any chance of getting a reviver of any kind—just to take a little boat ride. It's a blasted shame, and I'll write a letter to the *Chronicle* about it when I get home—see if I don't."

"My dear friend," said Adams, in his kindly way, "the fact of the matter is, that, as unpleasant as it may be, it is a case of necessity. You see these Fjords are so dangerous to navigate, and the landings are so difficult to make, that they are obliged to leave port at night in order to have daylight for the harder part of the trip, as you will see by to-morrow."

"Let them straighten out their old Fjords," then murmured Gordon as he dove down a companionway in search of his berth.

Gordon was not in a good humor. We had worked hard all day sightseeing, with not altogether satisfactory results, and were wet, tired and sleepy. The little steamer on which we had taken passage was but ill provided with sleeping accommodations and the best of them had been preempted by early comers. The small cabin aft was transformed into a large bed room, the couches that lined the room during the day being converted into berths at night. The last we heard of Gordon he was hunting up a steward and inquiring of him where he could find the "samlag," that being as near as he could come to pronouncing the Norwegian name for public houses. He said that in his present state of mind he was sure he could not sleep a wink without at least one glass of "hot scotch."

The next morning we were roused at an early hour and were told that breakfast would be ready at eight o'clock. Adams insisted that we should go upon deck and see the beauty of Norway, while Gordon wanted to sleep until time for breakfast. The steward soon put an end to that desire, however, by routing every one out of the cabin preparatory to setting the tables for breakfast.

The little steamer had been making good time after she left Bergen and we were well up in the Nord Fjord, which though not so large or important as the Molde or Trondhjem Fjords, is a large body of water and plays quite an important part in the commerce of Bergen.

The entire west coast of Norway is composed of islands of various sizes, formed for the most part by great arms of the sea which wind and twist their way inland as though impatient of the restraint of the coast and eager to push beyond its rocky confines and subdue and submerge the entire country. Their direction is erratic to a degree, oftentimes forcing themselves through great clefts in massive mountains that tower thousands of feet above them, and then again, contracting to narrow tortuous streams they wind their way through forest and plain only to enlarge with numberless branches into great inland lakes.

It was on such a body of water we sailed all day long, touching now and then at queer looking little hamlets, of a score or less of houses, bearing names out of all proportion to the size of the place. For instance quite a long stop was made at an important trading point, a very small little place, however, which bore the euphonious name of Aalfoten, which was just across the way from Hundvik.

"I am a great admirer of Norway," said Gordon, "but I have no respect for their language. Why, last night I said 'samlag' to the steward three times and the bloomin' idiot only stared at me a minute and then walked away. And I wanted that 'samlag' badly, too."

It was late at night when we arrived at Faleidet, our first changing place—and, just to make things pleasant it rained like mad. There was a rickety old wharf and then a steep climb up a long hill, to the only hotel in the place. We donned our Mackintoshes, seized our Gladstones and trudged wearily up that hill only to find the hotel enveloped in the darkness of the other regions.

After a lively fusillade for a quarter of an hour or more, a light appeared at a window in the second story and we were told to go round to the back of the house. The path was slippery and steep, but we managed to get there, and then found that there were only accomodations for two persons. There were seven in our party, and Adams, Gordon and I began drawing lots to see who should get one of the beds, thinking of course that the two remaining beds would be divided between the two parties. The landlord relieved our distress, however, by saying there was a house near by where he thought he could find beds for every one.

A small servant was sent to investigate and soon returned with the then cheering intelligence that there were plenty of beds for all. So we sloshed around in the mud and sought the other house, thoroughly tired out with our long steamer journey and the discomforts attending our search for lodgings.

Would that a curtain could be drawn over that eventful night, that first experience of the hospitality of Norway. My bones ache now at the mere thought of it. We were all so tired and sleepy—it must have been one o'clock by the time we were assigned to our various rooms, that we did not notice that the beds had not been used before for weeks, that the linen had not been aired and—worst of all, that the beds were of that diminutive style which, we afterwards found, prevailed all over Norway.

Gordon came out grumbling like a Turk the next morning. "Couldn't sleep a wink—sheets were damp and the bloomin' bed was so short I had to lie crosswise and let me feet hang out on the other side. A loose shutter played the devil's tatoo all night long, and I had a beastly time altogether."

"My young friend," began Adams, as we started to the hotel for breakfast, "you should cultivate a spirit of tolerance."

"Tolerance be hanged," replied Gordon, "I didn't come over here to get the rheumatism so bad I couldn't move. Just look at that left arm. Can't move it a particle. Might as well have no arm. All on account of that short bed and those damp sheets."

"But you could hardly expect in this out of the way place all the comforts of a metropolitan hotel, or the delights of a home fireside, could you? One of the first things you young men should learn is to be able to adapt yourselves to whatever surroundings you may find yourself placed in."

"That's all right," said Gordon, "you may talk as much as you like, but I am going to exercise my right and privilege as a haughty Briton to grumble all I want to. That is a native characteristic and I shall endeavor to see that no one shall forget it. Hang this weather, it's just beastly—worse even than that of Newcastle—and I can't say anything worse for it."

The breakfast had at least one thing to compensate us for the wretched night we had passed. It was novel. There was salmon in all conceivable shapes. Salmon steak broiled, cold salmon, pickled salmon, and salmon dried. Then there were three or four kinds of cheese, potatoes *au naturel*, coffee, and *fla' bro*, the national bread of Norway. It is made either of brown barley flour or oatmeal, stirred up with salt and water, and baked in large sheets, as thin as a piece of paper. It is almost tasteless, very brittle and has but little filling power. It is baked in great quantities once or twice a year and stored away for future use. Before being put on the table it is freshened by being placed in an oven a few minutes before serving. It takes a vast amount *fla' bro* to satisfy a healthy man. It is greatly esteemed, however, by the Norwegians, and every table has in the center a huge dish piled high with the large irregular sheets of *fla' bro*.

After breakfast the carioles were brought around, we put on our mackintoshes to protect us from the rain, and started on our journey overland to Hellesylt, on the Sunelvs Fjord.

THIRD NOTE.

When the carrioles pulled up in front of the hotel and the landlord told us that all was ready, Gordon burst out into a loud laugh, although it was such a damp, cheerless morning that the rest of us saw nothing that was especially laughable. But Gordon always was a good-humored fellow.

"Whatever are these things?" he exclaimed.

"Those are the two carrioles, my dear friend, that are to take us from Faleidet to Hellesylt," replied Adams, "and very comfortable vehicles you will find them, too."

"Why those little two-wheeled go-carts can't carry us up hill and down dale—and the horses—man, alive, they're worse than our little pit ponies over in Newcastle."

"Never you mind the little ponies. They are small, it is true, but you will find before the day is over that they are capable of most excellent service. So get in and let's away. We have a long ride before us, and the sooner we are off the better."

So saying Adams pointed to the single carriole and told me to get in, while he and Gordon stowed themselves away in the double, or *stolkjaere*, as the natives call them. These carrioles are peculiar to Norway and are most comfortable little conveyances. A carriole proper is a small two-wheeled vehicle, the body of which is shaped very like the stern of an Indian canoe, or dug-out. There is a low seat, so placed that you rest comfortably up against the back. Behind is a little platform on which the luggage is strapped. The stolkjaere is similar to the carriole, but carries two people instead of one. Each is drawn by a single horse, which is driven by the occupant, if he wishes, or if he is too indolent, by the little attendant, who perches himself up on the luggage, on the rear platform. Most tourists prefer to do their own driving for the roads are good and the little horses are most excellent roadsters.

As it was rainy we were well covered up with oilcloth aprons that fitted tightly around the body of the carrioles, and with our indispensible Mackintoshes we were fully protected from the down-pour. But it was not a very brilliant spectacle as we started off in a solemn procession of two carrioles, up the mountain road that led to our first changing spot, a little station called Kjos.

Adams and Gordon led off in the stolkjære, the former driving, as Gordon declared that he was a member of the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and he could not, in view of that fact, undertake to compel so small an animal to draw so large a load. Adams reassured him on that point, and told him that these little animals are exceedingly hardy, and that they trot up and down those hard mountain roads as easily as an English hunter gallops over a daisy covered meadow. They are small, clean-limbed little horses, good travelers and easily driven, so there is no occasion to call into service the boy or girl who accompanies each carriole from one changing station to another.

"Those little *skydsguts*, as the boys are called—the girls are designated as *pigs*—trot alongside the carriole, mile after mile, getting an occasional lift while going down hill, on the little platform behind. They are usually the children of the owner of the horses, and in case there is no one waiting at the changing stations it is their duty to take the team back to the starting point. They are always exceedingly polite, and, strangely enough, never importune the traveler for a gratuity. Where one is offered it is accepted with a profusion of thanks, the delighted recipient invariably kissing the hand that gives it. This custom of kissing the hand is not confined to children, but in the interior grown peasants take the same manner of testifying their appreciation of any favor bestowed upon them.

The road out of Faleidet, over which we traveled that rainy morning, wound through a dense pine forest, through clearings in which, as we mounted higher and higher up the side of the mountain, we could catch glimpses of the Nord Fjord, stretching away to the east and the west, while ahead of us were great hills covered with pines, tall and straight, looming up through the rain and mist, like grim sentinels guarding the treasures of old mother Earth.

Although the way was steep the road was in such good condition that the little ponies jogged along at a good pace, and stopping only long enough to let the skydsgut run ahead to open the gate that marked the boundary of a new section of road. The roadways in Norway are as fine as any on the continent of Europe, with the exception perhaps of those in southern Switzerland. They are under the direct supervision of the government, which pays large salaries to numerous inspectors, whose duty it is to travel over them at regular intervals to see that they are kept up to the required standard.

In the first place the government undertakes to make the road, and it does it in the most perfect manner. Competent engineers, usually army officials, are put in charge of the preliminary surveys, and under their personal superintendence the grading, filling and macadamizing are done, and there is no slipshod work allowed either. There is no possibility for a big steal, and the work is honestly and faithfully done, resulting in a roadbed as smooth as a parlor floor and as hard as granite.

When the engineer pronounces it finished the road is turned over to the district through which it runs, and each individual property holder is compelled, by heavy penalties, to keep in perfect repair that portion of the road adjoining his property. The Norwegians evidently appreciate the value of good roads, for they spare no trouble to keep them in perfect condition. However, the trouble is not very great, after all, for the roads are so well made in the beginning that it takes but little attention in the spring and fall to repair any damage done during the summer and winter. It is an unqualified pleasure to roll along these smooth hard highways, lolling back in a comfortably padded carriole, drawn by a well groomed, fast little horse which, sure-footed and steady, trots up the steep hills and down again, with the same ease that an ordinary horse would amble across a perfectly flat piece of country.

Even Gordon was enthusiastic when we alighted at Kjos, at the comfort of a stolkjaere, and his little *pige*, a flaxen haired little maiden of 12, was given a tip that so astonished her by its size that she almost forgot to bestow the customary kiss. But she repaid her temporary forgetfulness by her fervency afterwards.

"I've a good mind to give her some more *smaapenge*" (small change), said Gordon, "just to see her express her gratitude. Never had anything quite so jolly, you know."

"She merely wanted to show you that she was satisfied with your *pourboire*," said Adams. "They will accept anything you may offer. If they are satisfied they kiss your hand, if not they merely pocket the money and turn away without even shaking hands with you. Just you notice as we go along and you will invariably be enabled to tell whether or not your *pige* or *skydsgut* is satisfied with your treatment."

As there was no one at the little inn desirous of going to Faleidet, the little boy and girl jumped into our carriole and stolkjaere, whipped up their ponies and started back home, and we went into the inn for a little refreshment while other carrioles were being procured to take us on the second stage of overland journey.

ROBINSON LOCKE.

Toledo Medical Bureau.

The physician of the BLADE Medical Bureau will treat cases by mail, sending medicine; low rates. Address Toledo Medical Bureau, Box 161, Toledo, Ohio. Advice free; letters confidential.

Why a Marriage Ceremony Was Postponed.

AUBURN, N. Y., Oct. 31.—John Beard and Miss Frankie Perrigo, of this city, were to have been married at 9:30 a. m. at St. John's Episcopal church. At that hour the bridegroom and his friends appeared at the church, but the bride did not appear. It was discovered that the bride's parents were opposed to the match and it was decided to send the minister and best man to the home of the bride. The girl's father was found doing duty in the front yard, and he informed them that he would shoot his daughter if she tried to go out. He flourished a revolver and declared that he would kill both Beard and the girl if they were married. The men finally forced their way into the house and found the girl tied to a bedstead with a rope. The girl expressed a willingness to leave the house, but the father still threatened to shoot her and the minister and his companion were compelled to leave the house without her. The matter rests here. Perrigo has not cooled down this evening, still expressing a desire to shoot some one.

She Wouldn't Take Off Any More.

An exclusively modest young lady from Boston, who was at the seaside, declined to take a bath, and after remaining a long time in the bathing house she emerged in a very long and a very ample bathing costume. She, however, retained her spectacles upon her nose.

"But you are going to take off your spectacles, are you not?" asked a female companion.

"Never," she replied, blushing deeply; "I have already been obliged to remove so many articles that I won't take off another thing!"—*Texas Siftings.*

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A Sure Cure.

Binks—You see I am carrying around a number of your paragraphs which I have clipped from your paper, The Jayhawk.

Scrawley—Yes, I am glad you like my squibs so well.

Binks—Oh, it's not that exactly; but I have heard that carrying a chestnut about in your pocket cures rheumatism.

Proposed Fifteen Times in One Evening.

A bachelor of East Grand Forks, Dak., gave a dance. Among the guests were unmarried young women. During the evening the host proposed marriage to fifteen of them. They each one declined with thanks.

A postoffice in Dakota has been named after the sculptor Bartholdi.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

How it was Performed—The Means Used and the Triumphant Result.

"I am going to tell you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." With the above sentence, which has the solemnity of an oath, begins a statement by Mr. J. Newton Perry, of Potter Brook, Pa., whose case is one of the most interesting and remarkable in the annals of medicine.

"I inherited scrofula from my parents, and when 16 years old a swelling appeared on my leg below the knee, which soon became a running ulcer—a nauseous, disgusting, terrible thing. I was crippled now for life, but worse was to follow. Later I received a blow just below the old ulcer, which opened the way for my scrofulous blood once again to come to the surface. The flesh sloughed off, leaving the bone uncovered; the bone itself began to rot, and the whole shin bone was full of holes, like a honey comb. I lost flesh daily, and was almost literally a skeleton, concealed by a skin.

"I consulted physicians in regard to having the limb removed, but received no encouragement. My blood was tainted with scrofulous poison, they said the stump would never heal. Having heard much of the skill of Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., and of the success of his Favorite Remedy as a treatment in diseases of the blood, I sought his advice. Dr. Kennedy stated that in his opinion amputation was at least a hopeful resort, providing Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, the most powerful blood purifier in the art of medicine, was used in the after treatment. This gave me more encouragement, and on the 15th of October, 1885, the limb was removed by one of the best Surgeons in the State of Pennsylvania. With my physician's approval I began taking Favorite Remedy.

"The result is beyond anything I expected, for I was a complete reservoir of blood poison, but the stump of my leg is entirely healed—healed by the purifying power of Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and I am a living wonder to all who saw me in other years and who see me now. Before using the favorite Remedy I was so constipated that my bowels seldom moved oftener than once in eight days during a period of forty years.

"To-day these troubles are all gone and I am a sound man—thanks to a merciful providence and Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy."

MEN AND WATCHES.

Something About Timekeepers—What Kind They Wear and Where They Wear Them—Interesting Things About Watches—How Time Flies.

Man's most constant and trustworthy companion is his watch. He rises by it in the morning—unless his bothersome wife performs the office of the watch and yanks him out of bed in a temper—eats his breakfast by it, and studies its face to see if there is aught on its countenance that says he won't get to work in time. After having pulled it from his pocket a number of times during the course of his breakfast, he gives it a last pull when through and is off. One last pull when he reaches his place of business to see if he's on time, and then the watch gets a rest most of the morning. Notwithstanding the fact that the owner has no use for it for awhile, the faithful watch continues to rub its hands over its face with tiresome monotony all morning, as it peacefully rests in the pocket of the vest.

If it's in a nervous man's pocket, the watch is very apt to feel a choking sensation every few minutes from 10:30 until the big hand catches up with its slow little neighbor for the twelfth time since midnight, for a nervous man will tug at the chain and pull out the watch a good many times between 10 o'clock and noon. When the noon hour comes, Mr. Watch is planted back in the vest pocket, and Mr. Man starts for dinner—unless he is one of those unfortunate devils who live so far from their work that they have to carry their lunch. One more tug as Mr. Man reaches home, to see if he's on time, and then several times more before he gets started back to work from his nooning. He works all afternoon, and along towards 5 o'clock, Mr. Watch is again called into service in much the same manner as at noon. At night it is kept busy and after Mr. Man has taken his last look at the white little face, he turns over and goes to sleep only to refer to the little companion the first thing in the morning.

This is all very well provided the watch is truthful and can be trusted. Nearly every watch of good make when it comes from the factory, is regulated and keeps correct time, but oftentimes through such an intimate relation with man, the little piece of mechanism contracts the human habit of falsifying, there's no end of trouble. An erratic watch can raise more Ned, and kick up more mischief that any bad boy that ever lived. Doubtless, you have had occasion to observe the truthfulness of that statement, when you depended upon your watch to catch a train.

Time was when time was divided into days, and things moved so slowly that smaller subdivisions were unnecessary. Canals were locomotives and the national timepiece was the sun. Improvements came and one of the first approaches towards a watch was the old sun-dial. The days were divided into hours, for the age grew faster. Hours had to be subdivided and half-hours and minutes came. Some years ago minutes were regarded as the smallest subdivisions of time, but the people lived faster and time became more valuable. Minutes were divided into seconds and a few years ago people didn't think of anything smaller than a minute. Now it is different. Watches have reached a higher degree of perfection and seconds and parts of seconds are recorded. Time regulates everything and everybody. With these lesser subdivisions of time man has become more exacting and particular. Things are regulated by minutes and seconds. Smith will say to Brown as he goes into a store—"Wait a second Brown, and I'll be out." Of course he means by that that he will consume no more time than necessary.

People are very particular about their watches nowadays. When Jones asks you the time you wouldn't think of saying "It's half past ten," when your watch says it's ten o'clock and 28 minutes. Women are very particular indeed and must have their tiny time-pieces exactly right—to the second.

As to the kind of watch Mr. Man wears you can't tell from the looks of Mr Man. Nor can you tell by the case what kind of works it has. Not so easy as you can tell the conditions of a man's insides by the expression on his face. If a man has the stomach ache his face frankly tells it—and his face can't conceal the fact that the man is bilious. But a watch may have good or bad insides and the face wears a sort of non-committal expression on its face. You can't tell a watch's mode of living from the face. Really if the faces of watches could say anything about their insides there is no doubt that the hands would be thrown up in holy horror.

It is interesting to walk into a jewelry store and look at the time-pieces hung up in the rack or case behind the watchmaker. Many there are and of quaint and curious designs. Brass, silver and gold. Of late years gold watches have taken the place largely of brass, nickel and silver chronometers, and of the watches worn perhaps the majority of gold. Many of these quaint old affairs, with such large open faces are heirlooms, or they wouldn't be worth the fixing.

The jewelers give checks for watches when left with them for repair, and they generally record the number of a watch, so that in case it is lost or stolen, the detective or the owner can learn the number of the works or case at the jeweler's. A watch is a great thing.

—Far better than the harsh treatment of medicines which horribly gripe the patient and destroy the coating of the stomach. Dr. J. H. McLean's Chills and Fever Cure, by mild yet effective action will cure. Sold at 50 cents a bottle.

Women's Home Missionary Society.

DETROIT, Oct. 28.—The Women's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States began its annual meeting in this city, this morning. Revs. Drs. Studley and McEldowney, of this city, delivered the addresses of welcome to which Mrs. William A. Ingham, of Cleveland, Mrs. M. P. R. Goff, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Col. Springer, of Anamosa, Ia., responded. Mrs. Hester Williams (colored), of New Orleans, responded by telling pathetically her experience as a slave and free woman. Mrs. Lucy Hayes, of Fremont, O., president of the society, read her annual report, which emphasized the need for the organization. This afternoon the reports of the treasurer and secretary were received. The receipts during the year, comprising cash and supplies, were $63,292.64, of which all but $3,692.88 has been expended in the work of the society.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

A Township Treasurer Beaten and Robbed.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 28.—J. L. Barkley, treasurer of Laurel township, Clermont county, O., came here early in September with $4,000 belonging to that corporation, and suddenly disappeared. To-day he was found wandering about the streets of this city in a dazed condition and taken to police headquarters. He had a depression in his skull evidently caused by a blow, and was slightly deranged. He told a vague story that he had been assaulted on the river bank, since which time he remembered nothing, except that he had been kept a prisoner by strangers, and was turned loose this morning. He could not say where the house was, except that it was in the vicinity of the river. He will be kept here under medical treatment until he is able to return to Laurel. He had less than $100 when taken to-day.

Rev. J. F. Austin is on trial before the Holston Conference of the M. E. church South for baptizing a women after she was dead.

CAPITAL PRIZE $75,000.

Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion.

L.S.L.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Quarterly Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard

J A Early

Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

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J. W. KILBRETH, Pres. State Nat'l Bk.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $550,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly, and the Extraordinary Drawings regularly every three months instead of Semi-Annually as heretofore.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. ELEVENTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS L, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, November 9, 1886—198th Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.

100,000 Tickets at Five Dollars Each. Fractions, in Fifths, in proportion.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1	CAPITAL PRIZE		$75,000
1	do	do	25,000
1	do	do	10,000
2	PRIZES OF	$6000	12,000
5	do	2000	10,000
10	do	1000	10,000
20	do	500	10,000
100	do	200	20,000
300	do	100	30,000
500	do	50	25,000
1000	do	25	25,000
	APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
9	Approximation Prizes of	$750	6,750
9	do	500	4,500
9	do	250	2,250
1967	Prizes, amounting to		$265,500

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address. POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed

M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.
or M. A. DAUPHIN,
Washington, D. C.

Make P. O. Money Orders payable and address Registered Letters to

NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
New Orleans, La.

Wanted Immediately.

15 young men and ladies of good character to learn telegraphy, at our Railroad School, and accept positions. Beware of snide schools. Send for particulars. MANN & RICHARDSON, Toledo, O.

A MONTREAL MYSTERY.

Death of a Widow Who Claims to Have Been Drugged and Kidnaped.

MONTREAL, Oct. 28.—This city has been thrown into a state of great excitement by the death, under mysterious circumstances, of a Mrs. Fanny Ward, a widow, aged 42 years. Her husband died about a year ago, leaving his wife and daughter in comfortable circumstances. Mrs. Ward, however, rented her house a short time ago and went to live at the Turkish bath institute.

On Monday week she left there, apparently in good health, without mentioning where she was going. Days elapsed, and there was no word from her. Her daughter asked the head of the institution if he knew where she had gone. The latter replied that he did not. Subsequently Miss Ward got a letter, purporting to be from her mother, in which it was stated that she was visiting certain friends, and that she need not be uneasy.

On Friday night about 12 o'clock Dr. Carter called at the institute, and stated that Mrs. Ward was at his place very ill, and wanting to see the manager. The latter replied that he was worn out with work, and he would come in the morning. Two hours afterward a cab drove to the door. Mrs. Ward was found therein in great distress. She immediately exclaimed, "Oh, God! I have been poisoned and kidnaped!"

She was put to bed, and every effort made to soothe her, but with little success. The statement made by Carter and by two medical students who had followed the cab was to the effect that at Beaver Hall hill, a woman in a carriage was heard crying, "Murder!" "Help!"

The woman begged to be taken out of the carriage, which contained also a man and woman, who, she alleged, wanted to take her to an "improper place." Carter lifted her out and placed her in his own carriage, she promising him any sum he liked if he would take her to the Turkish bath institute.

To the authorities of the institute the woman said that she had gone to a certain doctor's; that she had been drugged and ill-treated, and that she was being conveyed to an improper house by this man and his wife when she cried for help.

Dr. Crevier denies that he ill-treated or drugged the woman, but says that she came to his house and asked to be allowed to stay there, as she was ill. On Wednesday he gave her some morphine as a sedative and Mrs. Crevier was with her. On Tuesday night Mrs. Ward became worse, and she expressed a desire to be conveyed to Dr. McBean's, at the Turkish Bath institute. Dr. Crevier endeavored to persuade her not to go, telling her that in her condition removal might lead to her death. The woman replied that she would go on foot if he would not get her a carriage.

About 1 o'clock on Saturday morning, Dr. Crevier, Madame Crevier and Mrs. Ward got into a carriage and were driven toward the institute. At the top of Beaver Hill the woman leaped up, screamed, and insisted that she was betrayed.

She died at an early hour yesterday morning, retaining her consciousness to the last, but being unable to give a clear narrative of the incidents which had occurred during her absence from the institute. Dr. McBean, manager of the institute, has reported the matter to the authorities.

Russia and Bulgaria.

SOFIA, Nov. 1.—At the meeting of the Sobranje to-day M. Zikoff was elected presiding officer. The English and Italian agents attended the meeting.

Gen. Kaulbars has refused to accept the reply of the Regency to his ultimatum, and will leave Sofia. He threatens to bombard the barracks and government buildings at Varna if any opposition is offered to the debarkation of Russians at that place.

"The Three R's."

"What makes that little boy move so uneasily in his seat?" asked a visitor of the pretty schoolmistress.

"Oh, he is studying reading, writhing and arithmetic, and he is practising writhing now."

Publishers' Column.

IN THE MATTER OF SEWING MACHINES.

Thousands of the readers of the BLADE will buy a sewing machine this winter. What one will *you* buy? There are many good ones and many bad ones, some excellent for certain kinds of work, and good for nothing else, and so on. But all of them are sold at a high price, higher than they should be, and in most cases too high for the purse of the average woman.

The cause of these high prices is easily understood. It results from the method of selling. The manufacturer makes a state agent for his machine, who opens an expensive office in a large city, and he must have an enormous salary or large commissions to live at all. The state agent makes district agents, the district agents make county agents, and so between the manufacturer and the farmer's wife there are three commissions or profits, all of which the farmer's wife pays. This is why the cheapest machine, sold on that plan, cannot be sold for less than $35.

The BLADE does business in quite another way. The BLADE manufactures the best machine on the market. It is a machine built upon an entirely new principle, and well built. There is no trouble about the quality of the machine. Thousands of them are in use, and they give absolute satisfaction. (Read the two statements in advertisement on 5th page.) Now, this splendid machine, better for work and better in finish, than any now sold, the BLADE now sells for $18, and throws in the WEEKLY BLADE for one year. How can it be done? As easily as falling off a log. The BLADE Company employs no agents, but the machine passes directly from its own factory to the house of the purchaser. There are no agents between us and you, who have to be paid; there are no leeches to take the blood out of you. We want a small profit and get it, and you have all the rest.

It was to break the monopoly that the BLADE commenced this business, and it has succeeded.

Now what we want to say is this. If you want a machine that you may depend upon, and want it at a price that you can afford, send $18 to the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio, and you will receive one as soon as steam can carry it, and you will receive in addition, the BLADE one year. Moreover, if you want one this winter, make your order now. We shall be overrun next month with orders, and you may be delayed.

Remit now, and get your machine in time.

Address all letters to "BLADE," Toledo, Ohio.

THE BEST

SEWING MACHINE IN THE WORLD

IS THE

BLADE!

IT IS THE BEST,

IT IS THE CHEAPEST,

AND

IT IS THE HANDSOMEST.

Since the introduction of the Blade Machine, less than nine months ago, several thousands have been placed in as many homes. That they have given perfect satisfaction the following testimonials, which are only two out of thousnnds, abundantly show:

SOUTH SALEM, O., Aug. 6, 1886.

I received my machine all right several weeks ago. Have sewed a good deal on it. I think it is a good machine; have not had any trouble with it since it came; it makes a beautiful stitch. I have not tried all the attachments yet, but think I can. ELIZA M. KINGERY.

WILSY, KAS., July 17, 1886.

Your machine came to hand, and as represented to be in every respect. As far as I have tested it, it is very satisfactory. No machine that I have ever seen or used makes such an elegant stitch. I think, sirs, you deserve great commendation for placing such an excellent machine within reach of every one.

Respectfully, MAMIE STINE.

MACON, NEB., July 29, 1886.

The sewing machine arrived in good order several weeks ago. I have used it a great deal and am well pleased wish it. Every one tha has seen it, think it is nice. Will recommend the Blade machine to any one wanting a good machine. I had no trouble in learning to use the attachments. MAY F. LEIGHTON.

UNION CITY, PA., July 24, 1886.

I received my sewing machine a few weeks ago in good order. Found no difficulty in learning to use it. I can say that I consider it one of the best sewing machines in the market and take pleasure in recommending it as such to all my friends. MRS. S. D. BLAKELY.

Excellence is of course the first point, but price is almost as important. What good is the best machine if it is out of reach of the people? The Blade Machine was made to break the prices of this indispensible household adjunct. All of the monopoly machines sold through agents cost you from $35 upward. We sell direct to the people, a better machine, betrer finished and better in principle, for less than half. We give you the Blade Sewing Machine for $18, and send you the Weekly Blade one year.

If you want a machine order it at once. There will be a rush for it next month, and you should get in your order at once.

Remember the Blade Sewing Machine and the Weekly Blade One Year for $18.

The Machine is the best in the world. It is a new machine, upon an entirely new principle, and manufactured by ourselves in our own factory.

FULL SET OF ATTACHMENTS.

ADDRESS

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

SCIENCE OF A NEW LIFE.

The "SCIENCE OF A NEW LIFE," written by JOHN COWAN, M. D., is worth its weight in gold to every thoughtful Man and Woman, and has received the highest testimonials and commendations from leading medical and religious critics; has been heartily indorsed by all the leading philanthropists, and recommended to every well wisher of the human race.

TO ALL WHO ARE MARRIED,

Or are contemplating marriage, it will give information worth HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS, besides conferring a lasting benefit not only upon them, but upon their children. Every thinking man and woman should study this work. Any person desiring to know more about the book before purchasing it may send to us for our 16-page descriptive circular, giving full and complete table of contents. It will be sent free by mail to any address. The following is the table of contents:

Chapter I.—Marriage and its Advantages. Chapter II.—Age at which to Marry. Chapter III.—The Law of Choice. Chapter IV.—Love Analyzed. Chapter V.—Qualities the Man should Avoid in Choosing. Chapter VI.—Qualities the Woman should Avoid in Choosing. Chapter VII.—The Anatomy and Physiology of Generation in Woman. Chapter VIII.—The Anatomy and Physiology of Generation in Man. Chapter IX.—Amativeness—Its Use and Abuse. Chapter X.—The Prevention of Conception. Chapter XI.—The Law of Continence. Chapter XII.—Children—Their Desirability. Chapter XIII.—The Law of Genius. Chapter XIV.—The Conception of a New Life. Chapter XV.—The Physiology of Inter-Uterine Growth. Chapter XVI.—Period of Gestative Influence. Chapter XVII.—Pregnancy—Its Signs and Duration. Chapter XVIII.—Disorders of Pregnancy. Chapter XIX.—Confinement. Chapter XX.—Management of Mother and Child after Delivery. Chapter XXI.—Period of Nursing Influence. Chapter XXII.—Foeticide. Chapter XXIII.—Diseases Peculiar to Women. Chapter XXIV.—Diseases Peculiar to Men. Chapter XXV.—Masturbation. Chapter XXVI.—Sterility and Impotence. Chapter XXVII.—Subjects of which More might be Said. Chapter XXVIII.—A Happy Married Life—How Secured.

The book is a handsome 8vo. and contains over 400 Pages, with more than 100 Illustrations, and is sold at the following prices: English cloth, beveled boards, gilt side and back, $3; Leather, sprinkled edges, $3.50; Half Turkey Morocco, marbled edges, gilt back, $4. Sent by mail, securely sealed, to any address, on receipt of price. Send money by P. O. money order or registered letter at our risk. AGENTS WANTED, to whom we offer liberal terms. Send all orders and applications for an Agency to

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THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published seven different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman and Sheridan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther and John Calvin.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The four divines	65
The three generals	50
The entire set of seven	1 00

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

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Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

This magnificent steel engraving has sold more than any picture we have published. It is a magnificent work of art, and worthy any home. It is a steel engraving, engraved by John Andrew for the New England Congregational Society, at a cost of $20,000. It is a complete illustration of Bunyan's immortal work, representing 100 of the scenes therein. The picture was originally sold at $1,000, and cannot be bought in art stores to-day for less. We send it to any address securely packed and post-paid for $1.25, or the picture and the BLADE one year for $2.00. It is a splendid work of art and should be in every home.

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Send for free Catalogue of Books of Amusements, speakers, dialogues, card-games, fortune-tellers, dream books, debates, letter writers, etiquette, etc. DICK & FITZGERALD, 18 Ann street, New York.

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During the past year we have mailed a great many thousands of the famous

WATERBURY WATCHES

to our patrons, and they have almost universally given satisfaction.

Out of the enormous number mailed only a very small percentage have been found faulty, and as those were immediately sent back to us and either put in order or new ones sent, there has been practically no complaint.

The Waterbury Company warrant to us every watch we send; and therefore if one here and there does not perform according to guarantee, it is immediately replaced by one that will.

In making 1,500 a day of course there will be occasionally one that gets injured in going through the mails, but these are immediately made good.

There is less complaint about the Waterbury Watch than there is of any watch in the world.

As the manufacturers warrant them to us, we warrant them to our patrons. Every faulty watch is made good as soon as it can be got around in the mails.

The price of the Waterbury Watch is always and everywhere $3.50. They can not be bought anywhere for less. We do this: The WEEKLY BLADE one year and the Waterbury Watch, $3.50. Which is to say you get the BLADE at its price and the batch for a dollar less than its price, or the Watch at its price and the BLADE for nothing. We are making you a present of a dollar in either event, and you are getting the best family paper in the world and the best time piece.

Enclose $3.50 to

BLADE, Toledo, O.

and secure one of these superb Watches and the BLADE for one year.

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For the Winter.

The following books are of our own publication and give a variety of pleasant reading and valuable information that no family should be without. We make prices less than half of book-store prices, and we prepay postage to your very door. Whether for family reading or presents to your friends, every reader of the BLADE should order a copy of each. Order one copy first, to see how much we give for the money, after which you will be sure to order the whole list:

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A Story of Southern Prisons.

This book by John McElroy, who was 18 months in Andersonville and other Southern prisons, has had a sale enjoyed by but very few. It is a record of the author's terrible experience in those hells upon earth, and is written in a style that is absolutely fascinating. It is the only true record of the sufferings endured by our soldiers, in the military prisons. Regular price, $3. We now send it by mail for $1.25. A new edition just out. Every soldier and every soldier's son should read this wonderful book.

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The travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Profusely illustrated; 700 pages. Original price $3.50. Present price, postpaid by mail, $1.25, or with BLADE one year, $2.10.

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another book for the young of both sexes, by the same author. All the forms and observances of good society, with the reasons for and the philosophy thereof, are plainly stated. Every young person should have this book, as well as a great many old ones. Price, $1.00, postpaid by mail, or with BLADE one year, $1.85.

BLADE, Toledo, O.

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Remember, there is only one Godey's, and you can have it for one year for $2.00.

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Jenny June's Society Letters commence IN JANUARY GODEY

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ROCKFORD STEM-WINDING WATCH

Only, $15.00.

WARRANTED TO WEAR 20 YEARS.

STEM-WINDER AND SETTER.

ELGIN OR WALTHAM WATCH, $14.00.

We wish to call the attention of the readers of this journal to the celebrated Rockford quick train watch with all the latest improvements, such as pat. safety pinion, genuine compensation balance, which makes it impossible for variation of temperature to affect its time-keeping. It is a quick train making 18,000 beats to the hour, which gives it advantages over the slow-beat watches with which the market is flooded. We do not claim it to be as cheap as the many worthless imported watches, but do claim it to be the best watch for the money ever offered in this country, and one that ordinarily retails for $35.00. The handsome cases are genuine gold-filled, manufactured of two plates of solid gold overlaying a plate of composition metal and is warranted by me to wear for twenty years. I know that this watch will meet with and grow in favor as its merits and good qualities become known.

For centuries it was supposed that the delicate machinery required for watches, could only be made by the hands of the most skillful and careful workmen, and watches, consequently, commanded higher prices. They were a luxury to be indulged in only by the rich, while the rest of the people were forced to rely on the town clock for the time of day.

It remained for Yankee brains and Yankee ingenuity to dispel this idea, and to convince the world that as good watches could be made by machinery as by hand, and offered at such prices as brought them within the means of the commonest mechanics and laborers. Thanks to the mechanical genius of America, watches are no longer a luxury, but have been brought within the reach of all.

At the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia the Swiss Commissioner, Mr. Ed. Favre Perret bought one of the Rockford watches for his own pocket, and in his celebrated speech before the Horological Society of Geneva, commented upon its qualities as follows:

At my arrival at Geneva, I showed the watch to one of our first adjusters, who asked permission to take it down, in other words to take it to pieces. I, however, wished first to observe it, and here is the result which I noted: Hanging daily variation 1½ seconds; variation in different positions from 4 to 8 seconds in the heated room; the variation was very slight. Having thus observed it, I handed the watch to the adjuster who took it down. After the lapse of a few days he came to me and said, word for word: I am completely overwhelmed; the result is incredible: one would not find one such watch among fifty thousand of our manufacture. This watch, gentlemen, I repeat to you I took at hazard—out of a heap as we say. You understand from this example that a Rockford watch may be preferred to a Swiss. I have finished, gentlemen, and I have told you of things such as I have seen them. From the foregoing exhaustive description of the Rockford watches it is easy to perceive that they are the standard for accuracy of time, durability and perfection of mechanism, by which all other makes in Europe and America are judged, and we point with pride to the many advantages secured by the fortunate possessor of a Rockford watch over any other form made.

The trite saying of good Bishop Berkeley, "Westward the course of empire takes its way," is daily verified by events. Not least significant among these is the fact that the State Department at Washington has just purchased a number of Rockford Quick Train Railroad watches to be given by the President to captains of foreign vessels, in testimony of our government's appreciation of their gallantry in saving the lives of American seamen. A few years ago Geneva watches only would have been considered good enough for such a purpose. Now, among many competitors, the movements made at this far-western factory are selected as being the best examples of human skill in delicate handiwork.—*The Chicago Times.*

The country is flooded with cheap watches, called watches only because they tick. That there is no surplus of good watches is signally emphasized in the career of the Rockford Watch Company which began in 1876 with ten movements per day, and now turns out daily 400 of its Quick Train Watches, which are used on the United States Coast Survey, in the National Observatory and for any difficult service.—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

One of the most noticeable instances of rapid progress in business is that afforded by Wm. Williams, 121 Halsted St. Mr. Williams has by honorable methods and close attention to business built up one of the best city and country trades in Chicago, receiving daily by mail orders for the celebrated Rockford watches. Being an extensive dealer and manufacturer of watches, he can undersell any competitor. Popular prices prevail in every department and all goods are warranted in every particular. Mr. Williams is highly esteemed in commercial circles for his many excellent qualities and strict integrity, and justly merits the success which is attending his well directed efforts.—*Chicago Evening Telegram.*

I wish to put you on your guard, as there are numerous irresponsible firms advertising cheap watches that are worthless as time-keepers. A printed form or fac-simile of certificate of guarantee accompanying every watch purchased from me: "The watch purchased from me by .... is *patent gold-filled case, warranted to wear for 20 years, No. ..... genuine Rockford stem-wind works No. .....* and a valuable time-keeper, which I hereby guarantee and agree to keep in good order for one year under fair usage. WILLIAM WILLIAMS." This certificate is binding upon me, being an absolute guarantee, and for which I at all times hold myself responsible.

MY GRAND OFFER.—On receipt of $15.00 and this advertisement, I hereby agree to forward by registered mail to any address, all charges prepaid, one of the above described watches and a beautiful silk guard, all securely packed in a strong casket. I can only send a limited number of these watches at price named, and in order to protect myself from jewelers and speculators ordering in large numbers, hence I require you to cut this advertisement out and send it to me with your order, that I may know you are entitled to the benefit of this offer. Under no circumstances will I send more than one watch at above price to any one person, and if others are desired I will furnish them at regular prices. If you do not want a watch yourself, you can sell it to some neighbor and make a handsome profit. Many of my agents sell these watches for $25.00 to $50.00. Send money by Registered Letter, P. O. Money Order or Draft, or I will send watch C. O. D., with privilege of examination, on receipt of $1.00 as a guarantee for express charges. If you have any friends carrying a Rockford watch, I refer you to them for their excellence and good time. Can furnish you the Elgin or Waltham watches in above gold-filled case for $14.00. As to my reliability I refer you to any business house in Chicago, or to your bank or to the publishers of this journal. If you desire the above watch ladies' size, same price. Address,

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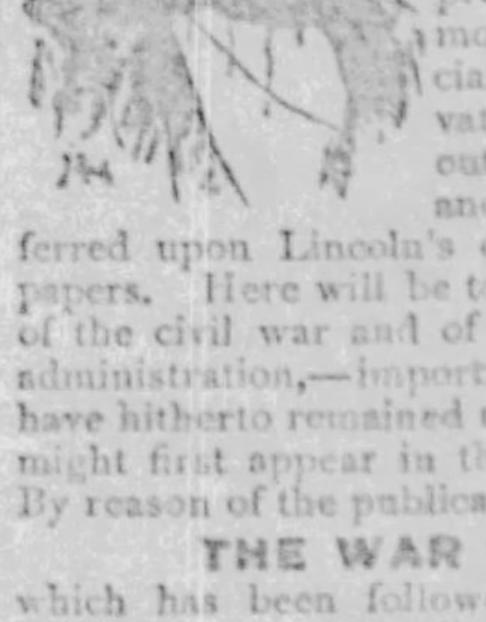

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THE WAR SERIES,

which has been followed with unflagging interest by a great audience, will occupy less space during the coming year, but will by no means be entirely omitted. Stories of naval engagements, prison life, etc., will appear.

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include a novel by Frank R. Stockton, two novelettes by George W. Cable, stories by Mary Halleck Foote, "Uncle Remus," Edward Eggleston, and other American authors.

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(with illustrations) include a series of articles on affairs in Russia and Siberia, by George Kennan, author of "Tent Life in Siberia," who has just returned from a most eventful visit to Siberian prisons; papers on the Labor Problem; English Cathedrals; Dr. Eggleston's Religious Life in the American Colonies; Men and Women of Queen Anne's Reign, by Mrs. Oliphant; Clairvoyance, Spiritualism, Astrology, etc.; Astronomical papers; articles on Bible History, etc.

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR

HOME TALKS.

COURSE IN FRENCH HISTORY.

Some time ago a member of the Household wrote a very urgent request to publish a course in French History in the Blade, similar to one given some time ago in English. A multiplicity of duties having prevented its preparation, it was put off from day to day. A week or two ago, however, I wrote a letter to Mrs. F. D. Jermain, the accomplished librarian of the Toledo Public Library, asking her if she knew where I could obtain the skeleton of one, if nothing more, as I found it impossible to give the time for the necessary labor.

In reply she sent the following, which is so good that I append it without change or addition, though it was only designed by the writer, excellent as it is, as an aid, and not as a finished course:

"With regard to a course of French history," she says, "I should like first to know whether the reader wishes to take a scientific or philosophic study of events or simply a glance over the field, as the list I should give would be different. In the latter case (and I may say in *any case*) I should advise as first steps "Guizot's Popular History of France" I do not know a history of any country covering so long a period given in a form so likely to interest the general reader, of the same dignity and character. Closing with these volumes, which take the reader through the reign of Louis Sixteenth, the study may be resumed in the second volume of "Wright's Illustrated History of France" down to the year 1861. Or, what would be better, on the laying down of Guizot, would be taking up the succeeding periods of French history, from the best authorities—as "The French Revolution," "The Consulate and Empire," "The Restoration of Monarchy in France," "The Reign of Louis Philippe," "The Second Empire and the Franco-Prussian War."

In the reading of history occasional steps aside, either to romance, or for reference to more voluminous works, often serve to emphasize facts and vivify characters and events. It also often happens that certain works recommended are not accessible. Again, taking some general history of a country and then comparatively and topically from other authorities, is by all means the best way of reading history.

Of desirable works to be read, or for reference, during this historical course, I add the following list, classified by periods. Thus for

GENERAL HISTORIES,

Guizot's "Popular History of France;"

Lacombe's "Short History of the French People;"

Sir James Stephens's "Lectures on the History of France;"

Ranke's "Civil Wars in France;"

EARLIEST PERIOD TO LOUIS ELEVENTH.

Thierry's "History des Gaulois."

Or, review of this "History" in *Westminster Review* for April, 1872.

Guizot's "History of Civilization in France."

Bulfinch's "Legends of Charlemagne."

Montalembert's "Monks of the West."

Fauriel's "Southern Gaul under the Germans."

Palgrave's "Normandy."

Guizot's essay on St. Louis in "Great Christians of France."

Scott's "Count Robert of Paris" for the first Crusade.

Scott's "Talisman" for the third crusade with glimpse of Philip Augustus.

PERIOD II.—LOUIS ELEVENTH TO LOUIS FOURTEENTH.

Kirk's "Charles the Bold," or,

Freeman's essay on this history.

"Memoirs of Philip de Commines."

Scott's "Quentin Durward."

Scott's "Anne of Geirstein."

Lives of "Jean of Arc." Of these, "Jean the Maid," by Harriet Parr, is said to be the best. Lamartine sketch in "Memoirs of Celebrated Characters," and "Joan the Maid," by Tuckey, are also good.

Pardoe's "Court and Reign of Francis I."

Simms's "Life of Chevalier Bayard."

At this point a study of

LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLIES

In France may be taken up, of which the following are high authorities:

Sir James Stephens's "Lectures on the History of France."

Thierry's "Tiers Etat," or "Third Estate," (best.)

FOR WARS OF THE LEAGUE READ:

Lingard, in "History of England," for the Catholic view.

Buckle's "History of Civilization," which criticizes Catholics and Protestants alike.

Ranke's "Civil Wars in France."

White's "Massacre of St. Bartholomew," for the Protestant view.

In this connection also, though carrying the subject to the revocation of the edict of Nantes, read:

Baird's "Rise of the Huguenots in France."

Delmas' "Huguenots of La Rochelle."

Baird's "Hugenots" and "Henry of Navarre."

Also "Lives of Henry of Navarre," and Macaulay's "Battle of Ivry."

The regency of Marie de Medici is well described in Dumas's "Three Guardsmen."

I suppose the novels of G. P. R. James, which give a view of many historical characters, might be mentioned, but should prefer the histories to these.

For "Wars of the Fronde," read Dumas's "Twenty Years After."

"Memoirs of Mademoiselle," ("Le Grande Mademoiselle," of whom also Madame de Sevigne writes with such wit and grace. Another charming glimpse of this lady comes in Higginson's Atlantic essays. "Mademoiselle's Campaigns."

Of Richelieu and Mazarin read Perkin's "France under Mazarin, with a review of Richelieu." Robson's "Life of Richelieu," or Pres. White's essay upon the great Cardinal in the *Atlantic Monthly* of May, 1862.

If Guizot is not sufficient for life of Louis Fourteenth, there is always Pardoe's life of that monarch; also, Smile's "Huguenot's of France," after the "Revocation of the edict of Nantes."

PERIOD—FRENCH REVOLUTION AND FIRST EMPIRE.

Lamartine's "History of the Girondists."

DeTocqueville's Essay on France before the Revolution, published in the *Westminster Review* for April, 1836.

Yonge's "Life of Marie Antoinette," or other lives of this unfortunate lady.

Thiers' "History of the French Revolution; (said to be the most popular in France).

Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution." This it is suggested should not be read as a history but as a condiment to go with other histories.

Mignet's "History of the French Revolution," which is excellent.

Morris' "History of the French Revolution;" ("Epochs of Modern History").

Von Sybel and Quinet are both mentioned as the most judicious of writers on this period.

Also, Thiers's "Consulate and Empire."

Of Lives of Napoleon there is a multiplicity, but few to recommend.

Scott's "Life of Napoleon" and "Memoirs of Madame de Rennesat" are simply atrocious;

Abbott's "Life of Napoleon" is absurdly eulogistic, but interesting;

Hazlitt's "Life of Napoleon" is that of a zealous champion;

Lanfrey's "Study of Napoleon" is strong but severe;

"Jomini and Napier" are the best authorities of his military career;

"Guizot's Memoirs" in chapter 1st, *Atlantic Monthly* for April and May, 1858, give striking pictures of France during the last days of Napoleon's career. Also, in De Tocqueville's "Memoirs," there is an admirable chapter on France before the Consulate. Other writers who perhaps deserve mention before many of these given, are Louis Blanc, Taine, Michelet, Simon, Capefigue, Hugo, Las Casas, Madame de Stael, Metternich, Talleyrand, and many others. The novels of Erckmann—Chatrian of this period are trustworthy and charming.

FROM NAPOLEON TO PRESENT DATE.

Lamartine—"History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France;"

Louis Blanc—"Life of Louis Philippe;"

Guizots's—"Life of Louis Philippe;"

Guizots's—"Memoirs;"

De Tocqueville—"Memoirs;"

"Memoirs of Prince Metternich 1773-1835;"

Kinglake—First Chapter of "Crimean war;"

Bagehot—"Letters from Paris;"

"Tenot's Coup d' etat of Napoleon 3d;"

Jerrold's "Life of Napoleon III."

Schmucker's "Public and Private History of Napoleon III."

Hazen's "Schools and Army of Germany."

Michelet's "France before Europe."

Simon's "Government of M. Thiers."

Busch's "Bismarck in the Franco-German War."

Forbes's "My Experience of the War between France and Germany."

Rae's "Men of the Third Republic."

King's "French Political Leaders."

"I suppose you will miss many brilliant writers from this list who should be included. Please attribute any lack of this kind to a hesitation in making the list longer or to the distractions of imperious duties. F. D. Jermain.

As will be seen, a very fair knowledge of French History may be gathered from this course. Where all of the books cannot be obtained, a choice may be made, and the idea still carried out to the end.

Fewer romances are recommended than were given in the English course, but I think that the course is sufficiently long and comprehensive to satisfy general readers. Emily S. Bouton.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Stork on White Velvet or Black Velveteen.—A very pretty design for a Christmas wall banner, panel or screen, is a stork painted on the white artists' velvet or on a good quality of black velveteen. The pattern of large stork will cost 40 cents. The medium quality of white artists' velvet $2 per yard. Good black velveteen $1 per yard. One bottle spirits of turpentine and the following brushes and colors will be needed: Two brushes—the red sable are the best; Nos. 7 and 9 are good sizes.

Cut these brushes with sharp scissors on the sides and at the point until they are firm and stubby; this will enable you to paint with greater facility on either velvet or velveteen. You will also need a common bank pen and ordinary holder.

Colors.—Chrome yellow, Kremmitz white, ivory black, chrome green, black lead, Chinese vermillion.

The black lead will not be needed if you intend to paint on black velveteen. It is used for making a shadow background on the artist's velvet. It is also very good for sketching on any white goods.

Having stamped designs on goods, then fasten it neatly and firmly to painting board. We will suppose first that the design is to be placed on black velveteen.

First paint the entire design white, using the medium-size brush, dipping brush first in turpentine, and then in your white paint. This wash or body color will dry almost as soon as applied. Then the stork may be painted in its natural tints. Paint the bill with the pure Chinese vermillion; paint the legs and claws also with the vermillion. The eye should be a yellow dot, made with an outline brush, held almost perpendicular in the hand. Around the eye proper draw a circle of the ivory black. The rest of the bird may now be done with the pen. Around the eye, throat and neck, no farther painting is required than the wash, or body color first given. Now take out some of the Kremmitz white paint, using it just as it comes from the tube. Take it up on the pen, shovel-fashion; with a small cloth wipe off the back and edges of the pen clean. Then place your pen down on the goods, hold firmly and draw towards you. This makes the Kensington, or feather stitch. In white, paint the upper part of the body, breast and wings. The tips of the wings and the tail are to be painted in ivory black.

The reeds and grasses growing out of the water are painted with the chrome green. Make a lighter shade of green by adding a very little yellow.

As to the water, this cannot on fabrics be painted as effectively as in landscape work.

To white, add a little green, and also a little blue, and with this make undulating strokes from side to side, making these after the other work is dry.

For painting on the white velvet, a shadow of the black lead must be thrown around the entire bird. To do this, dip the brush in a very little of the color, then in turpentine. Then with light, rapid strokes go entirely around the stork; this will throw it up in relief on the white goods.

It is of course understood that the work is begun directly on the goods, without painting a body color. Questions in regard to painting answered if stamp is sent for reply.—E. S. L. Thompson, Winchester, Ind.

Toilet Set.—I promised to bring directions for making toilet set, and here they are: Use velvet for foundation, any desired color, (black is pretiest), and size to suit dresser and cushion. Cut off in 22 point pieces No 4 rick rack braid enough to cover regularly and closely. Join neatly, and bind to the velvet in rings. Fill centers with French knots of yellow silk floss. Finish edges with narrow ribbon or torchon, or simply pink, and you will have what is called "fence ring daisies," really a very handsome and inexpensive toilet set.

Those who have old white, threadbare tablecloths, and are in need of curtains for dining-room, can make very pretty ones by cutting from cretonne or calico leaves or flowers and sewing on irregularly with a Blade—any other sewing machine will answer, I suppose. The curtains are original; the toilet set I saw among the beauties at the Woman's Exchange. I have other useful and pretty articles, made of odds and ends, which I would like to tell you about, but will not encroach on time or space. I think the Household is becoming more interesting all the time. Peace to the ashes of the "short hair" question. May it never be resurrected, is the hope of—Nell, Decatur, Ill.

The Household will be very glad to have descriptions of the "useful and pretty articles" spoken of, and hopes "Nell" will send them along.—Ed.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Elvina Lace—Cast on 15 stitches.—1st row: k 2—to 2—p 2 tog—k 1—to 2—n—k 8; 2d row: k 9—k 1—p 1—k 1—to 2—p 2 tog—k 2; 3d row: k 2—to 2—p 2 tog—k 12; 4th row: k 12—to 2—p 2 tog—k 2; 5th row: k 2—to 2—p 2 tog—k 1—to 2—n—to 2—n—k 7; 6th row: k 8—k 1—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 1—to 2—p 2 tog—k 2; 7th row: k 2—to 2—p 2 tog—k 14; 8th row: k 14—to 2—p 2 tog—k 2; 9th row: k 2—to 2—p 2 tog—k 1—to 2—n—to 2—n—to 2—n—k 7; 10th row: k 8—k 1—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 1—to 2—p 2 tog—k 2; 11th row: k 2—to 2—p 2 tog—k 17; 12th row: bind off to 14 stitches on left-hand needle—knit 10—to 2—p 2 tog—k 2. Put thread over twice always before seaming two together, knit the "thread over twice" as two stitches.—Mrs. J. C. Meins, The Dalles, Ore.

"*Jacob's Ladder Lace*"—Cast on 10 Stitches.—1st row: k 3—to 2—p 2 tog—k 1—to 2—n—k 1; 2d row: k 5—p 1—k 1—to 2—p 2 tog—k 3; 3d row: like the 1st instead of k 1—k 2; 4th row: like the 2d instead of k 1—k 2; 5th row: like the first instead of k 1—k 3; 6th row: like the 2d instead of k 1—k 3; 7th row: like the 1st instead of k 1—k 4; 8th row: like the 2d instead of k 1—k 4; 9th row: like the 1st instead of k 1—k 5; 10th row: like the 2d instead of k 1—k 5; 11th row: k 3—to 2—p 2 tog—k 10; 12th row: bind off all but 10—k 4—to 2—p 2 tog—k 3.—Mrs. Kate Bostick.

To Knit a Knee in a Child's Stocking.—Directions have been given before for this but as they have been again asked for, our correspondent has kindly sent them, and we insert them a second time.—Ed.

Cut from the stocking the worn part as far each way as you wish to put in new, taking care to cut the stitches even; ravel across the lower part and take up stitches on knitting needle, taking up enough stitches to lap nicely on each side. Then knit as for a stocking heel until the desired length. When long enough take off first stitch without knitting, knit one, slip first one over, so on until last one pull through and fasten securely. Take fine yarn, color of stocking, (Saxony is best) overcast it down carefully, if the stocking is faded, dip in weak diamond dye before knitting the new knee. If I have made it plain enough I am sure you will be pleased with your labor. Some one asked how to knit twisted stitch; will tell them if they still wish it, but I fear this is already too long. —Patience.

Correspondence.

More of my Trials.—No. 3.—I was glad when the mother was restored to health, and could relieve me of the responsibility of her child; for though I have told of nothing but the care of the child, I had more. I had mostly the care of the sick woman, and the thousand and one turns to do about the house, that women call "nameless turns," little matters, that, though they seem trivial, add greatly to the comfort of a household if properly timed and attended to, and if not attended to ruin comes into the house and takes its seat as if at home. And I felt as if I had three times the number of nerves that was my allotment, and they were all aching at once. It is my candid opinion that mothers should care for their children when their health allows them to do so—that unless some necessity exists for such a course they should not intrust them to servants and hirelings; though in many cases servants have proved faithful and true, even unto death—have even risked and lost their lives for the little one they had in charge that, though not their own, they loved tenderly. They were, perhaps, exceptional characters. Every one that works for hire is not highly gifted, and some who might have been good and true under other circumstances, are not so under those which surround them.

I think that I hear you ask what my reward was for my service during that family trial. It was simply to be emphatically informed by the little boy's mother, when she was able to sit at the table, as usual, that I was not obliged to do everything that he wished me to do, that she did not. A nice thing for her and the child that she did not humor all his whims. Children must be controlled or become wrecks upon life's ocean. The more intellectual the child the more stern the necessity for a firm, kindly guiding hand; for genius is erratic and wandering, and if it goes astray it will go farther than plain common sense, and no return need be expected, for it will never come.

"Why did I not control my little charge?" you ask. I had no right to do so farther than to keep him from wrong or harm. God's command is that children shall obey their parents, but He never said that they should obey and honor every one and any one with whom they meet; and children have sacred rights that should never be, under any pretense, invaded. . . . . . If mothers must have servants let them be the pure and true, for a child never forgets the nursery story, the nursery song, never. —Moss Rose.

Tired of It.—May I say just a word, please? First impressions are lasting with some, so don't set me down as a grumbler the first thing.

I am disgusted, and I have no doubt but a great many are with this eternal prating about "spending money for women." One seldom picks up a paper now-a-days but one sees such queries as "What can I do to earn a little money so as not to be dependent on my husband for every cent." "Please tell me about poultry raising." "I think it degrading to have to beg for money to dress myself." These and hundreds of kindred expressions we meet every day. Poor, deluded people there are in this world. What a strange way of thinking some of these sisters have!

Did you you ever hear of one of a firm of bankers being "dependent upon the cashier for every cent?" Did ever a banker or one who had an interest in the bank think it at all degrading to present an order or check to be cashed?

This is my opinion of the "marriage vow:" It is like incorporating a business. It closes the contract, and the contracting individuals become a firm, the man—by right of being a man—becoming cashier and treasurer. What better arrangement could be made? Would you have the wife carry the purse? Hardly; for most likely you know a family where it is done that way.

Some say they only think their husbands thoughtless, while others believe their husbands think they have no judgment about money matters.

If their husbands are thoughtless, as they believe, are they going at them in the right way when they make their shortcomings public? Suppose your husband saw that query of yours when it was published, sister mine,—and of course he did see it—what do you imagine he thought of his little wife at home? Was he any more thoughtful? When you met him at the door that night, was there as much love in the kiss he gave you as there had been previously? Don't you think he felt just a little hurt? I think—I know some men and some women, also, are misjudged, even by their "life partners."

My ideal wife would come to me when she wanted money just as though she were presenting a check, and say, "Timothy, I've subscribed for a book to-day, and I want to go up town, and want some money, please." And I would inspect and see how much cash there was in the treasury, and, at least, divide.

Don't think I'm making a plea for the men—I'm not. I think a woman should have her part of the money, but there is more than one way of obtaining your part. I think if a husband and wife can't arrange things amicably, no one else can for them.

Don't judge me as a husband, or as a man at all, or you might not hit it exactly. I believe in woman's rights—right to be a true wife, mother and sister, right to be the sweetest of God's creatures. These are the rights of some, while some are denied these rights even.—Tim.

Cannot some one answer the above? It is vulnerable to attack.—Ed.

Anti-Gossip Society.—Will the members of the Household welcome one, who, with trembling and fear, wishes to join them? One who for a couple of years, has been enjoying Miss Bouton's articles, and their chats? I have a great many times just ached to join in the discussion, but have not until now, been able to persuade myself but what my say would only be a superfluity. A now, perhaps, will reach the editor, before this, other letters, better written, and amounting to the same. But for all those forbodings, no great fear of the waste-basket overtakes me, for I'm one of those people whom failure only makes to go at it with a more dogged determination, and though I generally perceive my contemporaries to have far outrun me, I feel a great satisfaction, while bringing up the rear, in the consciousness that I'm nearer the mark than when I started.

Now, if the editor don't get disgusted and give me a chance to try again, I'll tell you what overcame fear. It was the desire to see an Anti-Gossip society started. It seems to me of much more importance that this evil should be checked than that of slang. What harm in comparison can a little slang do? (gossip never stops at a little.) Idle tales will have all the harmful effect upon the parties participating that slang can; then there's the often innocent subject whom it may make miserable; but not stopping here it is apt to stir the whole neighborhood into hatred, strife and jealousy. I always did hate to make the opening speech. I hope some of you will take hold of the matter and give it its deserts.—Anti-Gossip.

Let "Anti-Gossip" form such a society in her own town and then write and tell the Household of her success.—Ed.

Our Daughters as Servants.—It is just a year since I saw the Blade, and I think it the best paper I ever saw or read. I have been very much interested in "Home Talks" and correspondents' columns.

Really, I think I can give some correct ideas about young girls—American girls—working out as servants, having occasionally tried my hands at the business, although years ago, and now, sometimes, my daughters are persuaded to assist at housework for other people, and I know the trouble to be, in most cases, simply this: Our daughters are not trained to be servants, no matter how economical we must be to support our families, no matter how large, or for any reason, whatever. We American mothers pride ourselves upon bringing up our children as respectfully and mannerly, with as good, steady, trustworthy principles as the richest in the land. We all have rich relatives with whom we are upon terms of familiarity, besides schoolmates, neighbors, friends, and our children are thrown in the society of the cultivated, when at home, then as they grow older and begin to see the struggle of their parents and the effort it costs them to clothe and school them, they are very naturally anxious to take care of themselves, and what a change, when compelled to work for others at housework. For instance, my youngest daughter, 14, went to a wealthy farmer's, and at first the whole family ate in the kitchen, and the farmer and wife, two young daughters and son, three or four hired men and my daughter sat at the same table at the same time. After a few weeks some relatives from New York city, formerly farmers' sons and daughters, arrived to visit the country cousins. Of course, immediately the extra table linen, the nice china, the silverware, etc., were placed upon a table in the sitting room, the hired men and girl had their dinner in the kitchen? Can you see how a well-bred child would feel. Had they been brought up like serfs, they would have not felt it, they were all well-bred enough to have excused themselves from the first table, yet they resented being treated as a lower order of beings, simply because they were working for pay. That is the greatest trouble with American girls as servants and house-maids.

Well, says some one, isn't that educating them above their station in life. Is it? Surely? Can that be possible? Are not the Americans doing all they can to lift all people and all classes of people, rich and poor, high and low to the very highest standard in scholarship, in statesmanship, in citizenship, and in everything and in everyway? Even if our young daughters do resent the supercillious way in which they are treated when at work for wages for the wealthy, would we have them do otherwise if to do so was to lose the good sterling principles we have instilled into their minds? True, we often do not get credit for educating our children aright, for we are too often judged by our own and our children's clothing, the quality and style, yet oftener than otherwise, that is a fault of our purse rather than of our taste or judgment.—Hadassah.

Inquiries.

I have two years' (1882 and 1883) numbers of the "Youths' Companion" which I would like to give away. Does any one know of a Childs' Home or Hospital that would like to have them? Or, if any one who is keeping their papers would like my numbers that I have, I will send them, provided they pay postage. Address Box 354, Salina, Kan.

I wanted very much to make the Antique Lace (crocheted) in Blade of September 23, but could get no further than 2d row. I wonder if any one else found it plain?—Mrs. L. S. R.

Will some one tell me what will take glycerine out of my carpet? I have washed it with soap suds, but it does not come out. —Maggie.

Will some one send directions how to prepare feathers for a wreath, that is, to get the oil out so as to color or paint them? Also, I would like to have some one send the recipe to make the composition such as we buy of the druggist.—Anna S.

Would you or one of your many correspondents please give the directions for making hair chain, through the columns of "Fancy Work and House Decoration?" It is immaterial to me which pattern, flat or round. I see some time has passed since a correspondent asked for directions which I thought I would get without troubling you.—A Reader.

Can any of the members of the Household department tell me where I can get a good boy 10 or 11 years old; will give a good one a permanent home; want him to drive cows to and from pasture and do chores for me; will give such an one a good home, good clothes, and send him to school. Write to Mrs. Mattie L. Sharp, Stanton, Fayette county, Ohio.

Will some reader of the Household give directions for putting shellac and varnish on articles, such as shopping-bags, baskets, etc., made of macrame cord?

I would also like know how the shellac is prepared (as we can not get it already prepared in our town) and what kind of varnish to use.—Bessie, Oneida, Ill.

This question has been delayed in its appearance, until we fear "Bessie" has become utterly discouraged. The answer may, however, help some one else, so the inquiry is inserted.—Ed.

I would like to inquire through your valuable paper, if any of its many readers live where no person has asthma.

We left home and dear friends and came away out here to Nebraska, because our son was so seriously afflicted with that trouble. When we had lived here a year and a half and he never had it, we thought this the place for us notwithstanding the privations and disadvantages of a new country, but now he has it so badly, we must seek a home in a more congenial clime, but where shall we go?

Where is the location, where no one is afflicted with this distressing complaint? If any one knows I should like to correspond with them.—Mrs. H. Williams, Humpback, Neb.

Answers to Inquiries.

I want to thank "Aunt Nancy" for her doughnut recipe in the Blade of September 30. I think they are boss. Can any of the Blade readers, or the editor, tell me what is good for tartar on the teeth. I have three lower front teeth that are quite loose from the effects of it, and at times very painful. The tartar seems to be at the roots of jawbone.—Sockery.

Go to your dentist and have it taken off, and your teeth carefully cleaned. Then get a little powdered pumice stone, and take a small stick flattened at the end, and every few days dip it in the water and then in the powder, and rub your teeth carefully, taking care to get close to the gum. Put a few drops of Turkish myrrh in a little water, and rinse the teeth thoroughly everyday. This will harden the gums.

All this, however, will not entirely prevent the trouble, unless you get your stomach in good order, for acidity there is the cause of the collection of the tartar. Care in your diet is the great essential. I would advise you to send a dollar to the Locke Publishing Company, Toledo, O., and get "Health and Beauty," then follow out its directions, and you will soon see an improvement.—Ed.

Will you be so kind as to tell me through the Blade where I can get the oil of butternut? I have tried to get it at the best drug stores in Detroit, but they don't keep it, and I thought perhaps you would know if any one did, as I want it very badly.—Mrs. O. C. Irish.

You will not be likely to obtain it at any retail stores outside of the larger Eastern cities, and even there hickory-nut oil, which is much easier manufactured, is frequently substituted when butter-nut is called for. Your best way is to have a druggist in whom you have confidence, send to a wholesale house and get it for you.—Ed.

Will some one please tell me what will remove hair from my arm so that it will stay removed?—Birdie.

The only known way of removing superfluous hair permanently is to have it taken out by electricity, but it would be a long and tedious operation to have performed upon your arms.—Ed.

Can you inform me through the columns of your valuable paper where Ehrich's Fashion Quarterly is published?—Nebraska Reader.

In New York city.—Ed.

I can give following remedy for ivy poison to George Ives, Como, Cal.: Make a strong solution of unslacked lime and water and bathe the parts poisoned. Another is this: Take 1 cent's worth of sugar of lead and put it into about two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk; let it dissolve on the back part of the stove, and then with a soft linen or cotton rag apply to the poisoned part. If very bad, make the solution stronger. Apply hot. This is safe and sure.—Ida.

Recipes.

Putting Up Fruit.—I find inquiries about the use of salicylic acid for putting up fruit, and as they differ so much from my recipe, I thought I would send mine, which I have used and know to be good: One dr. of salicylic acid (in powder), to 6 qts. of fruit. Heat the fruit as for canning, remove from the fire and stir the acid in dry; then put in stone jars and tie up the same as preserves to be used at pleasure. I use sugar only as I put it on the table. The acid is 15 cents per dr. here, which would be rather expensive if we had to use an ounce for a gallon.

Will some one give a recipe for polish for collars, cuffs and shirt bosoms? There may have been many given, but I have not had the paper until now.—J. D. T., Manton, Mich.

Good Fried Cakes.—1 cupful sugar, 2 eggs, 2 cupfuls sour milk, 3 tablespoonfuls shortening, 1 heaping teaspoonful soda. Always have good luck with it.—Grace M.

To Cook Potatoes.—I must tell some of the Household cooks how we cook potatoes sometimes for a change, and call them delicious: Pare and slice them in rather thick slices, and place them in a large size round pie tin; salt and pepper them to taste and drop several little lumps of butter on them; then add seven or eight tablespoonfuls of hot water, cover closely with a smaller sized pie tin or plate, and put in a hot oven for about twenty minutes, when they will be ready for breakfast, and you will want them again.—Laura A. Benson.

Cucumber Pickles.—To 100 cucumbers, add one pint of fine salt, dissolved in boiling water and poured on them hot; let stand 24 hours, and turn off and rinse; then dissolve in boiling water a piece of alum the size of an egg, pour on hot, let stand six hours, pour off and rinse, and then scald the best cider vinegar to cover; spice with half an ounce each of cloves, cinnamon and white mustard seed, with a cup of sugar. Pour this on the cucumbers boiling hot.—Mary.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

BALDWIN, LA.
L D Bonaparte
Solora'n Marshall
Michael Marshall
Jas Marshall
Judies Marshall
Anne Marshall
Aurelia Boutte
Sedania Boutte
H Sigar
Anna Sigar
Edward Sigar
Edward Smith
N Smith
Madison Page
Lizzie Brown
Magar Thomans
Jas Dackrow
Morris Dyer
Emma Dyer
Mary Smith
Rebecca Brown
Annote Kinchen
Cara Garrote
Douglass Burrell
A Burrell
Jos Bonaparte
Willie Baker
Elizb'th Kinchen
Isaac Sutton
Nathan Sutton
Felice Sigar
NanceStephens'n
M'linda Williams
Robert Williams
Mary Narces
John Ball
H Thomas
Alex Thomas
Elizabeth Brown
S Washington
Daniel Mitchell
Elisha Kinchen
SPOKANE FALLS, W. T.
Bert Graham
Leon Graham
EMPORIA, KAN.
Perlie Burton
PIPESTONE, MINN.
Mertie Pease
Mabel Pease
CLARION, IA.
Myra Bloxham
Edgar Bloxham
Harry Gillett
HARLAN, KAN.
Clara Hammond
Sam'l Hammond
Ida Hammond
BERWICK, PA.
Clinton Gilroy
MINNIEVILLE, W. VA.
AliceChamberlin
H Chamberlin
Chas Chamberlin
OAKLAND, CAL.
Willie Laughlin
Albert Laughlin
Earl Cooley
Sallie Cooley
Verdenal Cooley
LA PLATA, COL.
Anna Hampton
EIGHT MILE, OR.
Rosalie D Fuqua
STRATTANSVILLE, PA.
Bell M Neil
Jennie L Smith
Jennie Pence
Maggie L Neil
Mary E Smith
R P Kirkpatrick
Sarah A Johnson
CLAY, IA.
Lottie Meacham
Lucy Meacham
Ida Sargent
RUSH CITY, MINN.
Jas McKenzie
Fred McKenzie
Andr'w M'Kenzie
M McKenzie
Jessie Horner
Mary Horner
SPRINGFIELD, O.
H Folckemmer
Bessie Folck'mer
MIDDLE RIVER, IA.
Benj Elkins
WATSON, N. Y.
Homer Green
Mabel Green
Jennie Green
PORTVILLE, N. Y.
Bessie Smith
KANSAS CITY, MO.
Willie Wheeler
Elwin Condith
UNIONTOWN, KAN.
David Hendricks
RED CLOUD, IND.
John Worth
Thos Belcher
J S Morgan
Peter Ravellette
Willis Johnson
Andrew Betcher
KASSON, PA.
Irma Fraley
Nellie Hafnee
Harry Hafnee
E R Burlingame
MIDDLEBURY, NEB.
A Grandsinger
Harley Dill
Byron Dill
Arthur Dill
M'GUFFYS, O.
Harley Harp
May Harp
K D Harp
LIVERMORE, CAL.
Ella Peterman
Nellie Jackman
KAWANA, MINN.
Leander Johnson
Gertie Johnson
Nellie Mosford
Dwight Mosford
Gertie Mosford
JUDSON, FLA.
Mary Tucker
W H Tucker
J J Rhoads
Jane Parrish
Ira J Carter, jr
Dudley Sheffield
Lee Polk
M Wondermaker
S Sanches
G S Sheffield
BENNETT, NEB.
Eleanor Cheney
Lena Varney
Cora Varney
Carrie Hogan
Eliza Bulkley
Mabel Cheney
Ethel Varney
Maud Cheney
Millie Cheney
Edith Hogan
Ann Varney
Stella Varney
Cren Cheney
Elmer Varney
Ralph Varney
Jesse Varney
Leroy Varney
Robert Varney
Chas Varney
Leonda Varney
Frank Schmidt
Aaron Schmidt
FOREST CITY, MO.
Stella Williams
Minnie Turnham
Laura Hovey
Nellie Hovey
Lottie Hovey
Maud Turnham
Nannie Lucas
Edith Ballard
Myrtie Lamb
Myrtle Ballard
Sarah Jones
Lucy Morgan
Laura Boyd
Jesse Pine
Albert Taylor
Myrtle Winkler
Jessie Richards'n
Stella Perves
Annie Perves
Myrtie Jones
Nev Dixon
Lucy Thornhill
Fannie Weber
Edith Reel
Pearl Devolt
Blanch Morgan
Hoit Decue
Raymond Decue
John West
Roy Clayborn
Ezra Hill
Henry Maguire
Cora Dobbins
Albert Linfy
Hubert Linfy
Ed Morgan
OSBORN, MO.
W E Baker
Ollie McPherson
DUCKTOWN, TENN.
J R Hyatt
Julius Hyatt
OAKWOOD, O.
Flor'nceHolcomb
Anna Edwards
Myrta Rhees
Bianca Rhees
Inez Hanville
RENNIS, MICH.
Louise Dopp
COSHOCTON, O.
John Ware
Harry Ware

Names this week, 194. Total, 14,883.

THE BABY'S PRAYER.

She knelt with her neat hands folded,
Her fair little head bowed low,
While dead vines tapped at the window,
And the air was thick with snow.
Without, earth dumb with winter;
Within, hearts dumb with care;
And up through the leaden silence
Rose softly the baby's prayer.

"Bless all whom I love, dear father,
And help me be good," she said,
Then, stirred up a sudden fancy,
She lifted the shining head.
Did she catch on the frozen maple
Some hint of the April green,
Or the breath of the woodland blossoms
The drifts of the snow between?

"The beautiful trees," she whispered.
"Where the orioles used to sing;
They are tired of the cold white winter,
O help them to grow in the spring;
And the flowers that I love to gather,
Lord, bring them again in May;
The dear little violet, sleeping
Down deep in the ground to-day."

Ah, earth may be chill with snowflakes,
And hearts may be cold with care,
But wastes of a frozen silence
Are crossed by the baby's prayer;
And lips that were dumb with sorrow
In jubilant hope may sing;
For when earth is wrapped in winter,
In the heart of the Lord 'tis spring.
—*Baltimore Telegram.*

HOW WE GOT A PIANO.

It was not drawn in a lottery, nor by getting subscribers to a popular paper, though my sister and myself had seriously discussed this latter method of securing one. Living as we do, however, in a sparsely populated Minnesota county, the idea seemed hardly practicable, and we had about concluded that our best way was to start a flower-farm and manufacture perfumes by a new process of which we had latterly read, when fate seemed to interpese in the strange manner which I shall briefly relate.

On the afternoon of the 14th of April, at about four o'clock, mother, sister and I were busily engaged putting down our little parlor carpet, which had been up for the spring house-cleaning. Mother and sister were stretching it and I was driving the tacks.

Quite suddenly it grew dark, so dark that I could not see well in the corner of the room, and repeatedly pounded my fingers with the tack-hammer.

"Is there a shower coming, or what is the matter?" I exclaimed.

Sister got up off her knees and went to the door; but she had scarcely reached it, when father, who, with my brother Hanson, had been out in the field, ploughing, rushed in.

"Sarah! girls! all of you!" he panted. "Quick, for your lives! To the cyclone cellar!"

Alas! we all knew only to well what such a warning as that means.

Without waiting to take anything (though mother did get father's deed-box), we dropped everything and ran out of doors and across the yard to the covered pit. Hanson had just got there and lifted the trap-door. We sprang in, all five of us, and Hanse pulled down the door. I had but time to catch one glimpse of the sky.

Off across the prairie, to northward, a mass of black and lurid vapors, with yellow clouds of dust, was rolling down towards us—an awful sight! We were no more than fairly inside the cellar, crouching on the bottom, in the darkness, when a terrible roaring noise burst on our ears, like that of some mighty conflagation in a forest.

A strange, half sighing, half-whistling sound, too, seemed to rise from the ground under us. The earth and the trap-door over our heads shook and shattered. Then, with a rumble like a thunder-peal, we felt the frightful blast pass over us.

Crash! timbers and boards breaking to pieces.

"There goes the barn!" father muttered. He and Hanse were holding the trap-door down. Mother was praying, sister screaming, and I—well I don't recollect what I did. Once I tried to stop my ears.

It passed in a few minutes.

Hanse then tried to open the trap-door, but a timber from the barn and a large stone had fallen partly on it. They had to push some time to get the door up.

Such a scene as then met our eyes! the ground strewn with the timbers and broken boards; the fences, fruit trees, the garden all blown away; the barn gone, and with it the sheds and other outbuildings. One would hardly have recognized it as the same farm.

But the house, which father had purposely built low and very strong, still stood in its place, though the cyclone had twisted it partly around, and the top of the chimney was carried off.

Nearly every pane of glass was broken, many of the weather-boards were ripped off, and in more than a dozen places great splinters of timbers, or planks, had struck the walls, and piercing them, stuck out at all angles.

Through the roof there was a great hole as big as a grave. Mother gave one look at her house, and burst out crying.

But it was raining now considerably, and bad as our house looked, we were glad to run to it for shelter, and were glad we had any kind of a house left us.

It was difficult getting the door open, the house had experienced such a twist. As we were trying to force an entrance, a strange object in our yard attracted our attention. It seemed to be a huge box on legs.

"It is a piano," said father.

I ran to it in the rain and exclaimed,—

"Yes, surely it is a piano. But the wind could have hardly blown away a piano."

Its legs were broken, and it was somewhat scarred, nevertheless it was a piano.

In an hour we tugged the piano into the house, and set it up, and I played a tune on it. It was, in very truth, a *windfall.* Where it had come from, we had not the slightest idea. None of our neighbors owned a piano.

About the place where we found the piano was the partial wreck of a house. The instrument had evidently been blown away with the house. It now seems likely that it was the property of a young man and his wife who lived at a little place more than a mile away. This couple's house was demolished completely. They were recent comers, and they both left the place on the day after the cyclone. They were known to have a piano, and we conjecture that this was the one, since their place and our own were in the direct line of the tornado.

Thus far the unfortunate young couple have not appeared to claim the piano. So we are keeping it as a "treasure trove" and a souvenir of the cyclone. The family's name was Blair, and they came from the East, and it is known they purchased tickets for Chicago, and they probably returned to friends in the East, never doubting the total destruction of all their household effects.—*Youth's Companion.*

A NUTTING PARTY.

HOW THE BOYS MADE A SICK BOY HAPPY.

"Jim—Jim Willis! wait a minute. I want to tell you something.

The boy thus addressed was coming out of a store carrying a small parcel in his hand; he stopped when he heard his friend Charlie Elsworth calling him and waited until he came up to where he stood.

"We're going to have a grand time Saturday," said Charlie, a little out of breath from walking so briskly," "and you must be sure and go. Mr. Murray wants all of us boys in his class to go down to the Bend nutting. He's going to hire a team and take us down. We are to eat dinner there and stay all day, but he dosen't want any of us to take anything for dinner, for he says he has arranged that himself. I promised him I would see all the boys to-day and tell them about it. You will go, won't you Jim?"

"To be sure I will, and won't it be a jolly time, though?" and Jamie tossed his well-worn straw hat into the air to express his delight.

It could easily be told by a glance at these two boys that Charlie Elsworth had a great, and Jemie Willis a small, amount of this world's goods, but they both were good-hearted, sensible boys and firm friends.

Mr. Murray was their Sunday-school teacher, and he had planned this nutting-party as a pleasant little surprise for the boys.

When Jamie told his mother of this she said: "If you could sell what nuts you gather, perhaps you would have enough money to buy you a pair of skates. You wanted them so much last winter, I should be very glad if you could have them."

"Oh, mother!"—and Jamie's eyes sparkled—"wouldn't that be splendid? I'll try and gather all I can: Charlie told me that Mr. Murray said there would be room to bring home bushels of nuts, and we should take all the baskets and bags we could."

Jamie told Charlie Elsworth of his plan next morning at school, and he pronounced it "just the thing."

There was only one more day to wait before Saturday came, and the boys were very impatient and afraid it might rain or something happen to prevent their going.

When Jamie came home from school Friday afternoon his mother met him at the door, saying: "Mrs. Laurence was here this afternoon; she wants a few more crab-apples, and I told her you would gather as many as you could find on the tree and take them to her this evening. You had better go and get them now."

Jamie took the basket his mother handed him, and went toward the apple tree whistling merrily. He climbed into the tree and after picking a few apples he saw away up over his head some fine large ones; he thought if he could reach them he could almost fill his basket. Then he climbed up higher in the tree until he could almost touch them; he tried to pull the branch toward him, but in doing so lost his hold and fell suddenly and heavily to the ground.

He was so stunned by the fall that he lay very still for some minutes, and when at last he tried to rise there was such a severe pain in his arm that he fell back again with a groan.

As he was trying for the second time to rise his mother came to the door; her face grew very pale as she hurried to the place where he was lying. Very carefully and tenderly she helped him into the house, his left arm hanging limp and useless at his side.

Then the doctor was sent for, and when he came he said at once that Jamie's arm was broken. It was very hard to have the broken bone set, but Jamie tried to bear the pain as manfully as he could,

It was not long before Charlie Elsworth heard that Jamie was hurt; he started directly with two or three other boys of the class, with whom he had been playing ball, to learn if it were true.

They entered Jamie's room with very solemn faces, and he had hard work to keep back the tears as he said, "I am sorry I can't go with you to-morrow, boys."

"Yes, it is tough," answered Charlie, who acted as spokesman.

There was such a great choking lump in Jamie's throat that he did not try to speak again just then; and there was also an awkward silence among the boys, who soon went away, for they felt very much out of place in a sick-room. But they were talking very fast and all together when they were once more by themselves on the street.

The next morning dawned clear and bright. The boys were all ready for an early start. They were very light-hearted and merry except when they thought of Jamie, for he was a general favorite with the class.

When they arrived at the Bend, which was a beautiful spot where the river made a sudden turn, they found the nuts even more plentiful than they had expected; and Charlie looking at a great, splendid tree before him, thought how much Jamie would enjoy being there, and, turning to Ned Somers, who happened just then to be near him, told him of Jamie's plan to sell nuts.

"Well, it is too bad!" answered Ned. "I expect Jim sees some pretty hard times. The rest of us boys, who have fathers to take care of us and enough spending-money to buy what trinkets we need, don't know anything about it.

Just then Mr. Murray came to where the boys were standing, and noticing their serious faces, asked the reason. When they told him he too looked quite serious, but after a few minutes' thought said: "I have a plan boys. Come over where the others are and I will tell it to you all."

The boys were soon grouped around him. In a few words he told them what Jamie had wished to do, and added, "How many would like to help Jamie in his plan?"

He was answered by a chorus of "I, I, I, sir," from the boys.

"Very well. Now, I propose that we all go to work and gather all the nuts we can before we have our dinner. There are eight of us here, and we have an hour and a half, and all we gather in that time we will put together and carry home to Jamie. Who agrees to this?"

Another chorus of "I, I, sir," "Yes, sir," "That's splendid!" and the kind-hearted boys went to work with a will. They worked much harder and gathered more nuts than they would if they had been gathering them to take home for themselves, for now each was trying to do more than the others, full of good wishes for the absent boy.

They gathered also a goodly share for themselves in the afternoon, and went home at night much happier for the knowledge that they had done a kind, unselfish deed.

On Monday, Jamie was too ill to see them, but Mr. Murray put the nuts away until he grew better; then, accompanied by all of the boys, he visited him, and they greatly enjoyed his surprise and pleasure at what they had done.

Jamie grew better rapidly, and when the river and ponds were frozen he had many a fine time skimming over the glittering ice on his new skates, bought with the money which the nuts brought him. And he was a greater favorite than before with the boys, from the very fact that they had shown him kindness. Kind deeds for others draw us to them as well as them to us.—*Morning Star.*

MINISTERING ANGELS

What a long word! "Angels" was easy enough, for Elsie was in the Second Reader. But "ministering" puzzled her sadly. She puckered her lips and wrinkled her forehead as she bent over the book which she and her sister Pearl were looking at.

There was a picture of two little girls, one carrying a basket, the other a large bunch of flowers. Their bright, happy faces seemed to tell that they were going on some pleasant errand.

"Oh, I know!" said Elsie at length. "It's 'ministering angels.' Mamma says 'ministering' means doing something for some one. So I guess these little girls must be taking flowers and things to some one who wants them."

"Perhaps to some one that's sick," said Pearl. "But I thought that the angel's all lived in Heaven."

"Yes, they do, I know," said Elsie. "I think they call these angels because they are such sweet and lovely things."

"I'd like to," said Pearl, "only we don't know any sick people to take things to."

"But," went on Elsie, "mamma says 'ministering' means anything we can do for each other, or for any one here at home—trying how many kind and pleasant things we can do."

"There would be a great many things if we looked out for them," said Pearl.

"Yes. Running to pick up grandma's ball when it rolls away, without waiting for her to tell us."

"Shutting the door gently, so as not to disturb her."

"Stroking mamma's head when she has a headache."

"Rocking Baby when we want to go and play croquet."

"Trying to keep our aprons clean, so that Nora won't have such a big wash on hot days."

"Leading Baby very gently when he goes out of doors, and petting him when he cries."

"Never pouting when mamma tells us to do things."

Mamma was sitting in the window and had heard most of the chat.

"My darlings," she said, coming near to give each dear little face a kiss, "if you do all that you will surely be ministering angels."—*Sunbeam.*

The Sunday School.

Peter Restored.

LESSON 7, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1886.

Golden Text—He saith unto him, Feed my lambs.—John 21: 16.

LESSON TEXT.

John 21: 4-19.

4. But when the morning was now come Jesus now stood on the shore; but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus.

5. Then Jesus saith unto them, Children, have ye any meat? They answered him, No.

6. And he said unto them, Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes.

7. Therefore, that disciple whom Jesus loved saith unto Peter, It is the Lord. Now when Simon Peter heard that it was the Lord, he girt his fisher's coat unto him, (for he was naked,) and did cast himself into the sea.

8. And the other disciples came in a little ship, (for they were not far from land, but as it were two hundred cubits,) dragging the net with fishes.

9. As soon then as they were come to land they saw a fire of coals there, and fish laid thereon, and bread.

10. Jesus saith unto them, Bring of the fish which ye have now caught.

11. Simon Peter went up and drew the net to land full of great fishes, a hundred and fifty and three; and for all there were so many, yet was not the net broken.

12. Jesus saith unto him, Come and dine. And none of the disciples durst ask him, Who art thou? knowing that it was the Lord.

13. Jesus then cometh and taketh bread, and giveth them, and fish likewise.

14. This is now the third time that Jesus hewed himself to his disciples, after that he was risen from the dead.

15. So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest I love thee. He saith to him, Feed my lambs.

16. He saith unto him the second time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord: thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my sheep.

17. He saith unto him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he said unto him, Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep.

18. Verily, verily, I say unto thee, When thou wast young, thou girdest thyself and walkest whither thou wouldest; but when thou shalt be old thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whether thou wouldest not.

19. This spake he, signifying by what death he should glorify God. And when he had spoken this, he saith unto him, Follow me.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

The disciples knew not that it was Jesus (v. 4.) How common a thing it is for disciples of Jesus not to know Jesus when he comes to them to give them needed help. We do not always know our best earthly friends. Perhaps we even distrust, or hold aloof, or hesitate to confide in, one who might well be accepted by us confidently as the very friend of friends we need and long for. Yet more often we fail to realize that it is Jesus who stands near us in an hour of peril or of doubt; and we even shrink back from Him who is more than able and ready to meet the uttermost longings of our soul. It may, indeed, be said that the disciples of Jesus are more likely to fail to recognize his presence than they are to welcome it as they should. All of us have a good deal in common with the original apostles—in their shortcomings. There is no doubt of apostolic succession in the church—so far.

Jesus saith, Children, have ye aught to eat? (v. 5.) The risen Jesus has an interest in the every-day work of his disciples. If they are fishermen, he is interested in their catch of fish. If they are farmers, he is interested in their crops. If they are traders, he is interested in their buying and selling. If they are day-laborers anywhere he is interested in the question of their wages and in the length of their day's work. When Jesus stood on the shore of Galilee in the early morning, and saw his disciples discouraged over an empty boat after an all-night fishing, his first show of interest was in the line of success as fishermen. He told them where to fish and how. And it was through this loving interest in their daily work that Jesus found a new entrance to the hearts of his discouraged disciples. Jesus is the same to-day as then. The cause of his disciples is his cause. Whatever we do ought to be done as for Jesus; and whatever is done for Jesus has the loving interest for Jesus.

Cast the net on the right side of the boat and ye shall find (v. 6.) Even when the Lord would work a miracle for his disciples, he has a work for them to do in carrying out his plan; and he gives directions as to what they are to do, and how. Jesus might have spoken the word which should have made one hundred and fifty-three fishes jump out of the sea into the boat of the disciples, but that is not the Lord's way of helping his disciples. God might have spirited all the Hebrew host out of Egypt and over the desert through mid-air into Canaan; but that is not God's way of carrying out his plans for his children here on earth. Jesus might heal all diseases without laying it upon his disciples to use oil, or Siloam water, or other medicine, as a means to be blessed by him to a cure; but that is not the way of the Lord in his wonder working; and it is presumption, and not faith, that prompts one to neglect the means and then expect a cure for one's self or for one's dear ones.

They see a fire of coals there, and fish laid thereon. Jesus saith, Bring of the fish which he have now taken (vs. 6, 10.) Jesus had no need of his disciples' help in providing fish for his breakfast or for theirs; but he asked their help just as if he did need it. If they had refused to bring the fish, he would have been no loser; but the loss would have been theirs. So it is always in every sphere of Christian activity. Jesus never needs help; but he constantly calls for help. The gain through responding to that call, or the loss through refusing, is to the disciple, not to the Master. Jesus can get on without your money or your services in the Sunday school, in the church, in the community about you, or in the missionary field; but you cannot get on as you might if you refuse your help in any of these fields. Jesus asks for a share of all the fish you catch, of all the crops you gather, of all the money you get, of all the time and strength you have. If you refuse to render it to him, the loss is yours. How great the loss may be, only eternity can disclose.

Jesus saith, Simon, lovest thou me more than these? He saith, Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee (v. 15.) After all, that was the best answer Peter could make. Mere professions of love and devotion amount to but little at any time. Peter had already overdone the business of professing his unfailing affection for Jesus. Yet he was sure that, in spite of his failure under peculiar trial, he was known of Jesus as at heart a loving disciple of Jesus; so he put himself back, as it were, into the care of Jesus, appealing to Jesus to recognize the love which was underneath all his surface-swaying of conduct. A loving heart is always its own best witness. It will speak as no words can speak in its own defense, when doubted. And when a loving heart is pained at being called in question because of some seeming failure, it cannot do better than to trust itself to the consciousness of the one toward whom it outreaches in love. If, indeed, every human friend should fail to recognize the love of another's loving heart, Jesus never so fails. The Lord knoweth them that are his—whatever their shortcomings.

Feed my lambs; Tend my sheep; Feed my sheep (vs. 15-17.) That was the way in which Peter was to show his sorrow over his failure to be true to Jesus on a former occasion. That was the way in which he was to evidence his renewed faithfulness, in view of his regretted transgression. Jesus asked no fresh expression of regret, no fresh promises of fidelity; but he did ask a loving ministry to his needy loved ones. And that is the test of love which Jesus asks from all his disciples who have at any time failed to be wholly true to him; not self-inflicted penance, not a multiplying of self-reproaches, but active in behalf of those whom Jesus loves. Indeed there is no way in which we who are conscious of failure hitherto in the service of Jesus can so gladden the heart of Jesus as by rising up to minister lovingly to those who are dear to him, and who have need of our ministry. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, even these least, ye did unto me."

And when he had spoken this, he saith unto him, Follow me (v. 19.) No ministry in the name of Jesus absolves one from the duty of following Jesus. The duty of personally following Jesus rests on him who gives most or does most in behalf of others as surely as on him who neither gives nor does in behalf of others. Loving ministry to the loved ones of Jesus is a duty incumbent on every disciple of Jesus; but, in addition to this loving ministry, there must be a personal service of Jesus. The Lord's army has no need of contractors who remain out of service, and expect to get pay for what they furnish the soldiers, without enlisting themselves. Commissaries and sutlers in this army must be under orders, and must follow the Commander. Following Christ is essential to share in the joys and gains of Christ's service.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.*

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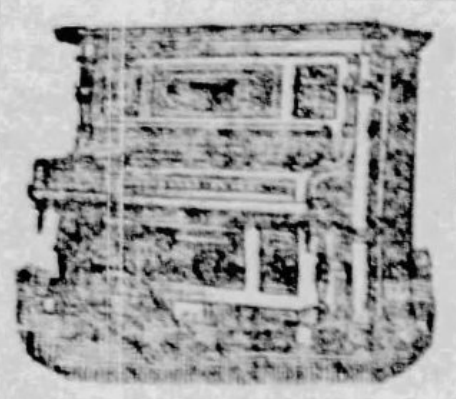

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TOM WARNER'S GHOST.

Sensation of the Eighth Ward—The Husband of a Dying Wife Comes Back to Her Bedside—A Strange Sequel to a Strange Story.

In a lonely little cottage on Bartlett street, near Shaw avenue, in the Eighth ward, Mrs. Tom Warner is dying. Unconscious almost all the time she recognizes no one except her husband, Tom Warner, a colored man, who died December 21, 1884, and was buried in Forest cemetery.

Both were colored, and during the days before the war, both were slaves. Tom Warner lived in Lexington, Ky., and was the favorite slave of his master. He was made an overseer of the other slaves on the plantation, and taking advantage of the liberty given him he ran away and escaped by the underground railroad, first to Cleveland and then to Canada.

His wife was originally from North Carolina. He lost all traces of her during the war, but just as he had given up in despair finding her, she came to him. Twelve years ago they moved to this city and have lived here ever since. Mr. Warner worked on the docks, at building, etc. He was well known among the colored people of this city as an honest, hard-working man.

Now after an absence of nearly two years, during which time it was supposed that he was dead in the grave, Tom Warner puts in an appearance at the bedside of his wife. He will say nothing except to her. But at times he will sing one of the sweet, old plantation songs, "We're getting weary. We're getting weary."

He appears as natural as life and has been recognized not only by his wife, but by Mrs. Read, an attendant, and her son, Franklyn Jones. For Mrs. Read has been married twice, the first time to a colored man named Jones, the brother of Mrs. Warner, and the second time to a colored man named Read.

"He comes in the back way usually in the night time," said Mrs. Read to a Blade reporter this morning. "When Mrs. Warner sees him she stretches out her hands and says 'Come, Tom! Come, Tom!' He takes his place by the bedside in his old arm chair and leans forward his head in his hands. He will sit there for hours. I'm not afraid of him—I'm getting used to him."

Over the bed on the wall hangs a picture of the famous John Brown, and a little to the right is a picture of Pres. Lincoln. Some shells and pebbles from the South complete the decorations. The family is very poor and greatly in need of assistance.

People in that locality are about equally divided in their opinions about the matter. Some of them think that it is only Tom Warner's ghost, come back to be present at the death of his wife. Others think that it is Tom Warner himself, escaped from death and the grave in some miraculous manner, and still half crazy and unable to account for himself, and others think that there is no truth in the story at all, although he has been seen and recognized by a number of colored people. At any rate, the matter has caused a profound sensation among the colored people in that part of the city.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed satmped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

A Doubtful Market.

"Now, my dear," he said, as he prepared to leave home after supper, "the market has been feverish all day."

"If wheat should go up a cent or two this evening I might not be home until late."

"And in case wheat goes down, don't expect me before midnight."

"I see. Well, dear, you run along and keep your eye on wheat, and stay as long as you care to, for I've asked Col. Haskins over to play whist this evening, and he'll be sure to stay until midnight."

The fever subsided, and wheat stood still, and the husband was back before 9 o'clock. —*Wall Street News.*

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The Farm.

Information Wanted.

CONDITION POWDERS—SICK HORSE.—I would be very thankful if you would publish a recipe for making condition powders for horses and cattle.—SUBSCRIBER, Ohio. [Perhaps the best condition powder is: Sulphurated antimony, 1 ounce; nitrate of potash, 8 ounces; flowers of sulphur, 12 ounces. Mix and give a tablespoonful every two or three days, for a horse. For cattle, give fenugreek, iron rust, carbonate of soda, common salt, of each 4 ounces; powdered nux vomica, 2 drachms. Mix well and give a heaping tablespoonful twice daily in the food. These or any other condition powders should not be used frequently, as they eventually result in injury. Many horse owners have brought on permanent dyspepsia in their horses by feeding condition powders too often. As to what ails your horse, he is suffering from indigestion. Give him this cathartic: Raw linseed oil, 16 ounces; oil of aniseed, 2 drachms; spirits of sweet nitre, 2 ounces. After this has operated give: Bicarbonate of soda, ½ ounce; powdered gentian, ½ ounce; powdered nux vomica, 20 grains. For one dose, twice daily for about four days.—ED.]

CURDLES.—Please tell me through the BLADE FARM what will cure, or rather prevent, white lumps or curdle in a cow's milk. The cow is about seven years old and in good health. About once in four or six weeks one teat alone gives curdle milk. Do not want to part with the cow if she can be cured. Bought the cow last spring; do not know anything about her previous history.—H. K. HAMMER, Greenville, Pa. [Lumpy milk is liable to come from any breed of cattle, the highest grades not being exempt. The best thing, we think, for you to do will be to give the cow a dose of salts, half a pound. After this, give an ounce and a half of saltpetre in drinking water twice a day for four or five days. Milk gently and thoroughly. Foment the udder with hot water with a little vinegar added.—ED.]

THEY CAN.—Will you or some one that knows please tell me whether walnut trees will grow to set them out; also hickory trees, or must they be planted where they are to stand.—JOSEPH CAMP, Sherwood, Neb. [Yes, either will grow by transplanting.—ED.

H. A. LUSK, Redwood Falls, Minn.: We suppose you mean the prairie dogs that you speak of as distructive and burrow in the ground. Take of sulphate of strychnia, 1 drachm; granulated sugar, 3 ounces; water, 3 pints. Mix in a wide-mouthed bottle. Then put in the bottle shelled corn sufficient to fill it to within two inches of the top. Set the bottle aside, and when the corn swells above the water, it is ready to be used. Place 5 or six grains of the corn near each hole of the little pests. They will eat it and die. Spring is the best time to dose them.—ED.

GARGET.—Will some one tell me what to do for my cows? About four weeks ago she began to give bloody milk out of one teat. She often, for one milking, would seem all right, but for the last week the milk has been almost all blood, coming in lumps. She eats well, and seems well in other ways.—SUBSCRIBER, Augusta, Iowa. [Your cow has garget. Give her a moderate purge—say half a pound of salts. After this, give her an ounce and a half of saltpetre in her drinking water, morning and evening for about a week. Feed her dry food, as this gives rest to the inflamed parts. Milk her frequently and carefully. Rub the udder with powdered camphor, half an ounce; extract of belladona, half an ounce; lard, two ounces. Mix well together an apply with gentle friction.—ED.]

ALFALFA.—Will you give me a description of alfalfa grass? Will it grow in Tennessee? How much to the acre? Where can I procure the seeds?—D. CARR, Robertson Co., Tenn. [Alfalfa is early and productive. It grows two or three feet high. Is well adapted to the Southern climate, as it stands the heat well, taking deep root in the ground. Produces three to four cuttings in a season. It has a purple blossom, and should be cut when first commencing to bloom. It can be cut and used as ordinary clover hay. Sow eight to ten pounds per acre. It varies in price. Is now worth from 35 to 40 cents per pound. Can be had of almost any seed establishment.—ED.]

STRAINED.—We have a colt about 18 months old (a stallion) that is very lame in hind parts. Reals badly while walking, and sometimes falls down. Eats well. In good condition. Can scarcely get up. Lameness all in hind quarters. What ails him, and what remedies shall I use? Has been so about two months.—W. LENOX, Friend, Neb. [Your stallion has, no doubt, sprained himself in some manner. Apply this liniment along the small of the back: Laudanum, gum camphor, spirits turpentine, tincture of myrrh, castile soap, oil of origanum, nitrous ether, of each one ounce; alcohol, one quart. Mix together and shake well before using. Apply two or three times as occasion may require. Give also half an ounce of saltpetre in the drinking water three times a day for a week. Sometimes strong vinegar, saturated with salt, and applied warm will be of benefit, but the first named is more effective.—ED.]

WHAT IS THE MATTER?—Please tell me what is the matter with my horse, eight years old. Last spring his eyes began to water, became milky, with a loss of vision almost entirely, then becoming better or nearly well, then seeming to partially curdle or present the appearance of clots in the aqueous humor, then going away again or getting better; has no relation to the phases of the moon.—W. MILNER, Graysville, Ill. [We fear your horse has specific opthalmia, which is a thing of grave nature and may result in a cataract. It is of malarial or rheumatic origin. First, the bowels should be freely opened with Barbadoes aloes, six drachms; pulverized ginger root, one drachm; pulverized gentian root, one drachm, made into a ball. Give bran mashes only, and when the bowels are open give one of the following powders night and morning on the tongue: Pulverized colchicum, one and a half ounces; saltpetre, two ounces. Divide into twelve powders. Inject the eye with tincture of opium, one ounce; rainwater, one pint. Place the animal in a well-ventilated stall, free from ammonial gases.—ED.]

SWELLING ON MARE.—We have a valuable five-year-old mare that has a swelling which we fear is a fistula. We noticed it first a week ago, since when we have been trying to reduce it without making an incision, and with partial success. There is still a swelling at the point of right shoulder. Should it be necessary to open this, please tell us how to proceed. Any information on the subject will be gratefully received by—AN OLD SUBSCRIBER. [In the first place, the part affected must be protected from pressure. If, in the early stages, the following is rubbed on it may dissipated the inflammation and prevent the abscess forming: Iodine 1 drachm; iodide of potash, 2 drachms; lard, 2 ounces. Mix at a gentle heat. When it is evident that pus has formed, which will be known by the fluctuating pulse, it must be fully opened by an incision. Make the incision as low down as possible, thus favoring the escape of of the pus. The abscess should then be syringed with carbolic acid water (1 to 2) and dressed with carbolic acid salve, or petroleum. In older cases, where a fistula has already formed, search for the lowest pouch, which will be either before or behind the shoulder. Make a free incision into it, and syringe and dress as above. Sometimes a more active stimulus is needed. In this case, pass a section tape through the fistula from end to end, and leave it there; or, it may be injected with chloride of zinc, one drachm; water, one pint. Tonics and good care are necessary.—ED.]

MRS. POLLY ROGERS, Haynes Station, Ark., has a large quantity of rice but does not know how to get it hulled properly. Any one knowing the best way to hull rice by machinery or otherwise will confer a favor by giving the information required.—ED.]

SALT ON LAND.—I have seen it stated that salt was beneficial to growing wheat. Will some one tell when it is best to be applied. Before the ground is plowed, or now, this fall? Before or after the ground freezes? I have some fish brine, with a great deal of undissolved salt in it; would that be injurious to the wheat? If not, how and when best applied?—R. A. D. [Salt is beneficial to certain kinds of land. In this vicinity it is generally applied in the spring. What is the experience of members of the BLADE FARM family?—ED.]

THREE QUESTIONS.—Please give cure for thoroughpin, which is injuring the sale of my colt. How can I bleach celery without it rusting? Will potatoes mix in the hill?—C. B., Oswego, Ind. [One way to cure thoroughpin is to give the horse a high-heeled shoe, and apply a spring truss to the swelling. A more active plan is to puncture the dependent part of the swelling, and allow the whole of the fluid to be drain off, keeping the puncture open for several days. Meanwhile inject the sac with zinc and water, ten grains of zinc to an ounce of water. To bleach celery, some gardeners set four or five-inch drain tile over each plant, and as it grows, fine, rich, clear soil, mostly sand, is worked down in the tiles, keeping the plants in the middle of the orifice in the tile. Others set two planks on the edge, each side of the rows of the celery, and fill up between the planks with a clean, loamy soil. Some gardeners prefer to raise celery on level ground, and continue to form a ridge as the plants grow, by drawing clean earth up against them. Potatoes of different varieties will "mix" so to speak, when the pollen of one kind impregnates another.—ED.]

MR. HENRY BELLEMS, Port Austin, writes to the BLADE FARM that he is receiving many applications for the seeds of the English ground cherry, which he gives free to all applicants who send him a stamped envelope to pay postage, that have no stamp enclosed, and only a scrap of paper with a request for seed. As it is only a friendly accommodation on the part of the gentleman named to send seed, he cannot afford to pay return postage. All who expect to get the seed must comply with the conditions, or no notice will be taken of their request.—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

HOW TO GET RID OF WIRE WORMS.—Tell "A Reader" to plant that potato ground to some other crop for a year or two—corn, wheat, rye, or if he desires, fodder for cattle. Sow corn broadcast, three bushels to the acre, or Hungarian, three pecks to the acre.—FLOYD SMITH, Harrison, Ill.

Bees Do Injure Grapes.

EDITOR FARM:—This fact has been established by the superior court at San Bernardino, Cal., having been appealed thereto from the lower court. Randall & Noyes have a vineyard adjoining Gustave Bohn's apiary at San Bernardino, and sued the latter for the damage his bees did to their grapes. They positively proved by six witnesses that the damage was done by the bees. Bohn held that the bee has a tubular bill, not pointed, and that it can be used only as an extractor of sweets and not a borer after them, though he did not prove his point. The jury awarded the plaintiffs $25 and costs, ($250), the justice before whom the case was first tried having awarded them $75 and costs, ($60). The defense claimed that it was impossible to control his bees after they left the hive, but the judge said he must do so, in these words: "If the defendant's bees leave his hives and go to caves and trees in the mountains, then he has no control over them; but as long as they remain in the hives about his place, and go out in the morning and forage for honey, and in so doing damage a neighbor, and the defendant takes the honey for profit, he is held responsible the same as for damage from any other source."

The above is the first judicial decision on this point on record, and is of great interest.—J. D. LEISURE, Lansing, Mich.

Horse Talk by an Old Breeder.

There are a great many troubles with horses which could be cured without difficulty if they were looked after in time. For instance, a man way out in Colorado writes that his colt has two scabs or sores on its ears and they are growing bigger all of the time. No doubt this is the beginning of mange, or they may be caused by rubbing the skin off, and then the flies or other insects would keep them irritated.

The simple and sure remedy for all such skin diseases, and especially for mange, is carbolic acid, or its equivalent found in the sheep dips. For mange the solution should be quite strong and it should be well rubbed in so as to penetrate to the very bottom and reach all of the vermin at work.

There is nothing better to cure flesh wounds and sores than lard with some salt mixed in it. The lard is healing and the salt cleansing. When there is "proud flesh," as farmers call grandlation, then kerosene oil should be mixed with the lard, or carbolic acid, both of which contain the some principle, creosote, and it is this which has the antiseptic effect, that is, the effect to counteract putresence or decay. All sores and wounds should be treated in this way as sooon as discovered, to prevent pus forming and putrefaction which may be followed by blood poisoning. Sores should be washed with castile soap or the discharge will take the hair off, and the irritation will extend. Putting on salted grease will keep the skin healthy and the hair will generally come in natural, but if not it will come in white and disfigure the animal. When a horse has these spots of white hair on his breast or back it is a sure sign that he has hard usage. He has been galled and neglected, and it does not speak well for the owner.

Warts and all such excresences may usually be gotten rid of by tying a small cord around them and so cutting off the circulation into them. This is the best way and surest. When the bunch drops off the wound may be greased over, or if necessary touched with some sort of caustic. It is better to let warts or any kind of tumors slough off than to cut them after being tied. There is danger of the cord slipping off and bleeding taking place, whereas if the knife is withheld there is no such danger.

The teeth of horses often cause them a great deal of trouble, and I have no doubt but that the extra teeth called the "wolf teeth" do sometimes affect the nerves of the eyes, and lead to blindness or dimness of sight. It is the notion of some horsemen that shying in horses is generally caused by defective eye-sight. In some cases shying horses have been cured of the habit by removing the wolf teeth. It is worth looking after, for a dodger is always dangerous. Driving with blinkers will sometimes keep a horse from shying, especially if he shys from side looks. Some horses always do this, and they are the worst. When they see an object ahead which frightens them the driver has some warning, but a side shyer takes one unawares unless, knowing its habit, one is always prepared, and this is seldom the case. Blinds or blinkers will do such a horse good. The horse frightened from some object ahead will do as well and very likely better to have his eyes free. A man should study his horse's peculiarities and be prepared to meet them. Careless driving never is a safe way, for the oldest and safest horse will sometimes get scared.—*Farm Journal.*

Making Manure.

My method of making manure is to grow ten acres of sowed corn each year, eight of which I put in a silo for winter feed. The ensilage, hay and corn fodder, all of which I run through a Dick cutter enables me to keep 30 cows in the winter. I keep 18 cows in milk. If the cows are good ones I do not sell them when dry. About November 15, I go to Bradford county, Pa., and buy a carload of dry cows coming fresh from January to April. These cows I sell to dairymen as they come fresh. I make from $1 to $25 per head for wintering them, according to the judgment used in buying. Young cows are the ones that pay; cows eight years old and over, no matter how cheap they are bought, will not as a rule pay for wintering. The cows give nearly enough milk through the winter to pay for the meal they eat. From November to April, I get 3½c. per quart for milk, and from 2½ to 2c. the rest of the year. The cows from Bradford county cost me $32 per head when I get home with them. The past winter they got four quarts of bran and corncob meal per day. The milking cows get nine quarts of bran and cob meal, and two quarts of cotton-seed meal per day. The whole herd got about 20 pounds of ensilage and 10 pounds of hay or corn fodder per day each. I usually buy three or four tons of straw, one car load of bran and two or three tons of cottonseed meal. I sell hay oftener than buy it, if hay is worth $20 per ton, and buy corn fodder to feed in its place. During part of the winter I have had 33 head of cows, and again the 1st of May will have a splendid pile of rich manure. I have 80 acres of land.—WALTER DARLINGTON, Ches. Co., Pa., in *N. E. Homestead.*

* * * * Male weakness and loss of power promptly cured. Book, 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Funeral of Mrs. Stewart.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—The funeral of Mrs. Cornelia M. Stewart, widow of the late dry goods millionaire, A. T. Stewart, took place to-day from her residence on Fifth avenue. No one was admitted to the residence except the relatives and friends of the deceased.

The body was placed in a velvet covered casket with silver trimmings, and rested on a floral catafalque in the center of the west parlor. The floral designs were numerous, most of which were made of smilax, ivy and roses. Fifth avenue and 34th street in the immediate vicinity of the mansion was crowded, and a squad of police kept the street clear in front of the entrance at 34th street. Bishop Littlejohn and Rev. Arthur Brooks officiated, and read a portion of the burial service from the ritual of the Episcopal church.

At 2 p. m. the casket was borne down the steps on the shoulders of four undertakers' assistants and placed in the hearse. The funeral cortege took the 34th street ferry. At Hunter's Point a special train took the remains and the friends to Garden City, where the obsequies were held in the Cathedral, about 60 people attended the services at the house, and about 40 went to Garden City.

WANTED—500 MEN

To join the "Old Reliable" Single Men's Endowment Association of Minnesota. One Thousand Dollars at marriage. Over $120,000.00 already paid. Write for circulars to C. H. Knapp, Sec'y, Minneapolis, Minn. Please mention this paper.

At Dixon, Ills., John Denny, aged 65, severed his wife's spinal cord with an axe, instantly killing her. The murderer is crazy.

TALMAGE ON A PRACTICAL SUBJECT

Experience With the World and How it Makes a Man Better and Wiser—An Education That Will Fit the Student for Good Work for Christ.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 31.—The services at the Brooklyn Tabernacle are attended by large numbers of merchants and business men from all parts of this country, and from foreign lands, and the following sermon, preached by the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., this morning, was timely. The text was Romans xii: v. ii: "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."

Industry, devotedness, Christian service, are all recommended in this one short text. What! Is it possible to conjoin them? O, yes! There is no war between religion and business, between Bibles and ledgers, between churches and counting-houses. On the contrary, religion accelerates business, sharpens men's wits, sweetens acerbity of disposition, fillips the blood of phlegmatics, and throws more velocity into all the wheels of hard work. To the judgment it gives more skillful balancing; to the will more strength; to industry more muscle; to enthusiasm a more concentrated fire. You cannot show me a man whose business prospects have in any way been despoiled by his religion.

The industrial classes are divided into three groups—produces, manufacturers, traders. Producers, such as farmers and miners. Manufacturers, such as take the corn and change it into food, or the wool and flax and change them into apparel. Traders, who made a profit out of the transfer and exchange of that which is produced or manufactured. Now, a business man may belong to one of these classes, or he may belong to all of them. Whatever be your avocation, if you plan, calculate, bargain; if into your life there come annoyances, vexations, and disappointments as well as gains, dividends and percentages; if you are harassed with a multiplicity of engagements; in a word, if you are driven from Monday morning to Saturday night, and from January to January, with relentless obligations and duty, then you are a business man or a business woman, and my subject is appropriate to your case. We are apt to speak of the moil and tug of business life as though it were an inquisition or a prison into which a man is thrown, or an unequal strife, where half-armed he goes to contend. Hear me this morning, while I try to show you that God intended business life to be a glorious education and discipline; and if I shall be successful in what I want to say, I shall rub the wrinkles out of your brow and unstrap some of the burdens from your back.

I have now to remark that God intended business life to be to you a school of Christian energy. God started us in the world, giving us a certain amount of raw material out of which we were to hew our own character. Every faculty needs to be reset, rounded, sharpened up. After our young people have graduated from the schools and colleges, and universities, they need a higher education, that which the collision and rasping of every day life alone can effect. Energy of soul is wrought out only in the fire. And when a men for ten, or fifteen, or twenty, or thirty years has been going through business activities, his energy can no longer be measured by weights, or plummets, or ladders. It can scale any height. It can plummet any depth. It can thrash any obstacle.

Now do you suppose that God has spent all this education on you for the purpose of making you a more successful worldling, of enabling you to more rapidly accumulate dollars, making you sharp in a trade? Did God make you merely to be a yard-stick to measure cloths, or a steel-yard to weigh flour? And did he intend you to spend your life in doing nothing but to chaffer and higgle? My friend, he has put you in this school to develop your energy for his cause and kingdom. There is enough unemployed talent in the churches, and in the world to-day, to reform all empires, and all kingdoms, and people in three weeks. O, how much idleness amid strong muscles and stout hearts! How many deep streams that turn no mill wheels and haul on the bands of no factory! God demands that he have the best lamb out of every flock, the richest sheaf in every harvest, the best men of every generation; and in a cause where the Newtons, and the Lockes, and the Mansfields of the earth were proud to enlist, you and I need not be ashamed to toil. O, for fewer idlers and for more consecrated Christian workers!

Again, God intended business life to be a school of patience. How many little things there are in one day's engagements to perturb, and annoy, and disquiet you. Bargains will rub, and men will break their engagements. Collecting agents will come back empty handed. Tricksters in business will play upon what they call the "hard times," when in any times they never pay. Goods placed on the wrong shelf. Cash books and money drawer in a quarrel. Goods ordered for an especial emergency failing to come, or if coming, damaged in the transportation. People who intend no harm going about shopping, unrolling goods they do not mean to buy. Men obliged to take up other people's notes. More counterfeit bills in the drawer. More bad debts. Another ridiculous panic.

Under all this friction men break down, or they are scoured up into additional brightness. How many you and I have known who in the past few years have gone down under the pressure, and have become petulent, and choleric, and crabbed, and pugnacious, until customers forsook their stores, and these merchants have become insolvent, and their names were pronounced with detestation. But other men have found in this a school for patience. They toughened under the exposure. They were like rocks, more serviceable for the blasting. There was a time when they had to choke down their wrath. There was a time when they had to bite their lips. There was a time when they thought of a stinging retort they would like to utter. But now they have conquered their impatience. They have kind words for sarcastic flings. They have a polite behavior for discourteous customers. They have forbearance for unfortunate debtors. They have moral reflections after the sudden reverses of fortune. How are you going to get that grace of patience? Not through hearing ministers preach about it. Oh, no! If you get it at all, you will get it in the world where you sell hats, and plead causes, and tin roofs, and make shoes, and turn banisters, and plow corn. I pray God that through the turmoil, and sweat and exasperation of your everyday life, you may hear the voice of Christ saying to you: "If patience possess your soul, let patience have a perfect work."

Again, God intended business life to be to you a school for the attaining of knowledge. Merchants do not read many books, nor study any lexicons, nor dive into great profounds, yet through the force of circumstances they get intelligent on questions of politics, and finance, and geography, and jurisprudence and ethics. Business is a hard schoolmistress. If her pupils will not learn in any other way, with unmerciful hand she smites them on the head and on the heart with inexorable loss. You went into some business enterprise, and $5,000 got out of your grasp. You say the $5,000 were wasted. Oh, no! that was only tuition. Expensive schooling, but it was worth it. Misfortune, with hard hands, comes upon a man and wakes him up, and by the very forces of circumstances business men get to be intelligent. Traders in grain must know about foreign harvests. Traders in fruit must know about the prospects of tropical productions. Manufacturers of American goods must know about the tariff on imported articles. Publishers of books must know the new law of copyright. Owners of ships come to understand winds, and shoals, and navigation. And so every bale of cotton, and every raisin cask, and every tea box, and every cluster of bananas, becomes literature to our business men. Now what is the use of all this intelligence unless you give it to Christ? Do you suppose God gives you these opportunities of brightening up your intellect and of increasing your knowledge merely to get larger treasures and grander business? Oh, no. Can it be that you have been learning about foreign lands and people that dwell under other skies, and yet have no missionary spirit? Can it be that you have been learning the follies and trickeries and hollowness of the business world, and yet you are not trying to bring to bear upon even the gospel which is to correct all abuses, and abolish all igorance, and correct all mistakes, and arrest all crime, and irradiate all darkness, and lift up all wretchedness? Can it be that, notwithstanding your acquaintance with the intricacies of business, you are ignorant of those things which will last the soul long after bills of exchange, and commissions, and invoices, and consignments, and rent rolls have been crumpled up and consumed in the fires of a judgment?

Again: God intended business life to be to you a school of Christian integrity. No age of the world offered so many inducements for scoundrelism as are offered now. There is hardly a statute on the law books that has not some back door through which miscreants can escape. How many deceptions in the fabric of goods! Commercial life plies the land with trickeries innumerable, and there are so many people in Brooklyn and New York who live a life of plunder, that when a man proposes a straightforward, honest business it is almost charged to greenness and want of tact. Ah! my brethren, this ought not to be. But I have to tell you that it requires more grace to be honest now than it did in the days of our fathers, when business was plain, and there were no stock-gamblers, and woolen was woolen, and silk was silk, and men were men. How rare it is that you find a man who can from his heart say: "I never cheated in trade; I never overestimated the value of goods when I was selling them. I never covered up a defect in a fabric. I never played upon the ignorance of a customer, and in all my estate there is not one dishonest farthing." There are those who can say it. They never let their integrity to bow or cringe to present advantage. They are as pure and Christian to-day as on the day when they sold their first tierce of rice or their first firkin of butter. There were times when they could have robbed a partner, when they could have absconded with the funds of a bank, when they could have sprung a snap judgment, when they could have borrowed illimitably, when they could made a false assignment, when they could have ruined a neighbor for the purpose of picking up some of the fragments; but they never took one step on the pathway of hell fire. Now they can pray without being haunted with the chink of dishonest gold. Now they can read the Bible without thinking of the day when, with a lie on their soul, they kissed the book in a custom-house. Now they look into the laughing faces of their children without thinking of orphans left by them penniless and houseless. Now they can think of death without having their knees knock together, and their hearts sink, and their teeth chatter, because there is a judgment where all defrauders, and jockeys, and tricksters, and charlatans shall be doubly damned. Now they can read in the Bible without flinching: "As the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at the end shall be a fool." Alas! if any of you, for the purpose of getting out of temporary embarrassment, dare to sell your soul, or any portion of it. You may wake up in the midst of embarrassment and say: "No one is looking. This transaction may be a little out of the way, but it is only once, only once." On that one occasion you not only wreck your spiritual nature, but you despoil your business prospects. You put one dishonest dollar in an estate, but it will not stand. You may take a dishonest dollar and put it down in the very depths of the earth, and you may roll on the top of its rocks and mountains, and on the top of those rocks and mountains you may put all the banks and moneyed institutions, piling them up heaven high, but that one dishonest dollar down in the depths of the earth will begin to rock and heave, and upturn itself until it comes to the resurrection of damnation. You cannot hide a dishonest dollar.

In the review of this subject there are two or three things I want to say, and the first is, let us have a larger sympathy for business men. I think it is a shame that in our pulpits we do not oftener preach on this subject, and show that we appreciate the sorrows, and struggles, and temptations, and trials of every-day life. Men who toil with the hand are very apt to be suspicious of those who move in the world of traffic, and think that they get their money idly, and that they give no equivalent. Men who raise the corn, and wheat, and rye, and oats, are very apt to think that grain merchants get easy profits. The fist is very apt to be jealous of the brain. Plato and Aristotle were so opposed to all kinds of merchandise, that they said commerce was the curse of the earth, and they recommended that cities should not be built any nearer the seacoast than ten miles. But we have become wiser than that, and you know that there are no harder workers than those who plan and calculate in stores, and banks, and counting-houses. What though their apparel be neat, what though their manners be refined, do not put them down as idlers. They carry loads heavier than a hod of brick. They go into exposure keener than the cutting of the east wind, they scale mountains higher than the Alps and Himalayas, and maintaining their Christian integrity, Christ will at last accost them, saying: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things. I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of my Lord."

I also enjoin you to quit all fretfulness about business matters. Is there not something in your own household that you would not give up for the worldly success other men have? Besides that if these trials lifted you up you ought to bless God for the whip of discipline. The larger the note you have to pay, the greater the uncertainty of business life, the better for your soul, if Jesus Christ leads you triumphantly through. How do I know? I know it by this principle—that the hotter the furnace, the better the refining. There have been thousands of men who have gone through the same path you are now going through with an aching heart. There are multitudes before the throne of God who were lashed with cares and anxieties innumerable, and were cheated out of everything but their coffin. They were sued, they were ejected, they were imprisoned for debt, they were maltreated, they were throttled by constables with whole packs of writs, they were sold out by the sheriffs, they had to confess judgments, they had to compromise with creditors, and their last hour on earth was disturbed by the fact that their door-bell was rung loudly and angrily by the hand of some impetuous creditor, who was surprised that that sick man should be so impertinent and outrageous as to die before he had paid him the last three shillings and sixpence. Oh! how men are tossed and driven! I had a friend who went from one anxiety to another; a good and great heart he had, but everything he put his hand to seemed to fail. Misfortunes clustered around, and after awhile I heard he was dead; and the first word I said, was: "Good! he had got rid of the sheriffs." There is a great multitude of business men who on earth had it hard, but, by the grace of God, they stand triumphant in heaven; and when the question is asked of them: "Who are they?" the angels of God, standing on seas of glass, will cry out: "These are they who came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Once more: I want you to seek business grace. Commercial ethics, business honor, laws of trade, may do very well for awhile; but there will come a time when the ground will slip from under your feet, and the world will frown, and the devils will set after your soul, and you will want more than this world can give you. You will want the eternal rock to stand on. For the lack of that grace, you have known men to forge, and to maltreat their friends, and to curse their enemies, and you have seen their names bulletined among scoundrels, and spit upon and blistered by scorn, and ground to powder. They not only lost their property, but their souls were mauled, and putrefied, and blasted for eternity. You could count up scores of such persons, while there are others who, tossed on the same sea, sustained by the grace of God, have all the time kept their eye on the lighthouse. Men coming out of that man's store say: "If there ever was a Christian trader, that is one." Stern integrity kept the books and waited on the customers. Light from the future world flashed through the show windows. Wrath never stamped that floor, nor did sly dishonesty cover up imperfections in goods. Love to God and love to men were the principles that ruled in the store of the Christian trader. Some day the shutters are not let down from the store window, and the bars are not taken from the door. Men pass along, and stop, and stare, and go up to read a card on the door which announces, "Closed on account of death of one of the firm." That death—it is talked in commercial circles that a good man has gone. Boards of trade pass resolutions of sympathy, and the churches of Christ pray "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth." He has made his last bargain. He has suffered his last loss. He has ached with his last fatigue. The results of his Christian industry will bless his children after he is dead, and bequests to the kingdom of God will gather many sones into glory. Everlasting rewards in place of business discipline. The "wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

A Small Riot in Pennsylvania.

BELLEFONT, Oct. 28.—Before the Blaine party arrived at Bellefont yesterday morning there was a lively time among politicians and citizens generally. The cause of it was the store order question. It was stated that Gray Meek, editor of the *Watchman*, posted up a fac simile of the alleged store order in the window of his office. The Beaver club, seeing it, broke ranks and demanded that it be taken down. They claim that they first entered the office and requested that it be removed, on the ground that it reflected on them as much as upon Beaver, and meeting with a refusal, they tore it down, but another was immediately posted up. This infuriated them, and a volley of stones was sent crashing through the window.

Mr. Meek hastily summoned the sheriff, and a number of the club were arrested. A great crowd followed them to the magistrate's office, where the accused were all held under bail. In the parade were banners bearing the inscription, "We are paid in cash, and Gray Meek knows it."

—There are certain liniments which will deaden pain, but it soon returns. St. Jacobs Oil goes to the root of the malady, and the sufferer is permanently cured. Fifty cents.

News of the Week.

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.

Warder at ocean's gate,
Thy feet on sea and shore,
Like one the skies await
When time shall be no more!
What splendors crown thy brow?
What bright dread angel Thou,
Dazzling the waves before
Thy station great?

"My name is Liberty!
From out a mighty land
I face the ancient sea,
I lift to God my hand;
By day in Heaven's light,
A pillar of fire by night,
At ocean's gate I stand
Nor bend the knee.

"The dark Earth lay in sleep,
Her children crouched forlorn,
Ere on the western steep
I sprang to height, reborn;
Then what a joyous shout
The quickened lands gave out,
And all the choir of morn
Sang anthems deep.

"Beneath yon firmament,
The New World to the Old
My sword and summons sent,
My skyey flag unrolled;
The Old World's hands renew
Their strength; the form ye view
Came from a living mould
In glory blent.

"O ye, whose broken spars
Tell of the storms ye met,
Enter! there are no bars
Across your pathway set;
Enter at Freedom's porch,
For you I lift my torch,
For you my coronet
Is rayed with stars.

"But ye that hither draw
To desecrate my fee,
Nor yet have held in awe
The justice that makes free—
Avaunt, ye darkling brood!
By Right my house hath stood;
My name is Liberty,
My throne is law."

O wonderful and bright,
Immortal Freedom, hail!
Front, in thy fiery might,
The midnight and the gale;
Undaunted on this base
Guard well thy dwelling-place;
Till the last sun grow pale
Let there be Light!

—*Edmund C. Steadman, in Harper's Weekly, Oct. 27.*

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

BARTHOLDI STATUE OF LIBERTY.

One Million People Take Part in the Ceremonies—Clouds and Threatened Rain Had No Terrors for Them.

A GENERAL HOLIDAY.

New York Crowded With Strangers—Nearly All Business Suspended.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—The rain storm which prevailed all day yesterday, ceased last night, but the weather this morning is very unpromising for the festivities which are to take place in connection with the inauguration of the Bartholdi statue of Liberty. A slight fog hangs over the city and obscures in a measure the elaborate decorations of buildings with which the city has been beautified.

French and American flags are flying from housetops and windows in every direction, and a general holiday appearance is presented by moving bodies of soldiers, militia, civic organizations, and by the collection on the sidewalks of great crowds of people. Business during the day will be almost entirely suspended, the public schools will be closed, and all New York will join in the celebration.

Visitors from all sections of the country have been coming into the city for two days past, and this morning thousands more were added to the great throng, the prospects of unpleasant weather in no way deterring them. The storm greatly interfered with the work on Bedloe's Island yesterday, but as little as was left to do it did not matter very much whether it rained or not. The workmen tore down the old narrow steps that led up the embankment and replaced them with a wider and more substantial stairway. They laid a broad wooden walk leading to the ground entrance in the front of the fort. The platform that has stood in one of the northwestern angles of the enclosure was also removed, and the platform for the speakers made ready for their reception.

A handsome silk French flag will be placed over the face of the statue. At a word from Pres. Cleveland it will be drawn, unveiling the head of the goddess.

THE PARADES.

The land parade, which moved out at 9 o'clock, includes between 25,000 and 35,000 men. The head of the column will reach the Battery about noon. The naval parade starts at 12:45 p. m. The President will reach Bedloe's Island, it is expected, at about 3 o'clock, and the exercises will commence as soon as he has reached his seat.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

reached the reviewing stand at Madison Square at 10:40 a. m. He was greeted with hearty cheers as he drove down the avenue and drew up in front of the stand. Sec Bayard rode in the carriage with him. After the President had taken his place on the reviewing stand, the members of the French delegation were presented to him. Most of the space in the stand was reserved for

THE FRENCH GUESTS.

They were headed by M Bartholdi, Count DeLesseps, Admiral Jaures, Gen. Pelisier, Col. DePusy, M. Bigol, ol. D'Eloustedat and Lieut. Villeger. The French delegation was in charge of Capt. Ferdinand Levy, Capt. Schilling, Lieut. Walz and Col. Collins. Among other

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS

on the reviewing stand were Gen. Sheridan and his staff, Col. Sheridan, Col. Kellogg and Col. Blunt, Gov. Hill, accompanied by Lieut. Gov. Jones and his staff, Judges Brown and Benedict, of the Supreme court, and Gen. Rufus Ingalls.

A MILLION PEOPLE.

It is estimated that fully a million of people took part in the festivities to-day. The wet pavements, the mud, the chilly atmosphere, and general discomfort were not appreciable for the public enthusiasm.

The streams of working men and women who usually tread the streets at early morning hours, carrying dinner pails and lunch baskets were to-day as early astir, but with the difference that they wore their holiday attire, and their faces had expectancy in every feature.

From a boundary line east and west of the river fronts the drift of the people moved, until, when nearing the line of march, there grew to be a tide of humanity that dammed up against the police lines and set back its constantly flowing stream to near-by avenues.

Meantime the favored dwellers in houses on Fifth avenue, arose at leisure, and servants hung out bunting on the wet fronts of the brown stone dwellings, where it fluttered in occasional and bitter gusts of wind.

On nearly every street car unformed troops and members of societies were early on their way to their places of rendezvous. Gorgeously attired musicians trailed the streets in silence, seeking their detachments, and drum corps beat the step for Grand Army posts upon sodden drumheads.

The drapery of flags and bunting upon the city buildings and upon the federal building flapped fitfully in the moist air, while the banners on thousands of tall staffs trailed idly or streamed lazily out in vagrant puffs of wind that supplied intensity for steadiness in their courses.

THE PROCESSION

was to have started at 9 o'clock, but at that hour it had only begun to form. The Fifth U. S. artillery, commanded by Col. John Hamilton, and the engineer corps took their position in front of Sec. Whitney's house, at Fifty-eighth street and Fifth avenue, a few minute after 9 o'clock.

Next came the Old Guard, who stood near the carriages in waiting for Pres. Cleveland and the members of his cabinet to leave Sec. Whitney's residence, where they had spent the night. Promptly at 10 o'clock the President, accompanied by Secretary of State Bayard, descended the steps and entered the open carriage. They were followed by Secretary of the Navy Whitney, Postmaster General Vilas, Secretary of the Interior Lamar, Private Secretary Col. Lamont, Rear Admiral Luce and staff, and Maj. Whipple.

The Old Guard preceded the carriages, and at 10:15 commenced the march down Fifth avenue. Both sides of the avenue were crowded with people, who waved their hats and applauded loudly as the President's carriage passed.

On all the side streets, from Central park down to the reviewing stand, in 25th street, the different military companies and civic organizations were formed.

The carriges containing the President and cabinet were followed by a battalion of 250 police. The U. S. naval brigade came next, with the engineers corps, which consisted of 250 men. The second regiment N. G. S. N. Y., then fell in line, together with a detachment of Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. These were followed by the Seventh, Eigth, Twelfth, Eleventh and First regiments; and the French societies numbering 2,500 men.

The governors of Massachusetts, Maine, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey, New York, Maryland and their staffs, together with the United States judges, entered carriages at the Windsor hotel and fell into line behind the French associations. After these followed divisions made up of mayors and officials from various cities, police and firemen, veterans of 1812, Grand Army posts, the Volunteer Firemen's association, Knights of Pythias of Indiana, numbering 250, Odd Fellows, and other organizations.

The crowd in Madison Square, when the President reached the reviewing stand, was vast. The side streets were choked with humanity, and Broadway was clogged with vehicles and street cars above and below the intersection of the line of march. When Gov. Hill mounted the platform there were cheers, but when

BARTHOLDI, THE SCULPTOR,

appeared, and was easily recognized by the mass, who had seen his portrait on the programmes and in the illustrated papers, a shout went up from those nearest the stand, the cry of "Bartholdi!" "Bartholdi!" was then caught up on both the reviewing and grand stands. The crowds on the avenue curbings, up and down, heard the name, and passed it to the people in the park and side streets, until the heavy air was shaken with

A ROAR OF CHEERING

that must have gladdened the heart of the alsatian, who bowed and bowed his acknowledgements.

And then in carriages, driven to the rear of the stand, came Pres. Cleveland and his party. Instantly he was recognized, and again the crowds shook the welkin with their shouts, and from the house tops and windows of the near by hotels came shouts and the sounds of clapping hands to swell the roar of sound that, like a wave, broke over the park and flowed down the streets and along the avenue, where in the misty distance north the trappings and pomp of the head of the column was seen just moving on its course. The signal service operator of the Twenty-eighth street station made known the fact to the throng by a waving flag, and the pressure increased toward the avenue and the people became packed more closely, if it were possible.

Whittier's Poem.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—The *Independent* publishes the following poem by John G. Whittier on the statue of Liberty:

The land, that, from the rule of Kings
In freeing us, itself made free—
Our old world sister to us brings
Her sculptured dream of beauty.

Unlike the shapes on Egypt's sands,
Uplifted by the toilworn slave,
On freedom's soil, with freemen's hands,
We rear the symbol free hands gave.

O France, the beautiful! to thee
Once more a debt of love we owe,
In peace, beneath thy fleur de lis,
We hail a later Rochambeau.

Rise, stately symbol, holding forth
Thy light and hope to all who sit
In chains of darkness, belt the earth
With watchfires from thy torch uplit.

Reveal the primal mandate still
Which chaos heard and ceased to be;
Trace on mid air the eternal will
In signs of fire, "Let man be free."

Shine far, shine free, a guiding light
To reason's way and virtue's aim,
A lightning flash, the wretch to smite
Who shields his license with thy name.

THE BRITISH GROWL

Over the Bartholdi Statue—Conclusion of the Ceremonies—Pres. Cleveland's Remarks—The Absence of French Officials Leads to Unfavorable Comment.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—At the conclusion of Sen. Evarts's speech, a signal was given and the veil was withdrawn from the face of the statue, amidst the booming of cannons and shrieking of whistles from hundreds of steamers and other craft gathered around the island. This indescribable ovation continued for fully half an hour. Sen. Evarts then, when the firing and hooting subsided, introduced Pres. Cleveland, who in accepting the statue, said:

"The people of the United States accept with gratitude from their brethren of the French Republic the grand and completed work of art we here inaugurate. This token of the affection and consideration of the people of France demonstrates the kinship of republics and conveys to us the assurance that in our efforts to commend to mankind the excellence of a government resting upon the popular will, we still have beyond the American continent a steadfast ally. We are not here to-day to bow before the representation of a fierce and war like God, filled with wrath and vengeance. Greater than all that have been celebrated in ancient Troy, instead of grasping in her hand thunderbolts of terror and of death, she holds aloft the light which illumines the way to man's enfranchisement. We will not forget that Liberty has here made her home; nor shall the chosen altar be neglected. Willing votaries will constantly keep alive its views, and these shall gleam upon the shore of our sister republic in the east, reflected there and joined with answering rays as the gleam of light shall pierce the darkness of ignorance and man's oppression until Liberty Enlightens the World."

The President left the city by special train on the Pennsylvania road at 5:35 this evening. He went straight from the festivities on Bedloe's Island on board the Dispatch, in company with Secs. Lamar, Bayard and Whitney, to the Adams Express pier, where a special train was in waiting.

PROVOKES COMMENT.

Significant Absence of French Officials from New York.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—A gentleman who occupied a seat on the stand used by the President yesterday in reviewing the great parade, says:

"I heard some comment on the main stand about the absence of the charge d'affaires of France, who is temporarily the head of the French Legation at Washington, during the absence of M. Roustan. It was said that one of the reasons for not appointing a minister plenipotentiary in place of M. Roustan, who is not expected back, was to avoid committing the French government through its minister to anything that might be said or done on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of Liberty. Coincident with this noticeable absence was the action of the French ship of war Minerv, which has been in the harbor. Three days ago the Minerv sailed out to sea, ostensibly for naval practice, and nothing has been heard of her since. The failure of the ship to be present to take part in the exercises of the day may be fairly taken as an indication of some hitch in the relations between the French government and the gentlemen who were here with M. Bartholdi and Count De Lesseps. I have heard two reasons assigned. One had reference to the Panama canal. It was said that the statue of Liberty exercises were being used to forward the schemes of De Lesseps, and that the French government is unwilling through its officials here to countenance that project, over which there is so much discussion at home. The other reason had reference to the political situation in France. My informant said that the delegation to this country is largely impregnated with 'Gambettaism,' whatever that may be, and that there is some friction on that account."

MORE GROWLING.

The London Times on the Bartholdi Statue Dedication.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—A London special cable to the *World* says: "The second editorial in the *Times* of this morning is devoted to the dedication ceremonies of the statue of Liberty. It designates the whole affair as being a curious festival, and asks why Liberty should be exported from France, which has so little thereof, to America, which has so much.

"The article is written throughout in an altogether spiteful and contemptible vein, which shows but too clearly the prevailing jealousy of the United States in this country, as well as the old hatred of France. M. Bartholdi is designated as an Alsatian sculptor, who is a convinced Republican, with a propensity for doing things that shall insure him against obscurity and oblivion.

"Of the statue itself it says: 'A height of 150 feet is, to say the least, respectable. It beats the Rameses of Egypt. It beats the Colusses of Rhodes. Above all, to the great satisfaction of the French sculptor and of his committee, it very decidedly beats the Arminius of the Teutoburger Wald, the impersonification of the genius of Germany. Set down in Trafalgar Square, the lady with her uplifted torch would reach, including her pedestal, pretty nearly to the top of the Nelson column. In one sense, this is a great work of art, though perhaps not in the best sense; for great artists do not indulge in *tours de force.* It is quite enough, anyhow, to have taken old M. De Lesseps across the Atlantic and to have led him to fall on M. Spuller's neck at the reception on Tuesday night, and thereto embrace him in an ecstacy of fraternal and Republican enthusiasm."

The Mistakes of the News.

LONDON, Oct. 29.—The *Daily News*, commenting on the dedication of Bartholdi's statute of liberty, says: "It is a great mistake to think the statue will increase the friendship between the two countries. America did not want the statue; she took it because it was offered her. When the cannon boomed New York was richer by a remarkable statue, and that was all."

The French Guests.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—The French guests of the city to-day visited the apartments of the board of Education, on the invitation of Wm. Wood, president of the board. M. Bartholdi and Marshal Napoleon are remaining behind at the Hoffman House, where they spent the day chatting with casual callers in the lobby.

Innumerable letters asking for the autographs of one or more of the distinguished French men have been received. Most of the requests are for the autographs of M. DeLesseps or M. Bartholdi, with the honors evenly divided. Other letters containing poems or pleas for aid were also received. All this correspondence goes into the waste paper basket.

Prince Napoleon saw the parade yesterday from his window at the Fifth Avenue hotel, and to-day, like all the rest of the days, he has remained closely in his room, seeing no callers.

A "GAUZY" STORY.

Why a Michigan Woman Left Her Husband and Went with the Hired Man.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—William Emerich, a man with a peculiar history, is held at the First Precinct station house in Newark on a nominal charge of drunkenness. He was arrested at the instance of his wife, who complained that he drank to excess and abused her.

When he was arraigned yesterday morning Mrs. Emerich said that three years ago she lived with her husband, a prosperous farmer named Hill, at Jackson, Mich. They took Emerich into their service. He aroused Hill's jealousy, and was ordered to leave. He consented, on condition that Mrs. Hill went with him, threatening to burn the house and kill its inmates if she refused. She and her husband consulted as to what she had better do, and reached the conclusion that his safety and her's demanded that she should go with Emerich. Consequently she went away with the farm hand, and subsequently Hill procured a divorce. Then she married Emerich, but Hill, even after the wedding, continued to send her money. Since the marriage the woman had learned that Emerich had married a young girl in Philadelphia many years ago, and deserted her. He claims to have been divorced from the first wife, but Mrs. Emerich No. 2 doubts the truth of the story.

PERISHED IN THE FLAMES.

Eight Lives Lost by the Burning of a Log Cabin in Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 28.—On Tuesday Wm. Pere, a farmer living in Knox county, went away from home on business, leaving his wife, five children and two young ladies of the neighborhood—Miss Alice Carnes and Sallie Adams. During the night the house burned, and all the inmates perished, and their remains were found next day by the husband on his return.

It is not known how the cabin caught fire, but the mother's remains were found clasping those of the baby, and the bed-clothing near showed that an effort had been made to extinguish the fire. The remains of the others were found in the ruins.

A $200,000 Fire in Cleveland.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 27.—The magnificent stone building of the Case school of applied science at the East End, which was completed and opened about a year ago at a cost of $20,000, was destroyed by fire at an early hour this morning. The discovery of the fire shortly after 2 o'clock was followed by an explosion at the chemical labratory, which blew out a portion of one of the walls. The flames then soon made short work of the fine structure. The building was four stories in height, and built of sand stone. It was furnished with all the latest appliances for the demonstration of science. The total loss is estimated at $200,000. The physiological and chemical apparatus and the geological collections were among the finest in the country. The chemical appliances were valued at $20,000. The geological collection was very fine. It is thought that the building and its contents were insured for about $75,000. There were from 50 to 60 students in the school. Case school was built with money left by the late Leonard Case, the Cleveland millionaire philanthropist.

Lutheran Church Confessional.

CHICAGO, Oct. 27.—In the general council of the Lutheran church the report of the Churchbook committee was adopted, and the committee was authorized to print, for the temporary use of the churches, the forms and ceremonies not now included in the church book.

The council has been overwhelmed with telegrams as to its reputed action with respect to the Confessional, and adopted a resolution repudiating the statement representing its action proposed, last Saturday, as "requiring private confession and absolution before the clergyman, somewhat similar to the Roman church," and officially states that no such action was either taken or even proposed; that in common with our fathers, we repudiate and condemn with all our hearts any and every form of confession that requires an enumeration of sins, and that our action simply provided an order for personal confession of sinfulness and penitence, to be used by the communicant when he so desires, as well as an order for the public confession customary in Lutheran churches preparatory to the Holy Communion."

A Peculiar Case of Insanity.

CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—Wm. McLaughlin was suddenly driven insane last evening under circumstances of a very peculiar nature. An irresponsible evening paper got out an extra edition which announced in flaring headlines that Queen Victoria had died. Later, McLaughlin was found wandering about the streets talking in a most incoherent manner about the canard. A police officer locked him up. This morning McLaughlin was brought before Justice Meech. He was very well dressed and of gentlemanly appearance, and his language gave evidence of culture. He was still incoherent in his talk, and started out by asking the justice to lend him a shilling.

Questioned as to his strange actions, he replied that he could not account for them. He said he felt all right until he got hold of the paper containing the news of the queen's death, and then he began to worry about it. Justice Meech continued the case for the purpose of having a physician examine the unfortunate man.

A Remarkable Trip in an Open Boat.

MEMPHIS, Oct. 29.—A young man named Wm. Dennis arrived here yesterday in the clinker-built boat Dauntless, of Buffalo, en route down the river. Mr. Dennis left Buffalo twelve weeks ago in his open boat, with no companion, bent on making a trip by way of Lake Erie, the Miami Canal, the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, the Gulf of Mexico, Atlantic ocean, Hudson river and the Erie canal back to his home near Buffalo. He has come this far without accident, and is positive of his ability to finish the trip.

He will winter on the St. John's river, in Florida, and in the spring coast up to the mouth of the Hudson, up which river he will go until he reaches New Albany, where he will enter the Erie canal, by way of which he will go to Buffalo. His boat is a beautifully modeled little craft, 18 feet 6 inches over all, and 4 feet 10 inches in beam, and carries an 11-yard sail. Dennis has a rifle, a muzzle-loading shot gun and fishing tackle in abundance, and has kept his table well supplied with fish and game since he started on his trip.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.

At Least Thirteen Lives Lost—The Worst Railroad Accident Ever Known in the Northwest—The Bodies of the Victims Burned in the Wreck.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 28.—The limited passenger train on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad which left here last night at 10 o'clock, was derailed at Rio, when almost three hours out, and thrown into an old stone quarry. Particulars are hard to get, but it is admitted at the general office of the company in this city, that one coach and three sleepers were wrecked, and that five or six persons were killed. Physicians left this city on an early train for the scene of the disaster.

B. Loewenbach, a job printer in this city, was on the wrecked train. He says the scenes after the accident were harrowing. The passenger coach, which he says contained fifteen or twenty persons, was telescoped at both ends, and the fire and smoke which enveloped the wreck prevented the imprisoned and injured passengers from escaping.

Passengers from the sleeping cars witnessed the blazing cars, but they were powerless to render assistance. Men and women could be seen tearing their hair in the agony of the moment, and frightful screams issued from the death trap. One heavy woman in particular, he says, tore up one of the seats with almost superhuman strength, and endeavored to break her way out of the burning pyre, but her strength failed, and she fell to the floor and met a horrible fate.

Only three persons escaped from the passenger car, Mr. Loewenbach says, a man and two children. The man was observed as he forced his way through the ventilator on the top of the car with all the clothing on his body from waist downward burned off, and his flesh roasted and bleeding from cuts inflicted by broken glass.

Every one of the wrecked cars were consumed with the exception of the last sleeper, which was cut away from the burning wreck. All of the bodies of the victims were buried in the wreck.

HOW THE ACCIDENT HAPPENED.

There are two side tracks at the place, and at the time the train was due there last night both were occupied by freights—one by a wild train, and the other by train No. 14, Conductor H. P. Hankey, of this city, who had just pulled in from the west to allow the limited to pass.

No. 14 was very long, and the conductor was at the head of the train, relying upon the brakeman to attend to the switch. One report says the rear brakeman, whose business it was to close the switch after the train, for some reason neglected altogether to do so. The other, and the more probable story, is that he started back to close the switch, but before he could reach it the limited, which does not stop at any except large places, came tearing down the grade at 50 miles an hour, and left the rails at the open switch.

The siding is in a cut, where the road curves so that the switch light cannot be seen from the east until a train is within a few rods, so the engineer of the limited could not see the switch light turned wrong until too late to stop. The engine left the track, ran a short distance, and brought up against the side of the cut, toppling over. The baggage car and two regular coaches followed, while four sleepers kept the rails.

The engine and the cars that went off were badly smashed, and soon took fire from the stoves. Engineer Little and fireman Hagan crawled out from under the locomotive, badly bruised and scalded. The baggageman had a leg broken. All the passengers in the sleepers got out uninjured except slight bruises, but in one day coach thirteen were pinned in and literally burned to death. Many others were injured by the severe shaking up.

Conductor Hankey, of the freight, was so demoralized by the accident, the responsibility of which rests on his crew, and thus also on him, that he took to the woods in despair, leaving his train. He has always been a most careful and efficient man, much trusted by the company.

It was a most horrible and sickening spectacle, the roasting people making the night hideous with their yells, while bystanders were unable to render any assistance. It was the worst wreck ever known in the Northwest.

THE MORMON QUESTION.

Immigrants Now Land at Philadelphia, Instead of New York.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 29.—Pres. Garrett, of the board of Charities, received a communication yesterday from Acting Secretary of the Treasury Fairchild relating to the landing of Mormons in this port. The acting secretary encloses copies of some correspondence, in part of which on October 8, our vice consul at Liverpool informs the department that "for more than twenty years all Mormons emigrating to the United States from England and from the continent of Europe have sailed from this port via steamer for New York. Suddenly this system, so long continued, has been changed, and Philadelphia is now to become the port of debarkation."

In another part of the correspondence is enclosed a copy of a letter, dated August 12, 1886, from the Treasury department to the President of the Board of Emigration, at New York, saying that "with reference to the point argued that our immigration laws should be invoked for the purpose of excluding Mormon immigrants from our shores, it is sufficient to say that there is no warrant of law for any such course of procedure."

That Express Robbery.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 29.—The express robbery case has been turned over to the Pinkerton agency. Most of yesterday was spent in an effort to obtain a confession from Messenger Fotheringham. The president and local superintendent of the express company were closeted with him at the Southern Hotel, last evening, and it is reported that he has weakened, but the report needs confirmation. There is little doubt any way that he is strongly suspected, and a man in a position to know the plans and intentions of the company, said that Fotheringham would probably be arrested soon. Those who suspect him hold the theory that he had a confederate who was in the service of either the railroad or express company.

The suspicion is freely expressed that several employes of the express and railroad companies carefully planned the robbery, with the knowledge of Fotheringham, and divided the money between them. It was stated at first that the amount stolen was slightly in excess of $50,000, but claims have already been presented to the company which swells the amount to $81,000. A majority of these claims have been settled, and as soon as the others are proved they will be paid.

A Brave Soldier's Good Fortune.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., Oct. 30.—At the beginning of the late war Frederick Joslin, of this place, enlisted in the Eleventh Vermont regiment. While in the army Joslin lost his eyesight from the effects of rheumatism which he had contracted through exposure. He then left the service and went to Montreal, where for a long time he was a licensed beggar. He finally returned to his native place, however, and has been supported ever since by the Chamberlain Post, G. A. R. Some time ago Elisha Mayan, attorney of this place, interested himself in Joslin's behalf, and has just succeeded in securing $10,000 back pay, and a pension of $12 monthly during the remainder of Joslin's life. This is the largest pension ever obtained in Vermont. Joslin has a wife and four children.

Mrs. George Richards, of Youngstown, discovered that her husband had a wife and family in Germany, and demanded a separation. After the money had been divided Richards came back and stole his wife's half and her daughter.

DYSPEPSIA

Causes its victims to be miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed in mind, very irritable, languid, and drowsy. It is a disease which does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven just the required remedy in hundreds of cases.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, from which I have suffered two years. I tried many other medicines, but none proved so satisfactory as Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOMAS COOK, Brush Electric Light Co., New York City.

Sick Headache

"For the past two years I have been afflicted with severe headaches and dyspepsia. I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have found great relief. I cheerfully recommend it to all." MRS. E. F. ANNABLE, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Mary C. Smith, Cambridgeport, Mass., was a sufferer from dyspepsia and sick headache. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it the best remedy she ever used.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

WASHINGTON.

THE DEBT STATEMENT.

Showing a Decrease for the Month of October of $13,201,619.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—Following is a recapitulation of the debt statement issued to-day, cents omitted:

Debt Bearing Interest.	
Four and a half per cent	$ 250,000,000
Four per cent	737,776,400
Three per cent	86,848,700
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	194,500
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000
Pacific railway bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,512
Principal	$1,153,443,112
Interest	8,993,561.00
Total	$1,162,436,673.00
Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.	
Principal	$12,316,435.00
Interest	232,492.00
Total	$12,548,927.00
Debt Bearing No Interest.	
Old demand and legal tender notes	$ 346,738,391
Certificates of deposit	7,140,000
Gold certificates	88,294,969
Silver certificates	100,306,800
Fractional currency, less	8,375,934
Estimated as lost or destroyed	$ 6,953,702
Principal	$ 549,433,862
Total Debt.	
Principal	$1,715,193,409
Interest	9,226,053
Total	$1,724,419,463
Deductions.	
Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	$217,288,315.00
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000.00
Total	$317,288,315.00
Total debt—less available cash items	$1,407,131,147.00
Recapitulation.	
Net cash in the treasury	$52,783,199
Debt less cash in the treasury Nov. 1, 1886	1,354,347,947
Debt less cash in the treasury Oct. 1, 1886	$1,367,549,567
Decrease of debt during month	$ 13,201,619
Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Public Debt.	
Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	$ 88,294,969
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	100,306,800
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	7,140,000
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	21,542,489
Fractional currency	4,057
Total available for reduction of the debt	$ 217,288,315
Reserve Fund.	
Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$ 100,000,000
Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.	
Fractional silver coin	$26,300,335.00
Minor coin	235,425.00
Total	$26,535,757.00
Certificates held as cash	54,460,760.00
Net cash balance on hand	52,783,199.00
Total cash in treasury as shown by treasurer's general account	$451,068,033.00

THANKSGIVING AND PRAYER.

The President's Proclamation Appointing Thursday, November 25.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.—The following is Pres. Cleveland's proclamation designating Thursday, November 25, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer.

It has long been the custom of the people of the United States, on a day in each year especially set apart for that purpose by the chief executive, to acknowledge the goodness and mercy of God and to invoke His continued care and protection. In observance of such custom I, Grover Cleveland, president of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the 25th day of November inst., to be observed and kept as a day of thanksgiving and prayer. On that day let all our people forego their accustomed employment and assemble in their usual place of worship to give thanks to the Ruler of the Universe for our continued enjoyment of the blessings of a free government, for the renewal of business prosperity throughout our land, for the return which has rewarded the labor of those who till the soil, and for our progress as a people in all that makes a nation great, while we contemplate the infinite power of God in earthquake, floods and storms, let the grateful hearts of those who have been shielded from harm through His mercy be turned in sympathy and kindness towards those who have suffered through his visitation. Let us also in the midst of our thanksgivings, remember the poor and needy with cheerful gifts and alms, so that our service may, by deeds of charity, be made acceptable in the sight of the Lord.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington, this first day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand, eight hundred and eighty-six, and of the independence of the United States of America, the one hundred and eleventh.

GROVER CLEVELAND, President.
T. F. BAYARD, Secretary of State.

Decision Regarding Stockholders in National Banks.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—A decision was rendered by the Supreme court of the United States to-day in a series of cases known as the Pacific national bank cases, brought here by appeal from the United States circuit court for the district of Massachusetts. These were suits instituted by the receiver of the insolvent Pacific National bank of Boston against stockholders of that bank to enforce personal liability for an assessment of 100 per cent. upon the original and the increased capital stock of the bank standing on the books in their names.

The stockholders maintained, when the cases were tried in the court below, that they were not liable on the shares of increased capital stock held by them, for the reason that the increase of the capital of $500,000 to $961,000 was unauthorized and illegal, and they were not parties to it. This court holds that the stockholders are liable upon their shares of increased capital stock; that the defences at law, and the alleged ground of relief in equity are alike insufficient, and that the judgments and decrees of the Circuit court in favor of the receiver must be affirmed in all the cases, and it is so ordered. This decision covers ten cases in this court, and several pending suits in the courts of Massachusetts. The opinion was delivered by Justice Matthews.

The President and the Prince.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—Prince Louis Napoleon called at the White House to-day and paid his respects to the President. The presentations were made by Sec. Bayard. The President received him in the Blue parlor. There were no addresses. The President and the prince conversed together about fifteen minutes.

"Off With Their Heads."

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—The President has directed the suspension of M. E. Benton, United States attorney for the Western district of Missouri, and of William A. Stone, United States attorney for the Western district of Pennsylvania. This action in the case of District Attorney Benton was based on information that he is now and has been for some time past engaged in addressing a series of political meetings throughout Missouri, with appointments advertised for nearly every evening up to the time of election. The suspension of District Attorney Stone was made for similar reasons. Benton is a Democrat and Stone a Republican.

Sec. Manning—The Auditor's Report.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29.—Sec. Manning will resume actual control of the treasury department to-day and Mr. Fairchild will be relieved of his duties as acting secretary, which office he has held from the time Mr. Manning was taken sick up to date.

Third Auditor Williams's report was sent to the secretary of the treasury yesterday. The total number of claims, accounts and cases settled during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1886, was 11,636, involving $159,401,724. During the preceding fiscal year the number was 8,910, involving $91,578,605.

Referring to state war claims, the auditor says that, while full investigation has not been completed, a cursory examination unfolds gross irregularities arising out of absolute carelessness or wilful perpetration of fraud. The office, after a thorough examination of claims of the state of Indiana, found that in round numbers $98,000 had been illegally allowed. Fifty-two thousand dollars of this sum were in the year 1874 discovered, and withheld from the credit found due the state, and upon investigation now $46,000 more, made up of accounts allowed in excess of vouchers presented. Amounts allowed twice for the same service, and amounts allowed without vouchers, appear as a legitimate charge against the state.

Will Be Strictly Enforced.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29.—The action of the President in suspending District Attorneys Stone and Benton for too great political activity is accepted as an indication that the order for federal officeholders to let electioneering alone is to be strictly enforced. It is expected that a number of dismissals will result from violations of this order, though probably not all who are guilty will be punished. It would probably be found impracticable to have a general court of inquiry, but whenever serious charges are made definitely and are supported with sufficient evidence, dismissals will follow. Men who have been conspicuously offensive, whether Democrats or Republicans, will have to go.

Illustrates the Greed for Office.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 28.—Mr. Abner B. Williams, who was appointed to be a member of the board of Registration and Election in the territory of Utah, vice James R. Pettigrew, deceased, is about 56 years of age and was reared in Southwestern Arkansas. He is a man of fine attainments and in excellent standing as a lawyer, and has been engaged in leading practice for the past 20 years. He was a member of the legislature of Arkansas for several terms, and afterwards served as probate and circuit judge. Mr. Pettigrew died October 18, at Waco, Texas, where he was on a visit to his father-in-law. There were 16 applications for his place received by the department of justice before the attorney-general was officially notified of his death.

Operations of the Indian Bureau.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—Commissioner of Indian affairs, J. D. C. Atkins, has just completed his annual report, showing the operations of the Indian bureau during the last fiscal year. He begins by calling attention to the unmistakable evidences of progress made by many of the tribes, and says: "The excellent temper, subordination and general tranquility which, with two or three exceptions, have everywhere prevailed, is of itself a most auspicious omen of progress."

Estimates for carrying on the Indian service have been reduced from $7,328,049 in 1886, to $5,608,873 for 1887. He suggests that an Indian graduate, who marries an Indian graduate, be assisted in purchasing a team, settling on 160 acres of land, fencing, breaking, and building a house, and that if he takes up land outside of any Indian reservation, he be made a citizen of the United States.

For an appropriation to defray the expense of taking a census of the Indians, the commissioner says:

"I do not not doubt that an accurate census would show a decrease in the number of Indians throughout the country, or at least at several of the agencies. The outlay for taking the census is inconsiderable when compared with the great saving it would probably effect. The saving in two instances, Cheyenne and Arapaho, and the Pine Ridge will amount to a large sum annually."

Committee Rooms Will Soon Open for Business.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2.—Within a fortnight after the elections most of the committee rooms at the capital will be full of life. Quite a number of the chairmen have directed their clerks to be on hand by November 15, and by the 25th about 10 per cent. of the committees will be holding conferences. The work of selecting measures to be pushed for passage—the work left to the "steering committee," and which failed—will be resumed. Strenuous efforts will be made to make a judicious selection of bills on the calendar of both houses, so that the more pressing topics may be disposed of.

Sen. Hoar writes that he will beyond doubt get through some kind of a bankrupt bill. The great cities throughout the country, and especially his, Boston, are urging this upon the senator with overpowering force.

CATHOLICS AND KNIGHTS.

Powderly's Visit to Cardinal Gibbons Said to be Successful.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 30.—The *Sun*, this morning, has the following: Grand Master Workman T. V. Powderly, of the K. of L., was in the city Thursday, and called on Cardinal Gibbons at his residence, where a conference of prelates was held to discuss questions affecting the welfare of the Catholic church in the United States, principally the relation and duties of Catholics who are Knights of Labor.

Mr. Powderly had two interviews with the cardinal, and laid before him the constitution and by-laws of the order. He spoke of the objects of the Knights, and how, in his opinion, they were an organization not included in the proscription of the church against secret societies which promise blind obedience. The utterances of Mr. Powderly were carefully noted and presented to the church bishops.

The visit of the grand master workman was wholly unexpected and unkown among the Knights in this city, who did not look for him before next week. It was known he would visit Cardinal Gibbons, in obedience to instructions from the convention of the Knights of Labor held recently at Richmond. Mr. Powderly went from Richmond to Lawrence, Mass., from which place it is supposed he came quietly to Baltimore.

It is said he went away from Baltimore assured that his organization would not be interfered with. Several other priests said yesterday that the Knights of Labor is a lawful organization. Mr. Powderly is a strict Catholic, and a weekly communicant, and would not countenance any society which in its workings antagonize the decrees of the Catholic church. Even John J. McCartney, district master workman of assembly 41, who is a bosom friend of Mr. Powderly, did not know he was coming to Baltimore.

Mr. McCartney, who is also a Catholic, had a lengthy interview this week with Mgr. McColgan, pastor of St. Peter's church. The monsignor sent for the district master workman and had him explain in detail the constitution of the K. of L., their attitude in boycotts, and other important features of the organization. Then Mgr. McColgan wrote the cardinal in favor of the Knights.

More Trouble at the Chicago Stock Yards.

CHICAGO, Nov. 2.—There is a prospect that the trouble ten days ago at the stock yards will be renewed. This morning the Packers' association held a meeting at which the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"That the members of the packers' association will control their business; that they will protect their property at any and all cost, and that they will run their houses on the ten-hour basis. It is further resolved that the executive committed be continued in office with authority to employ any protection deemed necessary."

It is claimed that the strikers already out are urging all the men to go out again for eight hours.

Will Cultivate 100,000 Acres of Cotton Land.

VICKSBURG, Oct. 30.—It is stated in this city that C. P. Huntington and R. T. Wilson, of New York, and Leland Stanford, of California, contemplate forming a combination to open and cultivate about 100,000 acres of land on the line of the Louisville, New Orleans & Texas railroad, in the Yazoo district. The road owns about 76,000 acres, but has sold about one-third to actual settlers.

It is the intention of the gentlemen to bring the land to the highest standard of cultivation. The lands in the Yazoo valley are recognized as the finest cotton lands in the South. They will cultivate principally cotton, using the latest improve machinery where practicable. The continuous line of levees which extend from the high ground below Memphis to the hills at Vicksburg guarantees protection from high water.

Surveyor Beattie, of New York, Shot by a Discharged Inspector.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—Surveyor of the Port of New York Beattie was shot about noon to-day, in his office at the custom house, by a discharged inspector, who fired five or six shots.

Surveyor Beattie was wounded in two places. One of the bullets, it is said, entered the groin. He lies in the custom house. The attendant state that his condition is not considered serious. The inspector who fired the shots is named Borrall, and was discharged last week, for collecting excessive fees.

The would-be murderer was pursued by an excited crowd, and would have been lynched had he not surrendered to a policeman and begged protection. He is about 72 years old, and a native of Brazil. Mr. Beattie is not thought to be dangerously injured.

The Woman's Suffrage Association.

TOPEKA, Oct. 29.—The American Woman's Suffrage Association closed last evening with the largest meeting of the three days' session. Reports of work were presented from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Kansas, Nebraska, Tennessee, Kentucky, Dakota, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Colorado, Iowa, and Texas.

Hon. Wm. Dudley Foulke was re-elected president; Lucy Stone, chairman; Julia Ward Howe, corresponding secretary; vice presidents and executive committee from every state and territory. The platform recommends municipal and presidential suffrage by statute, and amendments of state and national constitutions.

—The most stubborn cases of dyspepsia and sick headache yield to the regulating and toning influences of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it.

GLORIOUS VICTORIES

FOR THE REPUBLICAN HOSTS.

Results of Tuesday's Elections—Increased Republican Gains—Henry George Badly Beaten in New York

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—11 A. M.—The weather to-day is clear, and not a cloud is to be seen. Magnificent weather is reported from all parts of this state. In this city a large vote is being polled, and the excitement around the voting places seems as great as in 1884. The George men claim that in the district extending along the North river from the Battery to Canal street they will receive almost every vote. It is conceded that in many sections of the city that the George vote will be large, but in other sections this will be offset by other votes

In many Harlem districts there are no George tickets to be found at the polls. In that portion of the city known as the "Brown stone front" district, George will get few votes. As it is admitted on all sides that the result depends upon the number of votes George is able to draw from the Democratic party, the most interest is shown in news from the labor party headquarters.

LATER.—At the Central Labor Union headquarters to-day there was great activity from an early hour this morning. The managers spoke confidently of the success of the George ticket.

From an early hour Henry George, Rev. Dr. McGlynn, Rev. Dr. Kramer, and T. V. Powderly drove about to the polls in a carriage. Dr. McGlynn said that he was delighted at the strength which the George vote had developed, and he was sanguine that the labor candidate would be the next mayor. Mr. George appeared jubilant.

At Tammany Hall it was said everything looked well for the entire Democratic ticket. From the 23d assembly district word came that the united Democrats were holding their own, and the same was the case in the 20th district. It was said that it looked very much as if George was running ahead of Roosevelt, but that there was no fear of his equalling Hewitt's vote. In the East and West districts George was polling a heavier vote than was expected, but these were districts principally inhabited by laboring classes.

The reports received at Irving hall headquarters professed a big success for the George and Nooney tickets.

At the headquarters of the County Democracy it was estimated that George would only poll about 45,000 to 50,000 votes, and that Roosevelt would be behind George.

At Mr. Roosevelt's headquarters things have been very lively this morning. Mr. Elihu Root, chairman of the Republican County committee, was there early, and gave instructions to a special committee of 20 of the Republican club, who then scattered over the city to see how things were going on. By 11 a. m., Mr. Root had heard from most of those gentlemen, and he said that from all reports Roosevelt was receiving a hearty support from the party all through the city. Mr. Root admitted that from two assembly districts he had received dispatches saying that parts of the ticket were being sold out, but in neither of these districts, he asserted, would this crooked work affect Mr. Roosevelt. Reports have also been received that George is polling a heavy vote, and as this is said to be coming almost entirely from the Democrats, the feeling at Republican headquarters is at this hour very hopeful. The people there are very happy over the fine weather, and Mr. Roosevelt, who came down early, is feeling very confident.

Mr. Roosevelt spent an hour or more answering messages of good cheer, which he had received, one of them from ex-Pres. Arthur. A number of letters from "strikers" were also received, the most notable being a request for Mr. Roosevelt to assist in the endowment of an academy in Maryland.

It is rumored that 9,000 Republican votes are being held back, and if at 3 p. m. the George vote is ahead, they will be cast for Hewitt.

SWEEPING REPUBLICAN VICTORY.

From all over the Union comes the cheering intelligence of sweeping Republican gains at the election of November 2. In New York city the Socialistic candidate for mayor, Henry George, has been handsomely defeated, showing that Americans are not yet ready to adopt the peculiar reform methods of which he is the chief exponent. Abraham Hewitt, the united Democratic candidate, is elected through the efforts of the better class of Democrats and such Republicans as were in favor of an honest Democrat in preference to George.

TENNESSEE.

Returns show Democratic gains all over the state, though a light vote has been polled. Bob Taylor, Democratic candidate for governor, is elected by between 20,000 and 25,000 majority. The Democrats gain one Congressman in the Tenth district. All the former Democratic districts return Democrats, with slightly increased majorities.

Mallot Hanged.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C., Nov. 2.—Albert Mallot was hanged in the jail yard at Kamloops yesterday. The crime for which he suffered the death penalty was the murder of Andrew Johnston at Revelstoke, B. C., August 15, 1885.

Ah Swett, who was convicted of the murder of a brother Chinaman in August, 1883, was hanged in the New Westminster yards yesterday.

VIRGINIA.

The latest returns indicate that the Virginia delegation in Congress will stand four Democrats and six Republicans, a net Republican gain of four congressmen in the fiftieth Congress.

SPEAKER CARLISLE.

Speaker Carlisle's majority for Congress in Kentucky will probably not exceed 1,500, from present indications. Campbell and Kenton counties, in one of which he lives, and which adjoin, have gone 2,000 against him. The district usually averages 3,500 to 5,000 Democratic.

IOWA.

Eighty precincts give Jackson, Republican, for secretary of state, 10,410; Sells, Democrat, 9,316. The Republican majority in the state is estimated at 8,500.

Two hundred and sixty precincts give Jackson, 34,150; Sells, 28,400—a net Republican gain of 999.

CALIFORNIA.

Partial returns from all the counties in the state outside of San Francisco, give the Republicans a majority. Unless the majority for Bartlett, Democrat for Governor, proves to be much larger in San Francisco than is expected, Swift, Republican, will be elected.

The latest count gives Swift, R., for governor, 12,660; Bartlett, D., 11,443. The indications are that the Republicans have carried all of the six congressional districts, and also the legislature by a small majority.

MISSOURI.

Chairman Shields, of the Democratic state central committee, said, at midnight, that he felt sure the Democrats had carried twelve of the fourteen Congressional districts in the state, and possible more than that, although he concedes that four districts (fifth, ninth, tenth and thirteenth) were very close, with the outlook favorable to the Republicans in the ninth and thirteenth.

MICHIGAN.

Michigan Republicans claim the state by 5,000 majority and the election of the following congressmen: Allen, Second district; McBride, Fifth district; Brewer, Sixth district; Panborn, Seventh district; Hand, Tenth district; also the legislature. The Fusions claim the state by a small plurality and the following congressmen: Chipman, First district; Whitney, Seventh district; Fisher, Tenth district; Tarnesey, Eighth district.

Both parties claim the state, the Republicans by 10,000 and the Democrats by 1,000.

ARKANSAS.

Partial returns from all over the state render certain the election of the Democratic candidates in each of the five Congressional districts.

WISCONSIN.

Reports from the rural districts are swelling Rusk's plurality and at Republican headquarters between 18,000 and 20,000 plurality is for Governor Rusk. The legislature is Republican, with a reduced majority on joint ballot. The Labor party has elected from ten to twelve members of the legislature and their leaders claim they have enough to hold the balance of power and thus control the selection of a United States senator.

MASSACHUSETTS.

It is conceded that Ames, for governor, Republican, has been elected by at least 5,000 plurality, which is likely to be increased by by complete returns.

MINNESOTA.

It looks very much this morning as though the Democrats will elect three of the five congressmen in Minnesota. Steel and Olmstead counties, in the First district, usually Republican, have gone Democratic, making it probable that Wm. Wilson, D., has defeated J. A. Lovely, R. It is not likely that McGill's majority for governor will be less than 10,000, as most of the Republican strongholds are yet to be heard from. At this hour there is nothing definite known.

MARYLAND.

There was very little interest in the election, and the Democrats met with little opposition.

LOUISIANA.

The indications point to a solid Democratic delegation to Congress from Louisiana.

DAKOTA.

Specials from various points in Dakota indicate the re-election of Gifford, R., delegate to Congress, by 3,000 majority. While the Republicans have lost votes on the delegate, they have made gains on the legislature, which will be overwhelmingly Republican.

ILLINOIS.

Returns from Illinois are very meagre, but indicate that the legislature is very much mixed. From the very incomplete returns obtained from the districts outside of Chicago, the Republicans appear to have the advantage, but the possibility of the election of two Socialist Senators and several members of the House in Chicago places the political complexion of the new general assembly in doubt. It looks now as if the Labor party would at least hold the balance of power, but complete returns may give the assembly to the Republicans.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

There has been no election of governor by the people. Sawyer, R., and Cogswell, D., for governor, are running remarkably close together. Wentworth, Pro., has polled upward of 2,500 votes, his strength being sufficient to defeat a choice. McKenney, D. is elected to Congress in the first district over Haynes, R. Gallenger, R., has been re-elected to Congress in the second district.

In the State Senate the Republicans will have 14 members and the Democrats 10. In the house, the Republicans will probably have from 20 to 30 majority. This insures the election of a Republican United States Senator to succeed Senator Pike.

HEWITT ELECTED MAYOR OF NEW YORK.

Returns from all except one election district give Roosevelt, 60,392; Hewitt, 90,296; George, 67,299; Wardwell, 574.

OHIO.

The chairman of the Ohio Republican state committee claims the state by 12,000, and 15 Congressmen sure, with two districts doubtful. Williams, Republican, for Congress, carried the Soldiers' Home at Dayton by 500 majority. In 720 Ohio precincts the net Republican gain is 2,258.

NEW YORK.

The New York *Times* says: "Returns from all the counties in this state, give Rufus W. Peckham, for Associate Judge of the Court of Appeals, a plurality of 10,252. These figures, of course, are subject to revision; but it is improbable that the official vote will materially change the result indicated."

AFTER THE BATTLE.

The New York World Says Cleveland's Civil Service Nonsense Must Go.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—In its editorial on the local contest, the *World* says:

"The heavy vote for the Labor candidate is something more than a personal tribute to and triumph for Henry George. It testifies to the existence of a deeply rooted discontent among the working classes. It signifies in an unmistakable manner that the correctable abuses, the remediable wrongs, and the removable inequalities that press men down in this land of liberty, must be attended to. The government has too long been careless and society indifferent in regard to these matters. The deep-voiced protest conveyed in the 67,000 votes for Henry George against the combined power of both political parties of Wall street and the business interests, and of the public press, should prove a warning to the community to heed the demands of labor so far as they are just and reasonable—and that is much further than the majority of citizens have thus far been willing to admit. The persistence of the agitation, and its culmination in this significant vote, ought to demonstrate to open-minded people that there is some reason for the discontent—that the demands have an element of justice in them."

As to the general result of the elections, the same paper says:

"The elections contribute some lessons from which the President may, if he will, learn wisdom. For nearly two years he has conducted his administration with a view to strengthening himself among the Republicans. His civil service policy has been shaped more with the idea of mollifying Republicans than of satisfying Democrats. His financial policy has been a continuation of that of the Republicans, and adopted to please the business men of Wall street. What has been the result? * * * The lesson may be read in the loss of several Congressmen to the party, and of many more to the administration. In the President's own district, no Democrat would stand except one who proclaimed his hostility to the administration. In this city and Brooklyn, nearly all the members-elect are either opened or well understood opponents of the President. The plain indications of these facts is that the personal policy or conducting an administration is not a success. It weakens the President with his own party, without strengthening him with the Republicans."

The *Times* estimates that the Fiftieth Congress will stand: Democrats, 171; Republicans, 153; Labor 1. In the last House the Democrats had a Democratic majority of 43.

Eighteen out of the 24 aldermen elected are Democratic.

REPUBLICAN GAINS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The only break in the Republican ticket in Philadelphia was over the contest for judge of the court of Common Pleas. Twenty-five wards out of 31 give Judge Gordon, D., 5,000 majority over Briggs, R. These figures are likely to increase.

Adams county—Black, 400 plurality, a Republican gain of 175.

Juniata county—Atkinson, for Congress, 125 majority.

Carbon county—Black and the Democratic ticket, 500 to 600 plurality estimated.

Clearfield county—Black's majority about 1,500—a Republican gain of 266.

MRS. STEWART'S WILL.

How She Disposes of the Immense Estate—Providing for a Free Church.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—The will of Mrs. Cornelia M. Stewart, the wife of the late millionaire dry goods merchant, was filed for probate to-day by ex-Judge Horace Russell, Mr. Henry Hilton's son-in-law. Citations were immediately issued to the heirs and next of kin, made returnable November 13.

In the instrument Mrs. Stewart bequeaths $20,000 per year during life to her brother, Chas. R. Clinch; to each of her sisters, Anna, Emma and Julia Clinch, she leaves an annuity of $10,000 a year; to her neice, Sarah N. Smith, she leaves $250,000; to Cornelia S. Butler she leaves $200,000, and to each of her children, Lawrence and Charles S. Butler, $50,000; to Kate A. Smith $200,000; to each of the remaining children of Sarah N. Smith, $100,000, to each of the children of her deceased sister Louise, formerly wife of Charles E. Butler, $50,000. All the rest of the estate, real and personal, she bequeaths to Charles J. Clinch, now of Paris, and Henry Hilton, of this city. None of the legacies are to be payable until three years from the final probate of the will, nor any of the annuities until six months under such probate. The executors to the will are Charles J. Clinch and Henry Hilton, and the witnesses to the instrument Henry E. Davies, James Henry Work, and Edward B. Hilton.

The will is dated July 5, 1877. In a codicil to the will she revokes the bequest to Henry Hilton of one-half of the residuary estate, and instead bequeaths to him one-half of the residue of her property and estate in trust to collect, receive, hold, manage, control, sell, and apply the same to the following purposes: To complete the Stewart memorial church now in course of erection by her at Garden City, L. I., and to supply it with all that is necessary to make it a free church, and a cathedral for a Protestant Episcopal church of the Diocese of Long Island, N. Y.; to endow it with such money as will maintain it forever, with provision for the bishop of the diocese and his assistants; to construct two buildings to be used as schools and seminaries of learning to be attached to such cathedral, and endow them with such money as will sustain them forever, and to erect such other buildings as the cathedral and seminaries and schools may require. All these buildings are to be erected in that part of Mrs. Stewart's lands there known as Hempstead Plains, L. I. These buildings, when completed, are to be conveyed to the use forever of the Protestant Episcopal church of the diocese of Long Island, and the corporation is to be known as the Cathedral of Incarnation in the diocese of Long Island. All the half of her residuary estate so devised is to be applied for the above purposes. If any heir becomes a party to any proceedings to interfere with the will, the provision in the will in his or her favor becomes void. The codicil of the will is dated May 27, 1878.

Winchester's

HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA is a matchless Remedy for **Consumption** in every stage of the disease. For **Coughs, Weak Lungs, Throat Diseases, Loss of Flesh and Appetite,** and every form of **General Debility** it is an unequaled Specific Remedy. ☞BE SURE AND GET WINCHESTER'S PREPARATION. **$1 and $2** per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, No. 162 William St., New York.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

EXTRADITION TREATY.

Canada Weary of Being the Refuge of American Criminals.

OTTAWA, Oct. 30.—It is understood that an effort will soon be made by the Dominion government to induce the American government to reconsider the draft of the proposed extradition treaty between Canada and the United States. Several new amendments calculated to prove acceptable will be submitted.

In official circles here it is stated that the last draft was deliberately rejected by a small clique, on the ostensible ground that it might affect political liberty, although it was expressly provided that the draft should not cover political offenses. The Federal government is opposed to the present condition of affairs, and would readily agree to any measure rendering the present harbor of refuge to criminals impossible.

The Hon. Mr. Thompson, minister of justice, said, last evening: "I am heartily in favor of the draft rejected by the American Senate, which in the past steadily refused to receive or discuss any proposed amendment to the existing treaties. Communications have passed between Ottawa and Washington from time to time, but so far without avail. The last draft enlarged the list of extraditable offenses to a gratifying extent. I trust that a treaty calculated to settle all disputed points between the two countries and render their mutual relations more intimate and cordial will be adopted ere long."

Russia Means Business.

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 28.—The *Herald*, a German paper published in this city, says that there are 400 troops on board the Russian cruisers dispatched to Varna, and that they have orders to occupy that city if the Russians who were illegally arrested are not released.

The *Novoe Vremya* says: "The dispaching of cruisers to Varna is the beginning of the end of the crisis. The temporary occupation of Varna will be a guarantee against fresh violations of the rights of Russian subjects."

The War in Africa.

LISBON, Oct. 30.—East African advices say that the king of Inhambane twice repulsed the king of Muzilla at the head of 30,000 men, and in a third attack the latter was defeated by 16,000 Portuguese and natives under the command of the governor of Mozambique, assisted by European military and naval officers. The government was continuing operations, with the object of driving the insurgents from the district. The goverment is hastening preparations for an expeditionary force, and has instructed the governor of Mozambique to purchase rifles at markets along the coast.

Preparing for War.

LONDON, Oct. 30.—Advices from Brailie, Roumania, say that feverish preparations for war are being made in Southern Russia. A number of iron-clads are expected at Sebastopol, several transports are riding at anchor in the harbor of Odessa, and torpedo boats are leaving Sabastopol for Varna.

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 30.—A deputation of Servians has arrived here for the purpose of proposing the overthrow of King Milan, in the interests of Russia.

Extreme Measures Threatened.

SOFIA, Oct. 28.—Gen. Kaulbars has notified the regency that if the conspirators against Prince Alexander be punished, the Russian government will have recourse to extreme measures. The regents, suspecting that is Kaulbars's intention during their absence at Tirnova to assist Zankaffits in Sofia to form a new ministry, have taken the precaution to cause the arrest of all suspected persons, and have ordered troops to be in readiness to suppress a revolt. A state of siege will be proclaimed in the event of a coup d'etat being attempted.

Another Russian war ship is going to Varna.

Must Not Show Their Poverty.

LONDON, Oct. 28.—Col. Sir James Fraser, chief commander of the city police, has issued orders forbidding a procession of unemployed workingmen, which, it was proposed by socialistic leaders, should march through the streets at the same time of the lord mayor's pageant.

ANOTHER STRIKE IN CHICAGO.

About 6,000 Men Leave Two Slaughter Houses—Ten vs. Eight Hours.

CHICAGO, Nov. 1.—The threatened strike among the beef men at the stock yards was commenced this morning, and nearly 6,000 men are now out from the slaughter houses of G. F. Swift & Co. and Nelson Morris. The trouble is over the adoption of the ten-hour system, the men refusing to work the two extra hours without additional pay. In these two houses there are no hogs killed, and the employes say they can not accept the ten-hour system.

Each of the firms employ about 3,000 men, and at present many of these are congregated about the streets and on the corners near the big houses, but there is as yet no indication of any trouble.

There is a great deal of excitement, but the men are orderly, and insist that no act of theirs will precipitate any trouble. There is no indication that the police will be called upon to protect the two houses, but it is yet too early to determine the intention of the two firms. At 9 o'clock everything was quiet.

Further particulars from the stock yards are to the effect that Swift's men sent a committee to him Saturday and insisted on having an increase of 50 cents per day should the firm return to the ten-hour system, and this was agreed to. This morning when the beef butchers went to work they found that Foreman Welder, of Swift's, had discharged James Matthewson, one of the committeemen. They also found that the wages of the laborers hadn't been increased, and so they struck. They insist now on having Mattewson reinstated and also a return to the eight-hour day.

On hearing that Swift's men were out, the beef butchers employed by Nels & Morris went out. A crowd went down to Smith's machine shop and compelled the men there to strike. After this they went to Armour's for the purpose of calling his men out, but this move was anticipated by the firm, who got a force of police to guard the principal entrance, and the crowd was kept away.

The strikers arranged to hold a meeting during the day.

A member of the Executive committee told a reporter that unless the two firms gave in, all the employes in the yards would be called out.

Lost His Vote.

BUFFALO, Nov. 2.—Pres. Cleveland loses his vote in this city this year, having changed his residence. His name has been cancelled from the poll list of the First district of the Ninth ward, the list being marked "removed from the district."

The Statue of Liberty.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—The Statue of Liberty was lighted for the first time, last night, and the fireworks, which were intended for use on the evening of the unveiling, were let off.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powder. SOLD ONLY IN CANS. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street New York.

ENORMOUS FORTUNES

AWAITING CLAIMANTS

LIE BURIED in the COURTS of CHANCERY BANK OF ENGLAND, ENGLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY, AND OTHER COUNTRIES, amounting to over **$480,000,000,** a great part of which belong to the PEOPLE OF AMERICA. The Chancery Paymaster will gladly pay the money to the rightful owners if they will only put in their claims. Thousands of people in the United States are unconscious of the fact that a fortune has descended to them from remote ancestors, and because they have no knowledge of these ancestors they take no interest in what is of vital importance to them. We earnestly urge every one to send to the **BRITISH-AMERICAN CLAIM AGENCY Stewart Building, New York City,** and obtain their authenticated Book-Register (price 50 cents, stamps or postal note,) containing a list of 50,000 people to whom this vast wealth belongs, and if they find their names or those of their ancestors, they should follow the instructions it contains. A fortune may await them.

The following are a FEW of the surnames (among the 50,000) of persons entitled to money and property:

Abbot
Abbott
Abrahams
Ackerman
Acton
Adams
Adamson
Addington
Ainsworth
Atkin
Alcock
Aldershaw
Aldridge
Alexander
Allan
Allen
Ambrose
Anderson
Andrew
Andrews
Angell
Angus
Anscomb
Anscombe
Ansell
Anson
Anthony
Antram
Applebee
Appleby
Appleton
Archer
Armstrong
Arnold
Ashby
Austin
Backhouse
Bacon
Badger
Bailey
Baillie
Bainbridge
Baines
Baird
Baker
Baldwin
Balfour
Ball
Ballard
Balls
Bambridge
Baird
Baker
Baldwin
Bale
Balfour
Ball
Ballard
Balls
Bambridge
Bambford
Bankes
Banks
Bannister
Barber
Barbor
Barclay
Barford
Barker
Barlow
Barnard
Barnes
Barnett
Barns
Baron
Barr
Barratt
Barrett
Barron
Barrow
Barry
Barstow
Bartholo-mew
Bartlett
Barton
Bassett
Bachelor
Batson
Baxter
Bayley
Baylis
Bean
Beard
Beaumont
Bell
Bennett
Benson
Beresford
Berry
Biggs
Birch
Bird
Bishop
Black
Blair
Blake
Bond
Booth
Boyd
Bradley
Brewer
Briggs
Bristow
Brown
Browne
Bryan
Burns
Byrne

Cain
Cairns
Callaghan
Callan
Callow
Calvert
Cameron
Campbell
Cane
Canning
Cannon
Carey
Carleton
Carlton
Carmichael
Carpenter
Carr
Carrington
Carroll
Carruthers
Carter
Cary
Cartwright
Casey
Castle
Cavanagh
Cerreda
Chadwick
Chalmers
Chamberlin
Chamber-layne
Chambers
Champion
Chandler
Chapman
Charles
Charlton
Chester
Child
Christian
Christie
Church
Churchill
Clapham
Clare
Clark
Clarke
Clarkson
Clay
Clayter
Clayton
Cleary
Clegg
Clement
Clements
Clerke
Clifford
Clifton
Clinton
Clough
Clowes
Clutterb'k
Coalpepper
Coates
Cobb
Cochran
Cock
Cockburn
Coleman
Coles
Collett
Collyer
Collier
Colwell
Colville
Compton
Connell
Connolly
Connor
Conway
Cook
Coope
Cooper
Cope
Copeland
Cop'rtw'te
Corbett
Cornell
Cornish
Costello
Cotton
Coulson
Cousins
Coventry
Cowan
Cowell
Cowley
Cowper
Cox
Craig
Crawford
Creed
Crompton
Crook
Crouch
Cumming
Cummings
Cunning'm
Cuppage
Cupps
Curran
Currie
Curry
Curtis

Dale
Daley
Dalton
Daly
Daniel
Daniels
Davenport
Davidson
Davies
Davison
Dawson
Day
Dellavill'd
Delaney
Dempster
Denham
Denison
Denman
Dennis
Devine
Dew
Dexter
Dick
Dickenson
Dickens
Dickinson
Dickson
Digby
Dillon
Dix
Dixon
Dobson
Dodd
Dodds
Dodge
Dodgson
Doddsworth
Doherty
Dolan
Donaldson
Donnelly
Donahoe
Donovan
Dooley
Dore
Dougherty
Douglass
Dowland
Dowling
Downes
Doyle
Drinkwater
Drummond
Duncan
Dutton

Eales
East
Easton
Eaton
Eden
Edgar
Edmonds
Edwards
Egan
Elder
Eldridge
Elliot
Elliott
Ellis
Ellison
Elmes
Elphi'st'ne
Elston
Elton
Emery
English
Elwin
Ely
Emmerson
Engels
Ennis
Ennos
Eno
Enright
Epps
Epworth
Erasmus
Erly
Ernst
Erratt
Erskine
Esmond
Ether'gton
Evans
Evelyn
Evered
Everett
Eyre

Facer
Fairbairn
Fairclough
Fairwent'r
Falconer
Falkner
Finch
Finlayson
Finney
Farley
Farmer
Farquhar
Farr
Farrell
Farrer
Farrington
Farrow
Firth
Fisher
Fitch
Faulkner
Fawcett
Fay
Fearn
Fearon
Fell
Fellows
Felton
Fitzgerald
Fitzpatrick
Fleming
Fenn
Fennell
Fenton
Fenwick
Ferguson
Field
Fielder
Fielding
Fletcher
Flint
Flinn

Gallagher
Gale
Galloway
Galway
Gamble
Gardiner
Gardner
Garland
Garner
Garrett
Geary
Genet
George
Gerard
Gibbs
Gibb
Gibson
Gilbert
Gilchrist
Gilding
Gill
Gillespie
Gillett
Gilmore
Gladwin
Gleeson
Glyn
Glynn
Goddard
Godfrey
Goodwin
Goodyear
Gordon
Gore
Gorman
Goss
Gould
Grubb
Gwynne

Hale
Hall
Halliday
Halloran
Hamilton
Hammond
Hancock
Hand
Handley
Hanley
Harding
Harman
Harrington
Harper
Harris
Harrison
Hartwell
Hart
Harvey
Harwood
Haslam
Hassell
Hastings
Hawkins
Haworth
Hay
Hayes
Haylock
Hayman
Hayward
Haywood
Hearn
Heath
Heather
Hemming-way
Henderson
Henley
Henry
Herbert
Herring
Hewett
Hewlett
Hewson
Hibbert
Hickey
Hicks
Higgins
Hill
Hillyard
Hind
Hinton
Hitchcock
Hoare
Hodges
Hodgson
Hoffman
Hoey
Hogan
Holden
Holland
Holloway
Holmes
Holt
Hone
Honeyman
Hood
Hooper
Hope
Hopkins
Hopper
Horton
Horwood
Houghton
How
Howard
Hubbard
Hubert
Hucks
Hudson
Huggins
Hughes
Hulme
Hume
Humphrey
Humphries
Hunt
Hunter
Hurst

Ians
Ibberson
Ibbotson
Idle
Ikin
Illingworth
Imerson
Impleton
Imroy
Ince
Ingersoll
Ives

Jackson
James
Jameson
Jay
Jefferies
Jeffery
Jenkins
Jennings
Johnson
Johnston
Johnstone
Jones
Jordan
Joyce
Judd
Jaques
Jepson

Kane
Kavanagh
Kay
Kave
Kean
Keane
Kearney
Knight
Kearns
Keefe
Keegan
Keeler
Keeling
Knowles
Keen
Keenan
Keene
Keith
Keller
Kelley
Kellogg
Knox
Kelly
Kelso
Kendall
Kendrick
Kennedy
Kirk

Lacy
Lamb
Lambert
Lane
Langley
Lanigan
Latchford
Lawler
Lawrence
Lawson
Lawton
Laxton
Layton
Leclere
Ledger
Lee
Lees
Legg
Leggett
Leigh
Leighton
Lemon
Leonard
Le Fennell
Leslie
Lewis
Lindsay
Litchfield
Little
Long
Laing
Lome
Lovell
Lucas

McCann
McCarthy
Macdonald
McDonald
McDowell
McGregor
Maxwell
May
Maynard
Mayne
Mitchell
Morrison
McIntosh
MacKenzie
McLean
McWilliams
Mahon
Mahony
Mayo
Mead
Mealing
Meaniey
Mobbs
Murphy
Manning
March
Martin
Marsh
Marshall
Mason
Mellor
Meredith
Metcalfe
Meyer
Moore
Murray
Massey
Mather
Mathew
Mathews
Matson
Matthews
Michael
Middleton
Miller
Mills
Morgan
Myers

Nash
Naughton
Naylor
Neal
Neale
Neary
Neave
Norris
Nee
Needham
Neil
Neild
Neilson
Nelson
Nesbitt
Noble
North
Newberry
Newburgh
Newcombe
Newell
Newland
Newman
Newton
Nolan
Norton
Nicholas
Nicholls
Nichols
Nicholson
Nichol
Nicolson
Nightingale
Norman
Nugent

O'Brien
O'Connell
O'Connor
O'Donnell
Ogilvie
Oliver
Orr
Owen
O'Dwyer
O'Gorman
O'Grady
O'Hara
Oldfield
Onslow
Osborn
Owens
O'Keefe
O'Leary
O'Neil
O'Neill
Oldham
Orme
Osborne
Overton
O'Reilly
O'Sullivan
Oakley
Oakes
Oliphant
Ormsby
Oswald
Oxley

Page
Parker
Parry
Parsons
Paterson
Payne
Peacock
Pearce
Pemberton
Penny
Percy
Perkins
Perry
Peters
Phelps
Phillips
Pierce
Pike
Pilkington
Pink
Pitt
Pollard
Pollock
Poole
Pope
Porter
Potter
Potts
Powell
Power
Pratt
Preston
Price
Prince
Prior
Pritchard
Prosser
Purkis

Quade
Quagley
Quanbreth
Quarles
Quayle
Queen
Quick
Quin
Quinn
Quinton
Quirk
Quested

Radcliffe
Ramsay
Ramsden
Randall
Rankin
Ransom
Ratcliffe
Rawlinson
Rose
Rutherford
Raynor
Rea
Read
Reade
Reed
Rees
Reeve
Reeves
Ross
Ryan
Reid
Reilly
Reynolds
Rhodes
Rice
Richards
Richardson
Rowe
Ray
Riley
Ritchie
Robbins
Roberts
Robertson
Robins
Robinson
Rogers
Russell

Sadler
Sainsbury
Salmon
Sanderson
Sanford
Sands
Saunders
Savage
Salter
Small
Squire
Sawer
Sawyer
Scanlan
Searth
Schelling
Schmit
Schmidt
Schotte
Smith
Soames
Stephenson
Scott
Seaman
Selby
Sewell
Seymour
Shaft
Sharpe
Sparks
Sparrow
Stewart
Shaw
Sheldon
Shepherd
Sheppard
Shippore
Short
Simpson
Skinner
Spencer
Spooner
Sullivan
Talbot
Tanner
Tate
Tayler
Taylor
Townsend
Tempest
Terry
Thomas
Thompson
Thomson
Tracey
Thornton
Thorp
Thorpe
Tindall
Todd
Trowbridge
Todd
Tomlinson
Tooth
Toussaint
Townley
Turner

Ulrich
Umfreville
Umphelby
Underdown
Underhill
Underwood
Unwin
Upcroft
Upham
Upton
Urquhart
Usher

Vagnoni
Valder
Valentine
Vance
Varley
Vaughan
Vaux
Vernon
Vickers
Vickery
Vincent

Waite
Walcott
Walker
Wallcott
Wallace
Waller
Walsh
Walter
Winter
Woodward
Walters
Walton
Ward
Waring
Warren
Waters
Watkins
Watson
Watts
Webb
Webster
Wright
Weir
Welch
West
Westlake
Weston
Wheatley
Wheeler
Whildon
Whittaker
Wolff
Worth
White
Whitehead
Whitfield
Wiggins
Wilkins
Wilkinson
Williams
Williamson
Wills
Wilson
Wood
Wyatt

Yardley
Yarrow
Yarwood
Yate
Yates
Yeates
Yeoman
Yeomans
York
Young

Zattell
Zetell
Zitman
Zooch
Zouche
Zoyga
Zilwood

EXTRACT FROM THE LONDON TIMES.

"Very few people have any conception of the enormous sums of money which pass through the hands of the PAYMASTER, received in CHANCERY and remain under his control through the decease of the parties immediately interested and the ABSENCE of their NEXT OF KIN. The publication of these LISTS is the first step taken toward facilitating the DISCOVERY and RECOVERY of these FUNDS. The latest official returns show that there was **£65,300,747** in February, 1883. This sum has risen at the end of February, 1883, to **£77,693,769.**"—The London Times, July 4, 1884.

As it is impossible to publish all of the names of persons entitled to money and property in this paper, we earnestly urge ALL, whether THEIR NAMES APPEAR here or not, to send for Book-Register (price 50 cents), containing 50,000 names and instructions how to proceed.

"All can feel the fullest confidence in the words of the officers of this company."—Court Journal, N. Y., Oct. 5, 1886.

British-American Claim Agency,

(Incorporated under the laws of the State of New York),

Stewart Building, NEW YORK CITY.

Bartholdi at Niagara.

BUFFALO, Nov. 1.—M. Bartholdi and the French delegation to the United States, with the exception of Count de Lesseps, arrived at Niagara Falls on a special train last night, accompanied by Hon. Levi P. Morton, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, and others. The party will spend to-day sightseeing at the Falls, and leave for New York this evening.

THE EXPRESS ROBBERY.

The Amount Now Said to be $120,000—Important Clew.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 30.—As the days pass the amount stolen from the Adams express company's car on the St. Louis & San Francisco road last Monday night, grows with alarming rapidity. First it was said to be $50,000, then $70,000, then $80,000, and to-day from facts gleaned from the different shippers of money by the Adams company Monday, the amount is estimated to be at least $100,000, and may aggregate $120,000.

Manager Weir was seen early yesterday evening, and he said to a reporter that the best detective talent that could be found was working on the case, but that there were so many clews as to who perpetrated the robbery that it was difficult to select from among them. The threads of evidence were numerous, but they were gradually being woven together, and they expected to hear from their agents in a day or two.

Later in the evening Mr. Weir received advices which caused his hasty departure from the city. Where he went no one on the outside knows, and the company's officials refused to say. Mr. Damsel, manager of the St. Louis office, said that important news had called him away, and that they had at last struck the right clew. They were sure of the man, and he would be arrested. As to the robber's whereabouts or identity nothing could be learned.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Mrs. Donaldson, while in a fit of insanity, picked up her two children and jumped into the Potomac river at Washington. All three were drowned.

Mrs. Dr. Mary Sparr, a sister of Victoria C. Woodhull, has brought suit to break the will of her daughter, Rosa, who left her estate to the father of her unlawful child.

At a meeting the board of managers of the Western Export association (whisky pool), the November assessment was fixed at 2½ cents per proof gallon. The price will remain at $1.13.

W. J. Chisom shot and killed Ben Chalk Saturday night, near Coldwater, Miss., mistaking him in the darkness for a negro with whom he had had a previous quarrel. The two were neighbors and friends.

On the arrest of F. J. F. Bradley in Chicago for defalcation, by the Pullman Palace Car company, an expert accountant was brought to Detroit and an investigation of the books reveals a shortage of $75,000.

Lafferty, the colored wife-murderer, was conveyed from Leavenworth to Wyandotte, to guard against mob violence. He died in jail at the latter place soon after his arrival, from the effects of his attempt upon his own life.

The comptroller of the currency has declared a final dividend of 6 1-10 per cent in favor of the creditors of the City national bank of Lawrenceburg, Ind. This makes in all 81 1-10 per cent. on claims, amounting to $100,884.

James Haybes, colored, who murdered Mary Jackson, also colored, last Friday, in Bolivar county, Miss., and afterwards mutilated her remains, was taken from jail at Brownsville, Miss., last Saturday night by a mob of colored men and hung.

A special dispatch from San Francisco, asserts that Michael Davitt is soon to be married to Miss Yore, who resides in Oakland. She is an orphan, and lives with her aunt; is pretty, 20 years old, and is highly accomplished. She has, it is said, $60,000 in her own right.

A Desacre, Ark., special says: "Tuesday night, while county treasurer Ward was going home from his office two men seized him, threw a coffee sack over his head, beat him badly and took his keys and robbed the office of over $11,000. He was knocked senseless, and when found his legs were tied together.

A special from Gadsden, Ala., reports the killing of widow Cannon by a drunken young man named Abel, in Etowah county. He went to her house with a friend, and was put out on account of his condition. He crawled back through a window, and while the woman was stooping over the fire, shot her in the back of the head, killing her instantly. He escaped.

The efforts of the defense in the tally-sheet forgery case, at Columbus, Saturday, were mainly directed toward proving an alibi. During the trial an exciting controversy took place between Prosecutor Huling and Attorney E. L. Taylor, of the defense. They afterward met in the street and renewed the quarrel, and came to blows, but were separated without injury being done to either.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF HE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Wednesday, Nov. 3, 1886.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Reserve—Increase	$ 929,100
Loans—Decrease	153,200
Specie—Increase	851,800
Legal tenders—Increase	200,900
Deposits—Increase	494,100
Circulation—Decrease	11,500

The banks now hold $6,398,675 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

The following shows the changes in Governments during the past week:

	Nov. 1.	Oct. 26.
4½'s coupons	111⅝	111⅝
4's coupons	128⅜	128⅜
3's registered	100	99⅞
Pacific 6's of '95	126	126½

TRADE.

Trade in the United States during the past week was fairly active, generally speaking. The collections have been fair, and merchants anticipate a satisfactory fall trade.

On Tuesday of last week No. 2 soft red wheat was worth 77¼c in this market; on Wednesday 77c was the value; on Thursday it went at 77⅛c; on Friday it marked 77c; on Saturday it noted 77c, and on Monday it closed at 77¼c, showing the same value at the close as at the opening.

During the past week there were but few changes in the wheat markets. Prices held well considering that in the first part of the week it was believed the showing of the visible supply would be larger by two million bushels than that of the previous week. On Monday the visible supply was posted, and was largely less than was expected. The result was an improvement in wheat, and the market closed firm. Exports are not large, and cables dull.

THE MARKETS.

Markets Opened Steady, but Closed Firm.

The markets for wheat at primary points to-day opened steady, but afterward became stronger and fairly active, closing firm. The exports from Atlantic seaboard ports were of fairly good proportions. The cause of the greater strength to the markets was on account of the showing of the visible supply, the increase being but 678,655 bushels, instead of 2,000,000, as was anticipated. Cables were dull.

Toledo Grain Market.

The amount of business done in cash wheat at the Toledo Produce Exchange to-day was moderate. Market closed with a good tone, at a fractional advance. No. 2 soft Red wheat, 76⅞c@77¼c, ¼c advance; No. 3 soft Red, 75c, No. 2 White wheat, 74c.

For future delivery, a fair trade was done for November and December, in No. 2 Red wheat, while for May the market was active. Prices were firmer and higher.

	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.
Sales to-day		11000	86000	14000
" yesterday		148000	115000	

Seller November, 77c, and finally, 77¼c, ¼c improved; seller December, 78¼c, and on last transactions, 79c, ¾c up; seller May, 176,000 bushels at 85½c to begin and 86¼c to close, ⅝c stronger.

Cash corn sold limitedly. No. 3, 36¾c; No. 3 yellow, 37⅞c. Oats—No sales; nominally unchanged. Clover seed—Sales 800 bags; prices steady. The eastern demand is light. Seller December, $4.50; seller February, $4.60.

AFTERNOON CLOSE—Wheat—Cash, 77c bid; November, 77¼c bid, —c asked; December, 78⅞c bid, 79c asked; January, 80c bid, 80½c asked; May, 86c bid, 86¼c asked. Corn—No. 2 cash and November, 38¼c asked; December, 39c asked. Clover seed—November, $4 40 sales; December, $4 50 asked; February, $4 55 bid, $4 60 asked.

Toledo Produce Market.

On the market this morning there was a good supply of various kinds of seasonable products. Never has there been a more fruitful season, and the things which are on sale are very fine. The grocery stores this forenoon had full supplies, and purchases by consumers was free. In most things prices are the same as on yesterday.

Butter—Sells well at 18c for first quality, and 15@16c for less desirable.

Eggs—Fresh, 18c.

Poultry—Chickens, young, 8@9c; ducks, 9c, dressed; ruffled grouse, 25c each.

Vegetables—Onions, 70c per bushel; cabbages, 25c per dozen; potatoes, 40c per bushel; sweet potatoes, $2.50 per barrel; cauliflowers, 80c@$1.00 per dozen.

Fruits—Oranges, $6.00@6.50 per barrel; lemons, $3.50 for Malagas and $5.00 for Messinas.

Fresh Meats—Dressed beef, by the carcass, 4½@6½c per lb; mutton, 5c; lambs, 5½c; veal calves, 7½@8c; hogs, $5 00@5 25.

Salt Meats—Dried Beef, 13½@14½c per lb.; shoulders, 8c; breakfast bacon, 8½c; mess pork, $12.50; short mess, $13 00; short clear mess, $14.00; long clear mess $13.00; clear neck, $10.50; hams, 18 lbs. and over 12½c per lb.; 15 lbs. average, 13c.

Lard—Refined in 50 lb. cans, 7¾c; refined, in tierces, 7¼c; kettle, in tierces, 7¾c in barrels, 7¾c.

Wool—Washed, 28c; unwashed, 18c.

Hay—Per ton, $12 00.

Coal—Chestnut, per ton, $6 00; grate and egg, $5 75r Lehigh, all sizes, $6 75; soft coal, Jackson and Massillon lump, $3 75; Hocking, Ohio Central, B. & O. and Cambridge lump, $3 50; Jackson and Massilon nut, $3 50; Hocking, Ohio Central, B. & O. and Cambridge nut, $3 25.

Nails—In car lots, at mills, $2 10 for steel, and for iron nails 10 per cent less.

Hides—Heavy steers, green, 7c; light, 6c; bulls and No. 2, 4c; heavy steers, cured, 9@9½c; light steers, cured, 9c; heavy cows, 8½c; calf, green, 8c; cured, do, 9c; sheep skins, on basis of wool, at 28c per lb.

General Produce.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 1.—Wheat—Stronger; No 2 Red cash, 62c bid; November, 62¾c; May, 71½c. Corn—Stronger; No. 2 cash, 29⅝c; December, 33c bid; May, 35¾c. Oats—No quotations.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 1.—Wheat dull; cash, 72c; November, 71¾c; December, 73¼c. Corn firmer; No. 2, 36¼c. Oats steady; No. 2, 26c. Rye higher; No. 1, 52c. Barley lower; No. 2, 52¼c.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 1.—Flour dull; family $3 25@3 40; fancy, $3 60@3 90. Wheat weak at 76@76½c. Corn quiet at 36½c. Oats stronger at 28c. Rye firm at 54c. Pork quiet at $9 50. Lard firm at $5 75. Bulk meats easier; short rib, $6 50. Bacon steady; short rib, $7 35; short clear, $7 75. Whisky steady; sales, 1,291 barrels finished goods on a basis of $1 13.

CHICAGO, Nov. 1.—1:00 P. M.—Wheat steady; cash, 73¼c; December, 75⅛c; May, 82c. Corn firmer; cash, 36⅞c; December, 37½c; May, 42⅜@42½c. Oats firm; cash, 26c; December, 27c; May, 31c. Rye 50c. Barley, 53c. Flaxseed, 96½c. Prime timothy $1 70@1 71. Whisky $1 18. Pork, strong; cash, $9 07½; January, $10. Lard firm; cash, $5 85; January, $5 95.

CHICAGO, Nov. 1.—Hogs — Receipts, 30,000 head; market steady; light, $3 50@4 30; rough packing, $3 45@3 70; mixed and heavy packing and shipping, $3 75@4 10. Cattle—Receipts, 10,000 head; market nominal and nothing doing. Sheep—Receipts, 6,000 head; market weak and ¼c lower; medium $2 00@3 50.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—Wheat ¼@⅜c lower with less doing; receipts, 413,150 bu; sales, 472,000 bu No. 2 Red, November, 83⅝@84¼c; 1,226,000 bu do December, 85⅛@85¾c; 496,000 bu do January 87¼@87½c; 40,000 bu do February, 88¾c; 96,000 bu do May, 93@93½c. Corn—⅛@⅜c lower and dull; receipts, 88,600 bu; sales, 296,000 bu; mixed western spot, 43½@43¾c; do futures, 45½@50¾c. Oats—A shade easier; receipts, 108,350 bu; sales, 145,000 bu; western, 32½@40c. Beef dull; new extra, mess, $7 50@8 00. Pork firm; new mess, $10 25@10 75; old do $9 75@10 00. Lard—Stronger; steam rendered, $6 12½. Butter—Quiet, firm; Western, 12@27½c. Eggs—Western fresh, 21½@22c. Sugar—Steady; crushed, 6 5-16@6¼c; powdered, 6@6¼c; granulated, 5⅝@5 5-16c. Molasses—Dull. Coffee—Steady. Turpentine dull at 37¾c.

Live Stock Markets.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 1.—Hogs—Market firm; common and light, $3 30@4 10; packing and butchers, $3 85@4 20; receipts, 3,400 head; shipments, 385 head.

EAST LIBERTY, Nov. 1.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,261 head; shipments, 1,330 head; very dull, 10c off. Hogs—Receipts, 6,700 head; shipments, 3,300 head; market active; Philadelphias, $4 45@4 60; Yorkers, $4 20@4 35; good mixed, $4 40@4 50; common and light, $4 10@4 20. Sheep—Receipts, 5,400 head; shipments, 4,000 head; market firm and unchanged; prime, $4 00@4 25; fair to good, $3 25@3 75; common, $2 00@2 50; lams, $4 50@5 00.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 1.—The *Live Stock Indicator* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 2,106 head; shipments, none; market slow; sales of good to choice at $4 10@4 60; common to medium, $3 30@4 00; stockers, $2 25@2 75; feeders, $2 80@3 60; cows, $1 50@2 60; grass range steers, $2 25@3 20. Hogs—Receipts, 2,900 head; shipments, 107 head; market strong and prices 5c higher; sales of good to choice, $3 90@4 05; common to medium, $3 50@3 80. Sheep—Receipts, 11,006 head; shipments, none; market steady; sales of good to choice mutons, $2 25@3 00; common to medium, $1 50@2 25.

CHICAGO, Nov. 1.—Cattle—Receipts, 9,000 head; shipments, 2,000 head; market demoralized, 10@20c lower; shipping steers, 950 to 1,500 lbs., $3 40@5 25; stockers and feeders, $2 00@3 10; bulk, $2 00@3 40; through Texans cattle, $2 25@3 05. Hogs—Receipts, 29,000 head; shipments 13,000 head; market steady and strong; rough and mixed, $3 60@4 00; packing and shipping, $3 75@4 10; light, $3 60@4 05. Sheep—Receipts, 6,000 head; shipments 2,000 head; market slow; common 15@20c lower; natives, $2 00@3 80; Western, $3 40@3 65; Texans, $2 00@3 00; lambs, $2 75@4 50.

BUFFALO, Nov. 1.—Cattle — Receipts, 1,140 head; active and a shade higher; common to fair, $3 50@4 25; good to choice shipping, $4 35@4 85; extra steers, $4 95@5 12½; stockers and feeders, $2 50@3 75; veals, $6 00@7 00. Sheep—Receipts, 2,200 head; good demand full prices; common to fair $2 75@3 25; good to choice, $3 50@4 00; extra feed—$4 25@5 00; western lambs, $4 00@5 00; extra, $—. Hogs—Receipts, 11,700 head; advanced 5@10c; mixed pigs and light Yorkers, $4 25@4 35; selected Yorkers, $4 40@4 50; selected medium weights, $4 40@4 60.

Foreign Markets.

The Mark Lane Express, in its review of the British grain trade for the past week, says: Deliveries of native wheat has been small at 6d@1s above previous week. Sales of English wheat during the past week, 48,910 quarters at 30s 3d, against 56,950 quarters at 31s 4d during the corresponding period last year. Country flour is firm at 6d dearer. Fair trade is doing in barley at advance for finest at 2s and for seconds of 1s. Foreign wheats firmly held, values unchanged. Corn has risen 3@6d; linseed has gained 1s. Three cargoes of wheat arrived, one cargo was withdrawn and two remained. At to-day's market wheat was firm though there was less demand. There was a short supply of corn and sales were freely made at 6d advance. Barley was steady. Oats, beans and peas were unchanged.

New York Wool Market.

The demand is moderate, but holders refuse to grant concessions in order to effect sales. Prices firm. New York state fleece, 33c; Michigan, 34c; fine unwashed, 26c; three-eighths combing, 41c; fine delaine, 39c; XX Ohio, 38c; scoured California, 60c; spring do, 26c; fall Texas, 20c; short extra pulled, 25c; scoured, 62@68c; spring Texas, 25@26c; scoured extra pulled, 63c; scoured Texas, 55c; noils, 40c.

Visible Supply.

The New York *Produce Exchange Weekly* gives the following as the visible supply of grain, comprising the stocks in granary at the principal points of accumulation at lake and seaboard ports, and in transit by water, October 23, 1886:

	Wheat.	Corn.	Oats.
Total	53374340	13435561	5358369
Increase	1455801		222463
Decrease		320113	
Oct. 26, '86	53828539	13755674	5135901
Oct. 24, '85	*45664616	5263434	4726884
Oct. 25, '84	*33221848	5784555	4565547

*Minneapolis and St. Paul not included.

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